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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Vol. XLVIII. No. 6.

DECEMBER, 1888.

Old Series com-

AUT DIABOLUS AUT NIHIL.

THE TRUE STORY OF A HALLUCINATION.

BY X. L.

" πρός των θεων, ενύπνιον εστιώμεθα." - Απιστορημαία Σφήκες.

"Again, I believe that all that use sorceries, incantations, and spells are not witches, or, as we term them, magicians; I conceive there is a traditional magic, not learned immediately from the devil, but at second-hand from his scholars, who, having once the secret betrayed, are able and do empirically practise without his advice; they proceeding upon the principles of nature, where actives aptly conjoined to disposed passives will, under any master, produce their effects."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE: Rel. Med.

CHAPTER I.

To be ordained has been looked upon for many years in this country as the best, speediest, and safest way of "making gentlemen" of such bipeds as stand in sore need of the transformation.

As we are all by baptism spiritually cleansed of all blemish, so is the son of the tradesman, doctor, solicitor, or what not, socially regenerated by taking holy orders.

Now this bewilderingly wholesale social acceptation of the ninety-and-nine NEW SERIES.—Vol. XLVIII., No. 6 who positively decline to stray, finding it a much more profitable policy to stay quietly in the fold nibbling the fodder, is peculiar to Protestant communities, and we do not find the same social indulgence extended to spiritual advisers in Roman Catholic countries. In climes still fascinated by the scintillations proceeding from the Triple Crown, the priest is not received—that is, familiarly received—apart from his official capacity in society. He is, of course, ever to be forthcoming and at hand as a professional healer of souls when no other or

better healer of souls can be found, and that he studies with more or less success when a soul needs healing very badly; but if he be not a man of culture and refinement, -that is, if he has failed to catch the tricks, manners, and bearing of such-for the mere question of birth is, of course, of minor importance, the laying on of the bishop's hands having smoothed over all that difficulty, - the mere fact of his being a priest does not entitle him to claim any of the privileges accruing to that most elastic title of gentleman; and many a woman of social rank abroad will readily, gladly-nay, eagerly-confess to, and receive absolution from a man whose society at her dinner-table she would not tolerate for a moment.

We cannot but think that this reserve has its advantages, and that all people of refined feeling benefit by a rule which requires from one seeking familiar social recognition the production of some other credential, save only that the postulant be a servant of the Church.

At home we find the spiritual adviser, merely by reason of his office, entitled to lay a claim-nay, actually laying a claim-to a place at our dinner-table, to a chair at our club, to the smoking of our cigars, the drinking of our wines, the riding of our horses, the consoling of our wives, and, alas! the marrying of our daughters, when, in many in-stances, the social merits of the man himself would hardly justify him, under ordinary circumstances, in aspiring to a closer intimacy with us than may reasonably be expected to arise from the proper exercise of his professional duties in the saving of our souls, and the flogging of our boys.

Such a man being so received, in the event of his not being sweet and whole, will hardly think it worth his while to purify himself of his uncleanness solely for our sakes-nay, in many instances, will take a grotesque and savage delight in endeavoring to widen by his vulgarities the deplorable breach which, if we are to believe cynics and scoffers, already exists between St. James's Square and Mount Sinai.

Abroad, the priest who would seek to be considered a gentleman, and be received as such in society, must endeavor to imbue himself with some of the refinement innate in those with whom he would fain consort, and thus it happens

to imitate such ad unquem facti homines as may from time to time swim within his ken.

So it is that we not unfrequently find (and oddly enough more often than not in the most exclusive social coteries like that of the Faubourg Saint Germain) not only the most charming, refined, and sought-after men to be priests, but also to be met of low birth and origin, who owe, however, their social recognition and success not to their cloth, but to the grace with which they have learned to wear it. To such a man as this we will now introduce the reader.

The career of the Abbé Girod had been an eminently successful one-successful in every way; and even he him-self was forced to acknowledge such to be the case as he reviewed his past life sitting by a blazing fire in his comfortable apartment in the Rue Miromesnil previous to dressing for the Duc de Frontignan's dinner-party.

Born of poor parents in the south of France, entering the priesthood at an early age, having received but a meagre education, and that chiefly confined to a superficial knowledge of the most elementary treatises on theology, he had, in five-and-twenty years, and solely by his own exertions, unaided by patronage, obtained a most desirable berth in one of the leading churches in Paris, thereby becoming the recipient of a handsome income, and being thus enabled to indulge in his rather expensive tastes as dilettante and homme du monde.

The few hours snatched from his parochial duties he had never failed to devote to study, and his application and determination had borne him golden fruit in more ways than one. He had, moreover, so cultivated and made such good use of the rare opportunities afforded him in early life of associating with gentlemen, that when now at length he found his presence in demand at every house in the "Faubourg" where wit and graceful learning were appreciated, no one would ever have suspected he had not been nurtured and bred in accordance with the strictest canons of social refinement.

But in his upward progress such had been his experiences of life that when, during the brief intervals of breathingtime he allowed himself, he would look complete fulfilment; when at length he below and above, down to where he had begun and up to where he was endeavoring to climb, he was forced to confess that at every step a belief, an illusion had been trodden under foot; that the clouds of glory of which Wordsworth speaks had either altogether died away on the horizon, or had become so threatening and dark in aspect as to make him instinctively seek refuge under the umbrella of cynicism; and he would wonder, while bracing himself for a new effort, how it would all end, and whether the mitre he lusted for would not perhaps, after all, be placed upon a head that doubted even the existence of a God.

He was not, however, a bad man, but merely one of that class who have embraced the priesthood merely as a means of raising themselves from obscurity to eminence, and have in their intercourse with the world discovered many flaws and blemishes in what at one time they may have considered perfect. He was indeed only fervent in his apolausticism; and the embracing of such golden images as he might care to adore, he found dangerous to his peace of mind, in that the gilding thereof was but too apt to come off upon his lips. When at first his reason began to reject many of the dreams and fables hitherto cherished and believed in, the Abbé Girod was almost inclined to abandon in despair any attempt to discern the false from the true, and this all the more that he saw plainly the time thus spent was in a worldly sense but wasted, and that the good things of this world come to such reapers as gather in wheat and tares alike, well knowing there is a market for them

During a certain period, therefore, of his struggle upward-

" An infant crying in the night, An infant crying for the light, And with no language but a cry,"-

while his worldly ambition was aiding by sly insinuations the deadly work already begun by the destruction of his dreams, Henri Girod was nigh being an atheist.

But the nature of the man was too finely sensual for this phase to be lasting; and when at length he found himself so far successful in his worldly aspirations as to be tolerably sure of their Buondelmonte and Luigi Alamanni.

found time to examine spiritual matters apart from their direct bearing upon his social altitude, his æsthetic sense-which by this time had necessarily developed -was struck as by a new revelation, and thrilled and entangled by the exquisite beauty of Christianity; and thus, as a shallow philosophy had nearly reduced him to become an atheist, so a deep and sensual spirit of sentimentality nearly reconciled him to becoming a Christian.

His Madonna was the Madonna of Raphael, not that of Albert Dürer: the woman whose placid grace of countenance creates an emotion more subtly voluptuous than desire; not she in whose face can be discerned the human mother of the Man of Sorrows and of Him divinely acquainted with all grief. The Christ he adored was not the friend of the broken-hearted, the Healer of the blind Bartimæus, He whom Andrea del Mantegna shows us hanging on the cross; but He "who feedeth among the lilies"-the Alpha and Omega of all æsthetic conception. Christianity, in a word, he looked upon as the highest moral expression of artistic perfection, and he regarded it with the same admiration he accorded to the Antinous and the Venus of Milo.

He was not, however, by nature a pagan as some men are, men who, in the words of De Musset-

"Sont venus trop tard dans un monde trop vieux ;"

but the atmosphere in which his early years had been passed had been so antagonistic and stifling to his warm sensuous nature, his inner life had been so cramped in and starved, that when at length the key of gold opening the prison door let in the outer air, his spirit revelled in all the wild extravagance so often found accompanying sudden and longwished-for emancipation.

His nature was perhaps not one that could have been attuned to a perfect harmony with that of a Greek or Roman of the golden days, but one rather better calculated to enjoy the hybrid atmosphere of the Italian Renaissance; and he would have been in his element in the Rucellai Gardens, conversing with feeble little Cosimino or laughing with

He did not trouble himself to believe in the narrative of the Bible; but its precepts and tendencies he appreciated and admired, although it must in all honesty be confessed he did not always put himself out to follow them.

In his heart he utterly rejected all idea of a future life, since it was incompat- ments of existence. ible with his conception of the artistic blandly acknowledge to himself that there are perhaps, after all, things we cannot comprehend, and that beauty falsehood that needs all the care of the may have no term.

Being, however, broadly speaking, an honest man, and one unwilling to eat bread he had not earned, he assimilated so far as in him lay his duties as a priest with his ideas as a man of culture; and his sermons were ever of Love-sermons which, winged as they were with impassioned eloquence, were deservedly popular with all, from the scholar who delighted in them as intellectual feasts to the fashionable mondaine who was only too enchanted to find in the quasi-fatalistic and broadly charitable views enunciated therein, excuses whereby her dreary and vulgar intrigues might be considered in a light more pleasing to herself and more consoling to her husband.

On the Sunday afternoon preceding the evening on which we introduce him to the reader, the Abbé had departed from his usual custom, and by special request of his Curé had preached a most remarkable sermon on the personality of Satan.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that men succeed best when their efforts are enlivened by a real belief in the matter in hand. Not only have some men such a superabundance of fervid imagination that they can, for the time being, provoke themselves into a pseudo-belief in what they know in their saner moments to be false, and thus fire themselves with real enthusiasm for a mere myth and shadow; but, moreover, a large class of men are endowed with minds so restless and so finely strung that they can play with a sophism with marvellous dexterity and skill, while lacking that vigorous and comprehensive grasp of mind which the lucid exposition of a hidden truth . necessitates.

both these classes o beings; and, moreover, his vanity as an intellectual man provoked him to extraordinary exertions in cases wherein he fancied he might win for himself the glory of strengthening and verifying matters which in themselves perhaps lacked almost the ele-

"Spiritual truths," he once cynically unity of this; but then again he would remarked to Sainte Beuve, whom, by the way, he detested, "will take care of themselves: it is the nursing of spiritual clergy.

On the Sunday in question he had surpassed himself. With biting irony he had annihilated the disbelievers in divine punishment, and then with persuasive and overwhelming eloquence he had urged the necessity of believing not only in hell but in the personality of the Prince of Evil.

Women had fainted in their terror, men had been frightened into seeking the convenient solace of the confessional, and the Archbishop had written him a letter of the warmest congratulation and thanks.

It was a triumph which a man of the nature of the Abbé Girod particularly enjoyed. The idea of finding himself the successful reviver of an inanimate doctrine, while secretly conscious that he was in reality a sceptic in matters of dogmatically vital importance, was, to a mind so prone to delight in paradoxes, eminently agreeable; and it tickled his palate with a sharp pungent joy to see the letter of the Archbishop lying upon a volume of Strauss, and to read the glowing and extravagant praise lavished upon himself in the pages of the "Univers," after having enjoyed a sparkling draught of Voltaire.

CHAPTER II.

Such was the Abbé Girod, the type of a class. The Duc de Frontignan, with whom he was dining on the evening this story opens, was, or rather is, in many ways a no less remarkable personage in Paris society.

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Possessing rank, birth, and a splendid income, he had been blessed with more than a fair share of the good gifts of Providence, being endowed not only with considerable mental power, but The Abbé Girod belonged a little to with the tact to use that power to the untary and wilful deceitfulness on his and unwonted eloquence hatched by apto the front.

He was well read, but not deeply read, and yet all Paris considered him a profound scholar; he was quick and epigrammatic in his appreciation and expression of ideas, as men of cultivation and varied experience are apt to be; but he enjoyed the reputation of being a wit without ever having said a really good thing; and, finally, having merely lounged through the world, impelled by a spirit of restlessness begotten of great wealth and idleness, society looked upon him as a bold and adventurous traveller. Only the day before we have the pleasure of introducing him to our readers, he had politely declined to leave Paris and conduct an expedition to the North Pole, but had generously volunteered to give a large sum to any one who cared to risk his life in endeavoring to discover that inestimable boon to suffering humanity known as the North-West Passage, for which we are all so hungrily longing, and which Millais, aided and abetted by Trelawny, asserts to be the bounden duty of England to find out; at the same time kindly promising to take care of and provide for the widows and orphans of such adventurers as might find the climate of the Pole, or the appetites of the indigenous bears, a serious impediment to their safe return and ultimate reception of the conqueror's laurels, with which we should all so eagerly greet them.

One gift he most certainly possessed, and that to an eminent degree : he was vastly amusing and entertaining, and resembled in that respect the Abbé Galiani, as described by Diderot, for he was indeed "a treasure on rainy days; and if the cabinetmakers made such things, nobody would be without one in the country.

He not only knew everybody in Paris, but he possessed that precious, rare, and extraordinary faculty of drawing people out, and of forcing them to make them-

best advantage. : Although beyond selves amusing. No man, indeed, was doubt clever, he was universally esteem- in his society long before-often to his ed a much more intellectual man than own great surprise-openly discussing he really was, and this through no vol- his most cherished hobby with a new part, but simply owing to a method he parent sympathy, or airly scattering as had unconsciously adopted of exhibiting seed for trivial conversation the fruit of his wares with their most favorable aspect long years of experience and reflection. From what has been said, it may be superfluous to add that the Hôtel de Frontignan, in the Rue de Varenne, was the resort, lounging-place, and almshouse of all that was most remarkable and extraordinary in the fashionable, the artistic, the diplomatic, and the scientific world.

His intimacy with the Abbé Girod was one of long standing: they were bound together by one bond of union which (alas! how rarely it is forged!) is stronger and more enduring than many cemented by vows, prayers, and tears; -they mutually amused each other; and while, on the one side, the keen intellect of the priest found much that was interesting in the shallow, but attractive and brilliant, nature of the layman, the Duke, on the other, entertained feelings of the warmest admiration for a man who, having risen from nothing, enlivened the most exclusive coteries with his graceful learning and charming wit.

It was one of the peculiar whims of Octave de Frontignan never to have an even number of guests at his dinnertable. His soirles, indeed, were attended by hundreds, but his dinner-parties rarely exceeded seven (including himselt), and in many cases he only invited two.

On this especial occasion the only guest asked to meet the Abbé Girod was the celebrated diplomatist and millionaire, the Prince Paul Pomerantseff.

This most extraordinary personage had for the past six years kept Europe in a constant state of excitement by reason of his munificence, eccentricity, and power.

Brought up under the direct personal supervision of the Emperor of Russia, he had escaped the emasculating influence engendered by the atmosphere of the Cour des Pages, and had learned at an early age to rely upon himself for his virtues, while ever ready to generously extend an indulgent confidence in his friends to be ready to provide him with

the requisite amount of vices. He had distinguished himself as a diplomatist and as a soldier, and had left traces of his indomitable will in many State papers, as on many an enemy's face, during the period of the Crimean war.

In London, but perhaps more espe-cially in "the Shires," his face was well known and liked, and his method of negotiating fences was as clean and clever as the negotiator himself. Duchesses' daughters had sighed for him, but in vain; and to the "endless desolation and impotent disdain" of mothers the continuance of his celibacy appeared to be as certain as the splendor of his fortune. Pomerantseff had, moreover -and this is really worthy of noteescaped altogether from that most terrible because most hopeless and incurable of maladies, ennui; and he owed this miraculous immunity from the disease which almost always overwhelms the young, rich, prosperous, and powerful, to his lucky spirit of insouciance, which he had carefully cultivated from early youth-from, in fact, the moment when he had met with his first disappointment.

The monotony of happiness is perhaps the most hideous monotony of all to a thinking man; and the reason of this is obvious—it is unnatural. Pleasure, with its thousand subtle perfumes, exhausts the moral atmosphere as flowers absorb the oxygen in a closed room; and we all know what the copy-books tell us about the feeling of diffidence entertained by nature as regards a vacuum. Then, again, the man who finds happiness, as it were, an inseparable accident of his life, like dining, will surely begin by fatal degrees to criticise and analyze the nature of it, as he will carefully choose the vintages of his wines. When he has reached this state he is lost; for, as Champfort truly says-"Celui qui veut trop faire dependre son bonheur de sa raison, qui le soumet à l'examen, qui chicane, pour ainsi dire, ses jouissances, et n'admet que des plaisirs délicats finit par n'en plus avoir. C'est un homme qui a force de faire carder son matelas le voit diminuer et finit par coucher sur la dute.'

But Pomerantseff carefully avoided this phylloxera of the lucky: in riding to hounds he always looked at the fence

he was going to take; in love he invariably ignored the heart he was supposed to be about to awaken; so that, both in jumping and kissing, he met with but few "croppers." He had, moreover, one great and precious gift, that of making himself well beloved by his friends, and healthily feared by his enemies; and the Abbé Girod, who had known him for many years, proved no exception to the general rule; for although their friendship had never ripened into great intimacy, there was perhaps no man in the wide circle of his acquaintance in whose society the priest took a more lively pleasure.

"Late as usual!" cried the Duke, as Girod hurried into the room ten minutesafter the appointed time. "Prince, if you were so unpunctual in your diplomatic duties as the Abbé is in his social (and, I fear, in his spiritual!) where would the world be?"

The Abbé stopped short, pulled out his watch, and looked at it with a comically contrite air.

"Only ten minutes late; and I am sure when you think of the amount of business I have to transact, and the nature of it, you can afford to forgive me," he said, as he advanced and shook hands warmly with his friends.

hands warmly with his friends.

"To my mind," said Pomerantseff, smiling, "dining being the most serious of our transient worldly pleasures, as it certainly is the most harmless—for indigestion is the malady of fools, and does not concern the man qui sait manger—anything that interferes with the proper enjoyment of it should be seriously punished as a crime of lèsevolupté."

"You are right," said the Duke; "and as regards that, one of the most striking proofs of Shakespeare's subtle insight into human nature is to be found in Macbeth. It is more than probable that a man so steeped in murder, and one who had contracted the rather dreary habit of consorting with witches, would, under ordinary circumstances, have treated with well-merited contempt the ghostly visitations of that utterly uninteresting Banquo; but to be annoyed at the supper-table was intolerable. This view, to my mind, gives the key-note to the latter part of the play."

"Capital!" cried the Abbé. "Tha

is quite a new idea. Fancy the Eumen. turning to the butler, "Bring that Laffite ides in the pot au feu! You cannot Dugléié sent in yesterday, Gregoire. conceive,' he continued, throwing himself lazily down upon a lounge, "you have no idea of the amount of folly I am forced to listen to in a day. Every woman whose bad temper has got her into trouble with her husband, and every man whose stupidity has led him into quarrelling with his wife-one and all they come to me, pour out their misfortunes in my ears, and expect me to arrange their affairs."

But here the servant announcing "M. le Duc est servi," interrupted the poor Abbé's complaints.

CHAPTER III.

"I TELL you what I should do," said Pomerantseff, when they were seated at table, the Cossack coming out, as it had annoyed him to have to wait. "I should say to every man and woman who came to me on such errands, 'My dear friend, my business is with your spiritual welfare and with that alone. The doctor and solicitor must take care of your worldly concerns. It is my duty to ensure your eternal felicity, when the tedium of delirium tremens and the divorce court is all over, and that is really all one man can do.

"Very well; but suppose they should reply to me," answered the Abbé, quoting his favorite Novalis, "that 'life is

a disease of the spirit."
"By the way," broke in the Duke, " talking of spiritual matters, Pomerantseff has been telling me his experiences with a man you detest, Abbé.'

"I detest no man."

"I can only judge from your own words," rejoined Frontignan. "Did you not tell me years ago that you thought Home a more serious evil than the typhoid fever?"

"Ah, Home the medium!" cried Girod, in great disgust. "I admit you are right. It is not possible, Prince, that you encourage Octave in his absurd

spiritualism?

But just at that moment came a whis-

per from a better world.

"Château Margaux, M. l'Abbé?" murmured the butler in his ear.

"Wait!" cried the Duke, as Girod was about to smile assent; "I have some wine I want you to try." Then,

opinion before touching it myself or giving it to others. It is of the famous comet year, and of course you know the story of the sale. Dugléré sent me up a dozen yesterday as a present, with a charming note to say that he wanted the opinion of my friends, and especially of yourself. He added, that of course he could not think of charging me for it, since he bought it at such a ruinous price that no serious man would think of buying a bottle. He keeps it therefore merely as an advertisement, and to give to friends. He says, moreover, that although of course too old, it is still a generous wine.'

The Abbé looked carefully at the glass, and daintily swallowed a thimbleful; and then, after a pause of half a second, shook his head at the Duke and

said, smiling

"Duglété for once spoke the truth. It is a generous wine; far too generous, for it has given away all its best. Margaux, Gregoire."

"Capital !" laughed the Duke. "I shall tell Dugléré your opinion, and he will probably sell out his stock at once. It cost him two hundred francs a bottle.'

" It is possible to keep even wine too long," replied the Abbé: and then added with a sweet smile, "here below all is but ephemeral and transitory, as you

"You asked me just now, Abbé, if I encouraged our friend here in his spiritualism, did you not?" asked Pomerant-

" I did."

Church in a week!"

The Prince smiled gravely.

"Do not you know me well enough to know that I should never dare to presume to encourage any man in anything, mon cher Abbé ?'

"But you cannot believe in it?" "I do most certainly believe in it."
"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Girod. "What folly! What are we all coming to? If men like you and Octave encourage such vulgar jugglery, it will become so paying a game that we poor priests will stand no chance against the prestidigitateurs. Robert Houdin will get the best of all the fathers of the markable," said the Duke, "that with all your taste for the curious and unknown, you have never been tempted into investigating the matter, Abbé.

"I am, as you say, a lover of the curions," replied the priest, "but not of such empty trash as spiritualism. I have quite enough cares with the realities of this world, without bringing upon myself the misery which would surely be entailed by investigating the possibilities of the next.

"That is a sentiment worthy of the Abbé Dubois," said Pomerantseff, laughing; and then the Duke suddenly making some inquiry relative to the train which was to take him and the Prince to Brunoy on a shooting expedition the following morning, the subject for the nonce was dropped.

When dinner was over, they repaired to the fumoir, which Frontignan had had furnished with all the soft sensualism befitting such a temple of selfishness; and a man might, if so inclined, have not inaptly murmured to himself, on lighting his cigar and sinking into one of the voluptuous arm-chairs which embraced your limbs with a chatterie quite their own, "Moi seul, et c'est assez!"

But Pomerantseff strode toward the piano and opened it. "I want to sing you a rather pretty ballad a friend sent me from London yesterday," he said; " and as you both understand English perfectly, you will see that the words are rather above the ordinary level. They are written by a very dear friend of mine-a most extraordinary man-Tresilyan."

"Ah! Tresilyan is a friend of yours, is he?" said the Duke.

"One of my dearest. Do you know

" Hardly-although I have, of course, met him scores of times. He promised to stay with me for a few days last year at Chataigneraye' - one of the Duke's places-" on his return from the Baden races; but he wrote to excuse himself. It was a bore, for I had asked two of the

princes to meet him."
"Oh, of course," laughed Pomerantseff, seating himself at the piano. "One can never catch him: he has so many engagements and friends, that his life is passed in saying in that wonderful voice

"It has always struck me as most re- of his- Je le regrette, je ne demanderais pas mieux, mais c'est impossible! But one thing I will say for him: he does not pretend to be a poet; never publishes anything, and only writes for his own amusement. I am indeed one of the few men who know he writes verses at all. This thing he calls, I believe, 'Æstas Captiva.'" And the Prince hummed, in a clear, true, but unpretentious baritone voice, the following :-

> " I had thought when we met (for the year was moved

By the tears October must always bring), I the lover, and you the loved, I had said good-by to spring.

"How could I foresee what I now well know, That you'd caught and imprisoned all summer's best:

That June, beguiled by your bosom's snow, Lay throbbing within your breast?

"That those blue-gray eyes could the sun

Hide him away, with his heat increased. Though the roses peeped from your pouting Burning to be released.

"That the secret of all the sweet flowers had said,

Only awaited one kiss of mine, To awaken and thrill when I bowed my head, Where you can well divine.

"But thus it chanced, as we both now know, With a kiss from me and a kiss from you, June lay revealed in your blushes' glow; Shall we keep her October through?"

"You must not think me rude," said the Abbé, when Pomerantseff had got through his ditty; "but whenever I hear any sentiment of that kind I think perforce of that profound but unappreciated remark of Voltaire- 'The first man who compared a woman to a rose was a poet, the second a fool!'

"Il est impayable, ce cher Abbé!" said Pomerantseff to the Duke, with a laugh as he rose from his seat and re-sumed his still-lighted cigar. "What can we do, Duke, to make this wretched little pagan less material in his views?"

"Convert him to spiritualism," said Frontignan.

"Never!" cried the Abbé.

"It is absurd for you to disbelieve, for you know nothing about it, since you have never been willing to attend a stance, as you yourself admit."

"I feel it is absurd, and that is

enough, for me at least.'

"Certum est quia impossibile," murmured Pomerantseff, striking a match.

"I myself do not exactly believe in spirits," said Frontignan, thoughtfully.
"A la bonne heure! Of course not!" cried the Abbé. "You see, Prince, he is not quite mad after all!"

The Prince said nothing.

"I cannot doubt the existence of some extraordinary phenomena," continued the young Duke, thoughtfully, "simply because I cannot bring myself to such an exquisite pitch of philosophical imbecility as to doubt my own senses; but, to my thinking, the exact nature of the phenomena remains as yet an open question. It is some phase of electro-biology which we do not yet understand. I have a theory of my own about it, and although it may be absurd and fantastical, it is certainly no more so than that which would have us believe that the spirits of the dear old lazy dead come back to the scenes of their human hopes and disappointments, their lives and miseries, to pull our noses and play on tambourines.

"And may I ask you," inquired the Prince, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "what this theory of yours may

he ?"

"I will give you," said the Duke, ignoring the sneer, and stretching himself back in his chair, as he sent a ring of smoke curling daintily toward the ceiling—"I will give you with great pleasure the result of my reflection about the matter. You are both far more clever men than I am, and you can draw your own conclusions.

"It is my belief that the things—the tangible things—we create, or rather cause to appear, when sitting with what is now called, for want of a better name, a materializing medium, come from within ourselves, and are portions of our-

selves.

"We produce them, in the first instance, generally with fingers linked; but afterward, when our nervous organizations are more harmonized to them,

they come to us of themselves, and even against our wills.

"It is my belief that these are what we term our passions and our emotions, to whose existence the electric fluid and nervous ecstasy we cause to circulate and induce by sitting with hands linked merely give a tangible and corporeal expression.

"And after all, why should not this be so? Why, as a matter of fact, is there anything extraordinary or improbable in the suggestion? We all know that grief, joy, remorse, and many other passions and emotions can kill us as surely and in many instances as quickly as an assassin's dagger; and it is a well-know scientific fact that there are certain nerves in the hand between certain fingers which have a distinct and direct rappart with the brain, and by which

the mind can be controlled.

"Since this is the case, why is it that under certain given conditions, such as sitting with hands linked—that thus sitting, and while the electric fluid, drawn out by the contact of our hands, forms a powerful medium between the inner and the outward being—why is it, I say, that these strong emotions I have mentioned should not take advantage of this strange river flowing to and fro between the conceptional and the visual to float before us for a time, and give us an opportunity of seeing and touching them who influence our every action in

life ?

" Nay, I will go further, and insist that my theory has a right to at least be admitted to serious discussion and investigation, for the greatest men since the death of Christ have founded their whole theory of life upon the unseen, the purely conceptional. 'Faith is the evidence of things unseen, as the Abbé here knows well; and how terribly material have been the sacrifices made for this splendid conception! Why, then, should not a man like Loyola, for instance, have been able to really see with his earthly eyes, under certain given conditions of nervous excitement, what he was ready to sacrifice his very material body, nerves, blood, and sinews to pay due homage to? The media through which these great conceptional realities may become tangible and corporealized should, to my mind, be thoroughly testscience before we can reject as absurd the possibility of their being so materialized.

" Bref, it is my belief that I can shake hands with my emotions; that Regret or Remorse, for instance, can become tangible and pinch my ears, and slap me on the back, just as surely as they can and do keep people awake at night by agitating their nervous system, or, in other words, by mentally pinching their ears."

"That is certainly a very fantastic idea, Octave," said the Abbé, smiling. "But if you have seen any of your emotions, what do they look like? I should like to see my hasty temper sitting beside me for a minute : I should take advantage of his being materialized to pay him back in his own coin, and give him a good thrashing."

"It is difficult," said the Duke, gravely, "to recognize one's emotions when brought actually face to face with them, as it were, although they have been living in us all our lives, -turning our hair gray or pulling it out-making us stout or lean, upright or bent over. Moreover, our minor emotions, except when the medium is remarkably powerful, often outwardly express themselves to us in some unrecognizable form, sometimes as perfumes and flowers, often as mere luminous bodies. I have reason, however, to believe that I have recognized that most complex of emotionsmy conscience.'

'I should have thought he'd have been too sleepy to move out," laughed the Abbé.

"That just shows how wrongly one man judges another," said Octave lazily, without earnestness, but with a certain something in his tone that betokened he was dealing with realities. "You very probably think that I am not much troubled with a conscience, whereas the fact is that my conscience, with a strong dash of remorse in it, is a very keen one. Many years ago a certain episode changed the whole color and current of my life inwardly and to myself, although, of course, outwardly I was much the same. Now this episode of which I speak aroused what I am pleased to call my conscience,"-bowing to the Abbé,-" to a most extraor-

ed and examined through the lens of dinary degree; and since that catastrophe, which changed the whole tenor of my life, I have never taken part in a séance of spiritualism without seeing a female figure with a face like that of the heroine of my episode, dressed in a queer, strange robe, woven of every possible color save white, who shudders and trembles as she passes before me, holding in her arms large sheets of glass, through which dim Bohemian-glass colors pass flickering every moment.

"What a very disagreeable thing to see this weather!" said the Abbé; everything shuddering and shaking.'

"Have you ever discovered why she goes about like the wife of a glazier?" asked the Prince.

"For a long time I could not make out what they could be, these large panes of glass, with variegated colors passing through them, but now I think I know.

" Well? "They are dreams waiting to be fitted

CHAPTER IV.

"BRAVO!" cried the Abbé; "that is really a good idea! If I only had the pen of Charles Nodier, what a charming feuilleton I could write about all this!

Pomerantseff laid his hand affectionately on the Duke's shoulder. "Mon cher ami," he said, with a grave smile, " believe me, you are wholly at fault in your speculations. Girod here of course (naturally enough, since he has never been willing even to attend an ordinary séance of spiritualism) thinks we are both madmen, and that the whole thing is folly; but you and I, who have been to very many extraordinary seances, and have seen very many marvellous manifestations, know that it is not folly. Take the word of a man who has had greater experience in the matter than yourself, and who is himself a most powerful materializing medium, as you know: the theory you have just enunciated is utterly false."

"Prove that it is false."

"I cannot prove it, but wait and see." "Nay; I have given it all up now. I will not meddle with spiritualism again. It unhinged my nerves and destroyed my peace of mind while I was investigating The Prince shrugged his shoulders.

"Prince, leave him alone," said the Abbé, smiling; "his theory is a great deal more sensible than yours; and if I could bring myself to believe that at your stances any real phenomenon does take place (which of course no sane person can), I should be rather inclined to accept Octave's interpretation of the matter.

"Let us follow it out a little further, for the mere sake of talking nonsense. 'Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit!' Doubtless the dominant passion of a man would be the most likely to appear—that is to say, would be the

most tangible?"

"That," replied the Duke, "would depend upon circumstances. If the phenomenon should take place while the man is alone, doubtless it would be so; but if while at a séance, attended by many people, the apparition would be the product of the master-passions of all: and thus it is that many of the visions which appear at séances, when the sitters are not harmonized, are often most remarkable and unrecognizable anomalies."

"I thought I understood from Madame de Girardin that certain spirits al-

ways appeared.

"Pooh, pooh! Madame de Girardin never went deep enough into the matter. The most ravishing vision I ever saw was when I fancied I saw Love."

"What? Love! An emanation from

yourself?"

The Duke sighed.

"Ah! that is what proved to me that what I saw could not be Love. That sentiment has been too long dormant in me to awaken to a corporeal expression."

"What made you think it was Love?"

asked Pomerantseff.

"It was a white dove, with something I cannot express in words, that was human about it. I felt ineffably happy while it was with me."

"Your theory is false, I tell you!" said the Russian; "what you saw prob-

ably was Love."

"Then it would have been God!" cried the Abbé.

" Why ?"

"I believe with Novalis that 'Love is the highest reality,' "replied Girod;

and then, breaking forth into a laugh, he sang, pirouetting on his heels—

"La prospérité s'en vole, Le pouvoir tombe et s'enfuit; Un peu d'amour qui console Vaut mieux et fait moins de bruit."

"Don't quote Hugo to me about love, Abbé, I beg of you, for he knew nothing about it, any more than he understood a word of English, although he coolly wrote a whole volume of criticism on Shakespeare."

"Where is the soul when the body is asleep?" asked the Muscovy Prince.

"No, Duke 4" cried the Abbé, laughing, and not heeding Pomerantseff's pregnant question; "what you saw was not Love, but it might all the same have been an emanation from yourself—a master-passion. I dare say it was the corporeal embodiment of your love of pigeon-shooting."

"Perhaps," laughed the Duke.
"I tell you what, mon ami," said Pomerantseff, rising, as he saw the Abbé making preparations to depart, "I am glad that my appetite, corporealized and separated from my discretion, is not in your wine-cellar,—your Johannisberg would suffer!"

"Prince, you must drive me home," said the Abbé. "I cannot get into a draughty cab at this hour of the night."

"Tres volontiers. Good-night, Duke. Remember to-morrow morning at half-past nine at the Gare de Lyon," said the Prince.

"Remember to-morrow night at halfpast ten at Madame de Langeac's !" bawled the Abbé, and so they left.

The priest hurried down the cold staircase and into the Prince's brougham.

"What a pity," exclaimed the Abbé, when they were once fairly started, that a man with the brains of De Frontignan should give himself up to such wild ideas and dreams!"

"You are very complimentary," re-

^{*} I have now lying before me one among the very numerous letters which the great poet did me the honor to address to me, bearing date 19th October, 1879, in which occur the following words: "Malheureusement je ne lis pas l'anglais mais je me feral traduire," etc., etc. This will, I hope, put an end to the controversy as to whether or not the author of "William Shakespeare" understood English, for I am quite ready to produce the letter in question.—The Author.

joined the other, smiling gravely; "for you know that, so far as believing in spirits is concerned, I am as bad, if not worse, than he is.'

"Ah, but you are jesting."

"On my honor as a gentleman, I am not jesting. See here,"—as he spoke Pomerantseff seized the Abbe's hand,-'you heard me tell the Duke just now that I believed he had seen the Spirit of Love. Well, the sermon you preached the day before yesterday, which all Paris is talking about, and in which you en-deavored to prove the person of the Devil to be a fact, was more true than perhaps you believed when you preached it. Why should not Frontignan have seen the Spirit of Love, when I know and have seen the Devil ?"

"Mon ami, you are insane!" cried "Why, the Devil does not Girod. exist !"

"I tell you I have seen him-the God of all Evil, the Prince of Desolation!" cried the other, in an excited voice; "and, what is more, I will show him to you!

"Show the Devil to me!" exclaimed the Abbé, half terrified, half amused. Why, you are out of your mind!"

The Prince laid his other hand upon the arm of the Abbé, who could feel he was trembling with excitement. know my address," he said, in a quick, passionate voice. "When you feel as I tell you you surely will feel-desirous of investigating this further, send for me, and I promise, on my honor as a gentleman, to show you the Devil, so that you cannot doubt. I will do this only on one condition.

The Abbé felt almost faint, for apart from the wildness of the words thus abruptly and unexpectedly addressed to him, the hand of the Prince, which lay upon his own, as if to keep him still, seemed to be pouring fire and madness

into him.

He tried to withdraw it, but the other

grasped the fingers tight. "On one condition," repeated Pomerantseff, in a lower tone.

"What condition?" murmured the poor Abbé.

"That you trust yourself entirely to me until we reach the place of meeting.

"Prince, let go my hand! You are hurting me! I will promise to do as

you say when I want to go to your infernal meeting, which will be never.

He wrenched his hand away, pulled down the carriage-window, and let the cold night air in.

" Pomerantseff, you are a madman: you are really dangerous. Why the devil did you grasp my hand in that way? my arm is numb.

The Prince laughed.

"It is only electricity. I was determined, since you doubted the existence of the Devil, to make you promise to come and see him."

"I never promised!" exclaimed the Abbé. "I only promised to trust myself to you if the horrible desire should ever seize me to investigate your mad words further. But you need not be afraid of that. God forbid I should indulge in such folly !'

The Prince smiled.

"God has nothing to do with this," remarked simply. "You will come." he remarked simply.

The carriage had turned up the street in which the Abbé lived, and they were within but a few doors of his house.

"My dear Prince," said Girod, ear-stly, "let me say a few words to you nestly, at parting. You know that I am not a bigot, so that your words-which many might thank blasphemous-I care nothing about; but remember we are in the Paris of the nineteenth century, not in the Paris of Cazotte, and that we are eminently practical nowadays. Had you asked me to go with you to see some curious atrocity, no matter how horrible, I might, were it interesting, have accepted; but when you invite me to go with you to see the Devil, you really must excuse me : it is too absurd."

"Very well," replied Prince Pomer-"of course I know you will come; but think the matter over well. Remember, I promise to show the Devil to you so that you can never doubt of his personality again. This is not one of the wonders of electro-biology, but simply a fact : the Devil exists, and you

shall see him. Good-night."

CHAPTER V.

GIROD, as he turned into his porte cochère and made his way upstairs, was more struck than perhaps he confessed even to himself by the quiet tone of certainty and assurance in which the Prince uttered these words; and on reaching the chance of restoring to its proper his apartment he sat down by the blazing fire, lighted a cigarette, and began calmly considering in all its bearings what he could hardly bring himself to believe to be other than a most remarkable and extraordinary case of mania and mental derangement.

In the first place, was the Prince deceived himself, or merely endeavoring to deceive others? The latter theory he at once rejected. Not only the character and breeding of the man, but his nervous earnestness about this matter,

rendered such a supposition impossible. Then he himself was deceived: and vet, how improbable! Girod could remember nothing in what he knew or had heard of the Prince that could lead him to suppose his brain was of the kind charlatans and pseudo-magicians can

successfully bewitch.

On the contrary, although native of a country in which the grossest superstitions are rife, he himself had led such an active healthy life, partly in Russia, partly in France, and partly in England, that his brain could hardly be suspected of derangement; for an intimate and practical acquaintance with most of the fences in "the Shires," and all the leading statesmen of Europe, can hardly be considered compatible with a morbid disposition and superstitious nature.

No; the Abbé was forced to confess to himself on reflection that the man who deceived Pomerantseff must have been of no ordinary ability. That he had been deceived was of course beyond all question, but it was certainly most mar-vellous. In practical matters, the Abbé was even forced to confess to himself he would unhesitatingly take the Prince's advice sooner than trust to his own private judgment; and yet here was this model of keen healthy worldly wisdom gravely inviting him to meet the Devil face to face, and not only this, but assuring him, moreover, that it should be no unintelligible freak of electro-biology, but as a simple fact.

Girod smoked thirty cigarettes without coming to any satisfactory solution

of the enigma.

What if after all, he, the Abbé Girod, for once should abandon the line of conduct he had laid down for himself, and to satisfy his curiosity, and perhaps with thus fulfilling an idly expressed proph-

equilibrium a most valuable and comprehensive mind, overlook his determination never to endanger his peace of mind by meddling with the affairs of

spiritualists?

He could picture to himself the whole thing. They would doubtless be in a darkened room; an apparition clothed in red, and adorned with the traditional horns, would duly make its appearance, and there would of course very likely be no apparent evidence of fraud. That the farce would be cleverly played the Abbé did not doubt for a moment. Even supposing some portion of the absurd theory enunciated by Frontignan to be true, and some strange thing, begotten of electric fluid and overwrought imagination, were to make its appearance, that could hardly be considered by a sane man as being equivalent to an interview with the Devil.

The Abbé told himself that it would be most likely impossible to detect any fraud; but he felt convinced that should the Prince find this phenomenon ridiculed and laughed to scorn, after a full investigation by a man of sense and culture, his faith in it would be shaken, and ere long he would come himself to despise it.

All the remarkable stories he had heard about spiritualism from Madame de Girardin and others, and which he had hitherto paid no heed to, came back tonight to the Abbé as he sat ruminating over the extraordinary offer just made him.

He had heard of dead people appearing, and that was sufficiently absurdfor he did not believe in a future life; but the Devil-the idea was preposterous! Poor Luther indeed might throw his ink-pot at him; but no enlightened Roman Catholic priest could in these latter nineteenth-century days be expected to believe in his existence, no matter how much he might be forced, for obvious reasons, to preach about it, and represent it as a fact in sermons.

Yes; he would unhesitatingly consent to investigate the matter, and discover and lay bare the fraud he felt certain was lurking somewhere, but that the Prince seemed to feel so provokingly certain of his consent, and he feared by

ecy, to plunge the unhappy man still deeper into his slough of superstition.

One thing was certain, the Abbé told himself with a smile, nothing on earth or from heaven or hell—if the two latter absurdities existed—could bring him to believe in the Devil. No, not even if the Devil should come and take him by the hand, and all the hosts of heaven flock to testify to his identity.

By this time, having smoked and thought himself into a state of blasphemous idiocy, our worthy divine threw away his cigarette, went to bed, and read himself into a nightmare with a volume of Von Helmont.

The following morning still found him perplexed as to what course to adopt in this matter.

As luck (or shall we say the Devil?) would have it, while he was trifling in a listless way with his breakfast, there called to see him the only priest in whose judgment, purity, and religious conviction he had any confidence. It is probable, to such an extent was his mind engrossed by the subject, that no matter who might have called just then, he would have discussed the extraordinary conduct of Prince Pomerantseff with him; but inasmuch as the visitor chanced to be the very best man calculated to direct his judgment in the matter, he, without unnecessary delay, laid the

whole affair before him.
"You see, mon cher," said the Abbé
in conclusion, "my position is just this: it appears to me that this person, whom I will not name, has been trifled with by Home and other so-called spiritualists, to such an extent that his mind is really in danger. Now, although, of course, we are forbidden to have any dealings with such people, or to participate in their infamous, foolish, and unholy practices, surely it would be the act of a Christian if a clear, healthy-minded man were to expose the fraud, and thus save to society a man of such transcendent ability as my friend. Moreover, should I decide to accept his mad invitation, I hardly think I could be said to participate in any of the scandalous, and perhaps even blasphemous, rites he may have to perform to bring about the supposed result. What do you think, and what do you advise?"

His friend walked up and down the

room for a few minutes, turning the matter over carefully in his mind, and then, coming up to where the Abbé lay lazily stretched upon a lounge, he said earnestly—

"Mon cher Henri, I am very glad you have asked me about this. It appears to me that your duty is quite clear. You perhaps have it in your power, as you yourself have seen, to save, not only as you say a mind, but what I wish I could feel you prized more highly, a soul. You must accept the invitation."

The Abbé rose in delight at having found another man who, taking the responsibility off his shoulders, commanded him as a duty to indulge his ardent curiosity.

curiosity.
"But," continued the other in a solemn voice, "before accepting the invitation you must do one thing."

The Abbé threw himself back on the lounge in disgust.

"Oh, pray for strength, of course," he exclaimed, petulantly; "I am quite aware of that."

"Not only pray, but fast, and that for seven days at least, my dear brother."

This was a very disagreeable view of the matter; but the Abbé was equal to the occasion.

After a pause, during which he appeared absorbed in religious reflection, he rose, and taking his friend by the hand—

"You are right," said he, "as you always are. Although, of course, I know the evil spirit cannot harm an officer of God's Holy Catholic Church, even supposing, for the sake of argument, my poor friend can invoke Satan, yet, if I am to be of any good—if I am to save my friend from destruction, I must be armed with extraordinary grace, and this, as you truly divine, can only come by fasting."

The other wrung his hand warmly. "I knew you would see it in its proper light, my dear Henri," he said; "and now I will leave you to recover your peace of mind by religious meditation."

The Abbé smiled gravely, and his friend departed.

The following letter was the result of this edifying interview between the two divines:—

[&]quot; MON CHER PRINCE,-No doubt you

will feel very triumphant when you learn that my object in writing this is to accept your most kind offer of presentation to Sa Majesté; but I do not care whether you choose to consider this yielding to what is only in part whimsical curiosity

a triumph or no.

"I will not write to you any cut and dried platitudes about good and evil, but I frankly assure you that one of the strongest reasons which induces me to go on this fool's errand is a belief that I can discover the absurdity and imposture, and cure you of a hallucination which is unworthy of you.—Tout à vous, "Henri Girod."

For two days he received no reply to this letter, nor did he happen to meet the Prince in society in the interval, although he heard of him from De Frontignan and others; but on the third day the following note was brought to him:—

"MON CHER AMI,—There is no question of triumph any more than there is of deception. I will call for you this evening at half-past nine. You must remember your promise to trust yourself entirely to me.—Cordialement à vous,

" POMERANTSEFF.

So the matter was now arranged, and he, the Abbé Girod, the renowned preacher of the celebrated — Church, was to meet that very night by special appointment, at half-past nine, the Prince of Darkness; and this in January, in Paris, at the height of the season, in the capital of civilization,—la ville Lumière!

CHAPTER VI.

As may be well imagined, during the remainder of that eventful day until the hour of the Prince's arrival, the Abbé did not enjoy his customary placidity.

A secretary of the Turkish Embassy who called at four found him engaged in a violent discussion with one of the Rothschilds about the belief held by the early Christians in demons, as shown by Tertullian and others; while Lord Middlesex, who called at half-past five, found he had captured Faure, installed him at the piano, and was inducing him to hum snatches from "Don Juan."

When his dinner-hour arrived, having given orders to his valet to admit no one lest he should be discovered not fasting, he hastily swallowed a few mouthfuls, fortified himself with a couple of glasses of Chartreuse verte, and lighting a Henry Clay, awaited the coming of the messenger of Satan.

At half-past nine o'clock precisely the Prince arrived. He was in full evening dress, but—contrary to his usual custom—wearing no ribbon or decoration, and his face was of a deadly pallor.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Abbé, "what is the matter with you, Prince? You are looking very ill; we had better postpone our visit."

"No; it is nothing," said the Prince, gravely. "Let us be off without delay. In matters of this kind waiting is unendurable."

The Abbé rose, and rang the bell for his hat and cloak. The appearance of the Prince, his evident agitation, and his unfeigned impatience, which seemed to betoken terror, were far from reassuring; but the Abbé promptly quelled any feelings of misgiving he might have felt. Suddenly a thought struck him—a thought which certainly his brain would never have engendered had it been in its normal condition.

"Perhaps I had better change my dress and go en pékin?" he inquired,

anxiously.

The ghost of a sarcastic smile flitted across the Prince's face as he replied, "No, certainly not; your soutane will be in every way acceptable. Come, let us be off."

The Abbé made a grimace, put on his hat, flung his cloak around his shoulders, and followed the Prince down-stairs.

He remarked, with some surprise, that the carriage awaiting them was not the Prince's.

"I have hired a carriage for the occasion," said Pomerantseff, quietly, noticing Girod's glance of surprise. "I am unwilling that my servants should

They entered the carriage, and the coachman, evidently instructed beforehand where to go, drove off without delay. The Prince immediately pulled down the blinds, and taking a silk pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, began quietly to fold it lengthwise. remarked simply, as if announcing the most ordinary fact.

Diable ! cried the Abbé, now be-" This is very coming a little nervous. unpleasant; I like to see where I am going. I believe, Pomerantseff, you are the Devil yourself."

"Remember your promise," said the Prince, as he carefully covered his friend's eyes with the pocket-handkerchief, and effectually precluded the possibility of his seeing anything until he should remove the bandage.

After this nothing was said. The Abbé heard the Prince pull up the blind, open the window, and tell the coachman to drive faster. He endeavored to discover when they turned to the right, and when to the left, but in a few minutes got bewildered, and gave it up in despair. At one time he felt certain they were crossing the river.

"I wish I had not come," he mur-"Of course the mured to himself. whole thing is folly; but it is a great trial to the nerves, and I shall probably be upset for many days.

On they drove: the time seemed interminable to the Abbé.

Are we near our destination yet?" he inquired at last.

"Not very far off now," replied the other, in what seemed to Girod a most sepulchral tone of voice.

At length, after a drive of about half an hour, but which seemed to the Abbé double that time, Pomerantseff murmured in a low tone, and with a profound sigh, which sounded almost like a sob, "Here we are;" and at that moment the Abbé felt the carriage was turning, and heard the horses' hoofs clatter on what he imagined to be the stones of a courtyard.

The carriage stopped, Pomerantseff opened the door himself, and assisted the blindfolded priest to alight.

"There are five steps," he said, as he held the Abbé by the arm. " Take

The Abbé stumbled up the five steps. They had now entered a house, and Girod imagined to himself it was probably some old hotel like the Hotel Pimodan, where Gautier, Baudelaire, and others at one time were wont to resort to disperse the cares of life in the fumes

"I must blindfold you, mon cher," he of opium. When they had proceeded a few yards, Pomerantseff warned him that they were about to ascend a staircase, and up many shallow steps they went, the Abbé regretting every instant more and more that he had allowed his vulgar curiosity to lead him into an adventure which could be productive of nothing but ridicule and shattered nerves.

> When at length they had reached the top of the stairs, the Prince guided him by the arm through what the Abbé imagined to be a hall, opened a door, closed and locked it after them, walked on again, opened another door, which he closed and locked likewise, and over which the Abbé heard him pull a heavy curtain. The Prince then took him again by the arm, advanced him a few steps, and said in a low whisper-

> "Remain quietly standing where you are. I rely upon your honor not to attempt to remove the pocket-handkerchief from your eyes until you hear voices.

> The Abbé folded his arms and stood motionless, while he heard the Prince walk away, and then suddenly all sound ceased.

> It was evident to the unfortunate priest that the room in which he stood was not dark; for although he could of course see nothing owing to the pockethandkerchief, which had been bound most skilfully over his eyes, there was a sensation of being in a strong light, and his cheeks and hands felt as it were illuminated.

Suddenly a horrible sound sent a chill of terror through him-a gentle noise as of naked flesh touching the waxed floor and before he could recover from the shock occasioned by the sound, the voices of many men-voices of men groaning or wailing in some hideous ecstasy-broke the stillness, crying-

"Father and Creator of all Sin and Crime, Prince and King of all Despair and Anguish! come to us, we implore thee !"

The Abbé, wild with terror, tore off the pocket-handkerchief.

He found himself in a large old-fashioned room, panelled up to the lofty ceiling with oak, and filled with great light shed from innumerable tapers fitted into sconces on the wall-light which, though by its nature soft, was almost fierce by reason of its greatness and intensity, proceeded from these countless

tapers.

He had then been, after all, right in his conjectures; he was evidently in a chamber of some one of the many old-fashioned hotels which are to be seen still in the Ile Saint Louis, and indeed in all the antiquated parts of Paris. It was reassuring, at all events, to know one was not in the infernal regions, and to feel tolerably certain that a sergeant de ville could not be many yards distant.

All this passed into his comprehension like a flash of lightning, for hardly had the bandage left his eyes ere his whole attention was riveted upon the group

before him.

Twelve men—Pomerantseff among the number—of all ages from five-and-twenty to fifty-five, all dressed in evening dress, and all, so far as one could judge at such a moment, men of culture and refinement, lay nearly prone upon the floor with hands linked.

They were bowing forward and kissing the floor—which might account for the strange sound heard by Girod—and their faces were illuminated with a light of hellish ecstasy,—half distorted, as if in pain, half-smiling, as if in triumph.

The Abbé's eyes instinctively sought

out the Prince.

He was the last on the left-hand side, and while his left hand grasped that of his neighbor, his right was sweeping nervously over the bare waxed floor, as if seeking to animate the boards. His face was more calm than those of the others, but of a deadly pallor, and the violet tints about the mouth and temples showed he was suffering from intense emotion.

They were all, each after his own fashion, praying aloud, or rather moaning, as they writhed in eestatic adoration.

"O Father of Evil! come to us!"

"O Prince of Endless Desolation! who sitteth by the beds of Suicides, we adore thee!"

"O Creator of Eternal Anguish!"
"O King of cruel pleasures and fam-

ishing desires! we worship thee!'
"Come to us, thy foot upon the
hearts of widows!"

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"Come to us, thy hair lurid with the slaughter of innocence!"

"Come to us, thy brow wreathed with the clinging Chaplet of Despair!"

" Come to us!

The heart of the Abbé turned cold and sick as these beings, hardly human by reason of their great mental exaltation, swayed before him, and as the air, charged with a subtle and overwhelming electricity, seemed to throb as from the echo of innumerable voiceless harps.

Suddenly—or rather the full conception of the fact was sudden, for the influence had been gradually stealing over him—he felt a terrible coldness, a coldness more piercing than any he had ever before experienced even in Russia, and with the coldness there came to him the certain knowledge of the presence of

some new being in the room.

Withdrawing his eyes from the semicircle of men, who did not seem to be aware of his, the Abbé's, presence, and who ceased not in their blasphemies, he turned them slowly around, and as he did so, they fell upon a new-comer, a Thirteenth, who seemed to spring into existence from the air, and before his very eyes.

CHAPTER VII.

He was a young man of apparently twenty, tall, as beardless as the young Augustus, with bright golden hair falling from his forehead like a girl's.

He was dressed in evening dress, and his cheeks were flushed as if with wine or pleasure; but from his eyes there gleamed a look of inexpressible sadness,

of intense despair.

The group of men had evidently become aware of his presence at the same moment, for they all fell prone upon the floor adoring, and their words were now no longer words of invocation, but words of praise and worship.

The Abbé was frozen with horror there was no room in his breast for the lesser emotion of fear; indeed, the horror was so great and all-absorbing as to charm him and hold him spellbound.

He could not remove his eyes from the Thirteenth, who stood before him calmly, a faint smile playing over his intellectual and aristocratic face,—a smile which only added to the intensity of the despair gleaming in his clear blue eyes. Girod was struck first with the sadness, then with the beauty, and then with the intellectual vigor of that marvellous countenance.

The expression was not unkind or even cold; haughtiness and pride might indeed be read in the high-bred features, shell-like sensitive nostrils, and short upper lip; while the exquisite symmetry and perfect proportions of his figure showed suppleness and steel-like strength: for the rest, the face betokened, save for the flush upon the cheeks, only great sadness.

The eyes were fixed upon those of Girod, and he felt their soft, subtle, intense light penetrate into every nook and cranny of his soul and being. This terrible Thirteenth simply stood and gazed upon the priest, as the worshippers grew more wild, more blasphemous, more cruel.

The Abbé could think of nothing but the face before him, and the great desolation that lay folded over it as a veil. He could think of no prayer, although he could remember there were prayers.

Was this Despair—the Despair of a man drowning in sight of land—being shed into him from the sad blue eyes? Was it Despair or was it Death?

Ah no, not Death! Death was peaceful, and this was violent and passionate.

Was there no refuge, no mercy, no salvation anywhere? Perhaps, nay, surely, but while those sad blue eyes still gazed upon him, the sadness, as it seemed to him, intensifying every moment, he could not remember where to seek for and where to find such refuge, such mercy, such salvation. He could not remember, and yet he could not entirely forget. He felt that help would come to him if he sought it, and yet he could hardly tell how to seek it.

Moreover, by degrees the blue eyes,
—it seemed as if their color, their great
blueness, had some fearful power,—began pouring into him some more hideous
pleasure. It was the ecstasy of great
pain becoming a delight, the ecstasy of
being beyond all hope, and of being
thus enabled to look with scorn upon the
Author of hope. And all the while the
blue eyes still gazed sadly, with a soft
smile breathing overwhelming despair
upon him.

Girod knew that in another moment

he would not sink, faint, or fall, but that he would,—oh! much worse!—he would smile!

At this very instant a name,—a familiar name, and one which the infernal worshippers had made frequent use of, but which he had never remarked before,—struck his ear; the name of Christ.

Where had he heard it? He could not tell. It was the name of a young man; he could remember that and nothing more.

Again the name sounded, "Christ."
There was another word like Christ, which seemed at some time to have brought an idea first of great suffering and then of great peace.

Ay, peace, but no pleasure. No delight like this shed from those marvellous blue eyes.

Again the name sounded, "Christ."
Ah! the other word was cross—croix—he remembered now; a long thing with a short thing across it.

Was it that as he thought of these things the charm of the blue eyes and their great sadness lessened in intensity? We dare not say; but as some faint conception of what a cross was flitted through the Abbé's brain, although he could think of no prayer—nay, of no distinct use of this cross—he drew his right hand slowly up, for it was pinioned as by paralysis to his side, and feebly and half mechanically made the sign across his breast.

The vision vanished.

The men adoring ceased their clamor and lay crouched up one against another, as if some strong electric power had been taken from them and great weakness had succeeded, while, at the same time, the throbbing of the thousand voiceless harps was hushed.

The pause lasted but for a moment, and then the men rose, stumbling, trembling, and with loosened hands, and stood feebly gazing at the Abbé, who felt faint and exhausted, and heeded them not. With extraordinary presence of mind the Prince walked quickly up to him, pushed him out of the door by which they had entered, followed him, and locked the door behind them, thus precluding the possibility of being immediately pursued by the others.

Once in the adjoining room, the Abbé

and Pomerantseff paused for an instant to recover breath, for the swiftness of their flight had exhausted them, worn out as they both were mentally and physically; but during this brief interval the Prince, who appeared to be retaining his presence of mind by a purely mechanical effort, carefully replaced over his friend's eyes the bandage which the Abbé still held tightly grasped in his hand. Then he led him on, and it was not till the cold air struck them, that they noticed they had left their hats behind.

N'importe !' muttered Pomerantseff. "It would be dangerous to return;" and hurrying the Abbé into the carriage which awaited them, he bade the coachman speed them away-" au grand

galop!

Not a word was spoken; the Abbé lay back as one in a swoon, and heeded nothing until he felt the carriage stop, and the Prince uncovered his eyes and told him he had reached home; then he alighted in silence, and passed into his house without a word.

How he reached his apartment he never knew; but the following morning found him raging with fever, and deliri-

When he had sufficiently recovered, after the lapse of a few days, to admit of his reading the numerous letters awaiting his attention, one was put into his hand which had been brought on the second night after the one of the memorable séance.

It ran as follows :-

" JOCKEY CLUB, January 26, 18-, " MON CHER ABBÉ, -I am afraid our little adventure was too much for you-

in fact, I myself was very unwell all yesterday, and nothing but a Turkish bath has pulled me together. I can hardly wonder at this, however, for I have never in my life been present at so powerful a séance, and you may comfort yourself with the reflection that Sa Majesté has never honored any one with his presence for so long a space of time before.

'Never fear, mon cher, about your illness. It is purely nervous exhaustion, and you will be well soon; but such evenings must not often be indulged in if you are not desirous of shortening your life. I shall hope to meet you at Mme. de Metternich's on Monday.— Tout à vous, Pomerantseff.

Whether or no Girod was sufficiently recovered to meet his friend at the Austrian Embassy on the evening named we do not know, nor does it concern us; but he is certainly enjoying excellent health now, and is no less charming and amusing than before his extraordinary adventure.

Such is the true story of a meeting with the Devil in Paris not many years ago-a story true in every particular, as can be easily proved by a direct application to any of the persons concerned in it, for they are all living still.

The key to the enigma we cannot find, for we certainly do not put faith in any one of the theories of spiritualists; but that an apparition, such as we have described, did appear in the way and under the circumstances we have related is a fact, and we must leave the satisfactory solution of the difficulty to more profound psychologists than ourselves .-Blackwood's Magazine.

INTERNATIONAL GIRLISHNESS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

this Magazine last month, his interest- pinches," as Ascham says, not between ing article on "Recent Criticism of two underbred young women, but be-America," the mind of the sage is once tween two nations, of the same speech, more saddened by the thought of our or pretty nearly the same speech. Let International Girlishness. It is the old story of Fanny Squeers and her friend

On reading Mr. Roosevelt's article in small spites and sneers, "bobs and me at once say that I am not venturing to find any fault with Mr. Rooseveli's Tilda, over again; the old story of essay or his facts, nor with anybody's the general peevish spirit of snappishness, defence and defiance, that seems so deplorable. Other nations can criticise each other with dignity, to mutual profit, without loss of temper. Every patriotic Englishman agrees (I do, any way) with what the Press of Europe kindly and firmly tells us about our army, our navy, our "policy." These are serious matters, and the criticism is trenchant, but we are not angry. Nor are we greatly moved when the ingenious Frenchman designs in Charivari our best line of coast defence, a legion of large-booted and long-toothed English ladies drawn up on our shores. Yes, we say, that is one type of the British fair, though we have others, and though we do not quite see how to improve these. In little matters and great we can bear foreign comment without being unduly moved; sometimes we even laugh at the joke which is against ourselves. But this happy and reasonable attitude is altered, when America is the critic or the subject of criticism. Then both sides get shrill, and angry, and underbred, both profess to be extremely diverted, to be sure, when really they are quivering to their acute and eager finger-nails.

Perhaps it is our fault chiefly. We are "the elder and ought to know bet-ter," as they say in the nursery. Also we keep our tempers better, and that is insufferably provoking: indeed it is wrong. I think only one kind of Englishman minds American criticism very much, and that is the literary Englishman. A number of distinguished American critics, ably led by Mr. Howells and Mr. Edgar Fawcett, are always having shots at our poor English literature, our poets and novelists. They mean to teach us our proper place. The British public does not read their criticism very much, and does not care; but we literary persons read it, and make disagreeable replies. No doubt I am prejudiced, but I think, in the contest of these amenities, our side scores rather the more freely. We are as 'Tilda was unto Fanny, in the strife already alluded to, or so it seems to me. We keep our little tempers better. In a cutting from a Chicago journal, for example, I read, with pain, that Blackwood's Magazine, in 1845, called Mr. Lowell "a presump-

facts or essay in particular. It is only tuous youngling," that the Times once said something unkind of Mr. Hawthorne, and some one infers that, if ever there is war between England and the States, British Reviewers will be greatly guilty thereof. Good Heavens! is it a casus belli, that, forty-three years ago, Blackwood's called Mr. Lowell young and presumptuous? Mr. Lowell was young then, he is always young in the best sense, - and in a critical squabble about Pope he may even have been presumptuous. If he was, I admit that I am quite on his side, as far as Pope goes. Pope was no poet, and I hope Mr. Lowell said so. But conceive a journalist in this country taking the trouble to hunt up what dead old American scribes may have said about Mr. Carlyle or Lord Tennyson!

> Not long ago an American paper described an English literary divine who had just left Columbia's shore as "the Typical Cad." Well, without discussing the essential justice of this verdict, may it not be set off (as far as force of language goes) against "Presumptuous Youngling"? And what do all these things matter to sensible men, women, or children? Do not critics employ pretty severe terms about authors of their own nation? When Mr. Henry James wrote Daisy Miller, and for long afterward, one used to see the most unkind things about him and his tale in the American papers. This is a very good instance of what I mean, of our comparative freedom from temper, which puts us, I think, on the high level of John Brownlie's betrothed, rather than of the virginal Fanny Squeers, in the International School Girl competition. For, in the first place, Daisy Miller was a delightful maiden. Perhaps she is my "favorite character in fiction," I would fain be numbered among her knights, and wear her becoming colors. But the angry American critics chose to regard this bewitching sketch of an individual as if it were intended for an ugly caricature of all American maidenhood. Therefore they denounced her creator, the creator of Daisy P. Miller, as a bad American, and so forth. Now, has any English reviewer, out of the Colney Hatch Monthly, pitched into Miss Broughton for her Sara in Belinda, or for any of her young women? Hae any one called

Miss Broughton a bad patriot, that is, bent on decrying her lovely young sisters and lowering them in the eyes of surrounding nations? Of course not : Sara is a type of a jolly young flirt, not burdened by good taste, of which, indeed, as M. Théophile Gautier says, we may easily have too much. Miss Daisy P. Miller was a far more sensitive and charming person than Sara, and yet to have depicted her is hailed by her inappreciative countrymen as a crime! Now, we are very guilty on this side of the water; but just at this point of noisy sensitiveness about trifles, we may claim the advantage. We do not care half so much, and that is what makes us so provoking. We are provoking, I know; the inner monitor whispers that I have occasionally tried to be so, myself, per-

haps unsuccessfully. For my part, I could almost wish that we, in England, would give up making any comments on American literature, manners, or social habits. We can make none that will give pleasure, we can hardly speak without making what is recognized as a mistake. If we praise, we praise the wrong thing; if we blame, our blame is mere ignorant jealousy. This I know, for I have tried, in an ineffective but hearty manner, to praise Mark Twain, as one of the greatest of living geniuses (perhaps it is not saying much) who now use the English language. Yet this humble appreciation has not seemed to be welcome to all literary They are not as proud of Americans. Mark as one could wish. On the other hand, if I chance to describe the style of an esoteric American novelist as a queer medley of bad Ruskin and indifferent Bret Harte, I am once more looked down upon from the frozen heights of literary disapprobation. The fact is that, over here, we do not know what is the correct thing, either in current American literature or society. We admire American authors whom American critics despise; we have never heard of authors whom the more serious American reviews, which ought to know, distinguish by their applause. It is the same thing, of course, in America. There they appreciate English writers who are not or have not yet become prophets in our own country, and they disregard some very considerable (minor) prophets of our own altogether. We do not mind this much; in our fine native bumptiousness, we fancy we know best. But one can easily imagine that, to an American man of letters, English praise of a countryman of his whom he does not admire seems another proof of our involvairs.

our insularity. I was never more struck by our general ignorance of America (an ignorance very naturally felt to be offensive) than when I read a recently published book of "Representative Poems" by English and American minstrels yet in the flesh. There were sixty Americans to eighteen English. Of several of these sixty I nursed a guilty, though, I hope, not an invincible ignorance. The poet to whom most space was assigned was, I think, Mr. Boker. He occupied more pages than Mr. Lowell, Mr. Whittier, my Lord Tennyson, or even my Lord Lytton. As a person whose business is with letters, my conscience has never recovered the shock which my ignorance of Mr. Boker (if it was Boker) caused her. Every morning she quotes the Imitation (I know an American critic says that is the wrong way to speak of the book), every morning she cries, " Nunc hodie perfecte incipiamus-let us make a new departure (modern style)—let us read Mr. Boker to-day." But conscience is yet unsatisfied. How can a Briton presume to speak of American literature when he is in this condition-when he has neglected Boker? Consequently he had better not speak of it critically at Yet one will be speaking! Mr. Matthew Arnold caused some mirth, I fear, in the States when he said that they made too much of their literature. Some one, not having the fear of Mr. Arnold before his eyes, had published a primer of American literature. Mr. Arnold said that Scotch literature was far more copious and valuable than that of America. yet nobody published a primer of that. It is not for me to disclaim a tribute to my country, but if we take Scotch literature from the time when American literature begins—let us say, for argument's sake, from the time of Washington Irving-even a Scot can hardly think that Mr. Arnold was right; for, if we begin (for this purpose) at that late date, we leave out Burns, and most of Scott, Hogg, Leyden, and others. We keep

side? Not much to set against Hawthorne, Poe, Longfellow, Lowell, Whit-tier, Prescott, Emerson, Motley, Whip-ple, Lanier, Stoddart, Stedman, Cranch, to mention but a few of the poetical and critical names that crowd on the memory, and to leave out contemporary novelists and humorists. The truth is, that English critics hardly know enough of Scotch literature before Burns to criticise it, and I have even met persons of education who never heard of the Ettrick Shepherd. In Mr. Humphry Ward's useful "Collection of English Poets" there is, I think, just one most unimportant extract from that copious and vigorous author. When we have Home Rule in Scotland, then you shall see us with our primer of our national Scotch masterpieces; and, as for English, we shall not, like Leyden, "spoil our Scotch by trying to learn that language," which, indeed, the great linguist never mastered.

To return to our chief theme, the less we criticise America the better. Who can avoid blunders in such a matter? Who ever wrote a biography without the friends of the subject, "the brithers o' the corp," proclaiming that it was all wrong? Who ever described a locality, without provoking a storm of reproach from the dwellers therein? Nobody can be quite accurate. In a recent American guide-book to London, or something of that kind, I hear that our upper classes emblazon their names on brass door-plates in town. This astonished me, and I felt that, if an Englishman had made the same kind of blunder about New York, it would not have passed quite unnoticed. It might perhaps have given offence; and, though it must needs be that offences come, it is well to avoid going in search of occasions for them. Mr. Roosevelt, in his recent article, chiefly found fault with Lord Wolseley, Sir Lepel Griffin, and Mr. Matthew Arnold. The two former offenders indeed he preferred to treat somewhat cavalierly, and very likely he knows more of war than Lord Wolseley, and of American administration than the other author. I could wish that both

Aytoun, and Wilson, and Lockhart, and Lord Wolseley had discussed, say, the Carlyle (if he is to count) and Alexander character of Brasidas, and that Sir Lepel Smith, and whom else have we on our Griffin had been content to investigate the customs of the Hittites. In that case nobody's feelings out of Oxford or Bonn would have been hurt, even if Lord Wolseley had made Brasidas take part in the siege of Syracuse, and if Sir Lepel Griffin had not liked the boots worn by the lamented inhabitants of Asia Minor. Moreover, my opinion as to the accuracy of Lord Wolseley's remarks on war or of Sir Lepel Griffin's on things in general is of no more value than perhaps Mr. Roosevelt's is on the preparation of a wicket. But Mr. Arnold wrote about literature and social life in America; would that he had used that exquisite art of his on other or less ungrateful material. For, take it as you will, we do not behave wisely when we stay in a house and criticise our host. The American people is of a hospitality and kindness which no one knows better than Englishmen of letters. To the humblest of us, Americans are constantly displaying an appreciation, an interest, a goodwill, which is the more touching because we do not all get very much of this kind of regard at home. Probably most Englishmen who write hear now and then, from the other side of the Atlantic, that they have made friends there, friends whom perhaps they may never see, but who give them, none the less, inestimable gifts of sympathy and encouragement; also, now and then, of prehistoric Aztec pottery. Even stay-at-homes know this kindness and goodness of heart; much more they who trans mare currunt. Would that these literary guests, like Mr. Arnold of America, would publish nothing at all about the people! Mr. Thackeray was more happily inspired : could he not have "made his fortune," as Mr. Weller, Senior, advised Mr. Pickwick to do, by "publishing a book and abusing the Amerrikins," when he came home? Mr. Thackeray did not choose this graceful mode of enriching himself. In whatever he wrote about America, in his published letters and in Round About Papers, he spoke as a gentleman should speak of people who showed him a kind hospitality. If Mr. Dickens had never printed American Notes, or the bits of attempts at serious had let matters American alone, that reflections in Martin Chuzzlewit, the Chollop, and Pogram, and Jefferson Brick, surely a nation gifted with a sense of humor could not quarrel much with these caricatures any more than we quarrel with Mr. Samuel Slumkey and the Hon. Horatio Fizkin.

But people may say, an English traveller of note in America is continually being asked for a frank opinion. Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion may have been particularly valued, because he was wont to express it so extremely frankly about England, about ourselves. Certainly the opinion was wanted; certainly the opinion had much value as that of an acute observer with his own way of seeing the world; and yet, and yet, one wishes that such literature had not occupied the last working hours of a noble poet. Suppose it be true that a lack of beauty and distinction mark American life? What then? What would English or Italian life be without a past which bequeathed all the art worth mentioning, most of the literature, all the opportunities of dignified leisure? Why, England would have no beauty of art, only railway stations, churches which would not be even sham Gothic, houses which would not be even sham " Queen Anne." As to Italy, she would show a wilderness of hotels and barracks. As there would be no "ancestral wealth," I cannot think where our beautiful "barbarians" would find a rest for the soles of their feet. In fact, you cannot, in a new industrial country, possess the ancient monuments, and the princely manners and abodes bequeathed by the piety, the art, the learning, the conquests of generations which were lucky enough to know not industrialism. Whether industrialism too, if Nature keeps it alive, will develop some new art, some noble and seemly way of life, no man can predict. Probably there will be an awkward break first, in historical strata—a glacial age, a world of ice, or a world of fire.

Any beauty and distinction which the new age has produced and not inherited must be, one thinks, popular and inconspicuous-a distinction of character, not of manners; of ethics, not of art. If Mr. Roosevelt can find it in American architecture, he is more lucky than we are at home, with our new buildings at American intonations. Or there may be

world would have been no loser. As for Oxford, But speaking of manners reminds me that, if one may judge by American fiction, even our barbarians do not possess the good manners which (on Darwinian principles) they should have inherited. Here I speak as a person without experience. "I am a stranger here, and I have no frog," says Mr. Mark Twain's hero. I am a stranger here, too, and I have no earl. But, if I may judge by a story in Scribner's Magazine named "First Harvests," the British earl abroad is a fearful animal. Lord Birmingham, in that narrative, is a "typical Cad," if the American patentee will permit me to use the phrase. He goes about in American society, drunken, abusive, cowardly, a liar and a libeller. Are they often like that; and, if so, why are they not introduced to the native cowhide? Why do the lovely daughters of the West endure their presence? Why do they marry squires like that other awful example in Mr. Henry James's agreeable story "A London Life," where, to be sure, this unpatriotic satirist weds his blackguard Englishman with an American lady who is not exactly a Una. Let us hope that those terrible English folk are only exceptions, not precisely types. Certainly, one does not remember in recent English fiction an American character to compare with them.

The whole subject of manners is much dealt with in these international affrays. We, for example, are taunted with our "English accent." No one blames a Frenchman for speaking French with a French accent, unless the Kabyles do so; and, unless an Englishman is talking American, I do not see why his accent should not be English. Of course, we cannot quite see that there is one English accent. There is a Scotch accent, an Irish accent, a Somerset accent, a cockney accent, a "Society" accent, very funny and elaborate. It may be replied that there is no American accent either, and perhaps there is not; and, if there were, why should not a person speak in it when he is speaking American? If he talks of "belonging with," "back of" (where we say "behind"),
"all the time" (when we say "always"), and the like, it is his idioms that are American, and he may, perhaps, have no such thing, and the accent we call American may be Pennsylvanian, Bostonian, or what not. However, Englishmen will probably d'splease Americans least by never making any remark on the subject. Some of us think that Americans are pleased if we say we took them for English, or that they are displeased if we say we recognized them for Americans. By way of displaying good manners, it seems better never to hint at the topic at all. It is extremely personal, at the least; and so the lady should have remembered who told Mr. Roosevelt that his accent "reminded her of a banjo." Doubtless there are many Englishwomen with no more sense and breeding than this queer daughter of Albion. I wonder if she afterward wrote a description of Mr. Roosevelt's appearance, manners, dress, and mode of life in an English newspaper? This accident has twice occurred to me when I have sat beside American ladies at dinner; once at the house of a friend, once under my own lowly roof. Both ladies were most intelligent, witty, lovely, accomplished, and young. No less can I say of them, because each was kind enough to publish, in American journals, minute and extremely, nay, bewilderingly flattering descriptions of myself, my classic features, my admired genius, my guests, and everything that was mine, except my black cat, Frank, which somehow escaped their notice. I am sure no Englishwoman would have been so good-natured as to print a line about me. I only mention these attentions of Columbia's pair of literary daughters as a set-off to Mr. Roosevelt's English lady of the banjo.

The truth is, that English are more like Americans, and Americans more

like English, than any other two sets of human beings. It is much like the difference between Oxford and Cambridge men, or between Guards and Line. That is why such a watchful eye is kept on the differences, and why we squabble like-sisters-in-law. I am not speaking of international questions, where national interests are concerned. If we are to fight about them, which may God forbid! let us fight like brothers indeed, but also like gentlemen. Do not let us run about quarrelling as to whether the Americans talk through their noses, and whether we drop our aspirates; about whether American volunteers could whip the German army; about whether American literature is as good as Scotch; about whether American architecture is as bad as English; about the comparative demerits of a suddenly enriched Bonanza man, and a depraved English peer; about whether American ladies are prettier than their sisters of England; about all the rigmarole of anonymous people in the journals, and all the acerbities of critics ambitious of originality, and straining after

"These d—d newspapers have done it all," said a Boer officer to a friend of mine, whom he happened to meet (with a few bullets in his person) near the summit of a mountain in South Africa. "These d—d critics, journalists, magazine people, novelists, and orators have done it," we may all say, when we look at the international amenities which remind me so much of the talk between 'Tilda Price and Fanny Squeers. International Girlishness is a deplorable spectacle. Did Fate really foresee, as Mr. Arnold writes, "what a baby Man would be?"—Murray's Magazine.

THE INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE OF THE FUTURE.

BY PRINCE P. KROPOTKIN.

THE two sister arts of Agriculture and Industry were not always so estranged from one another as they are now. There was a time, and that time is not far off, when both were thoroughly combined: the villages were then the seats of a variety of industries, and the arti-

sans in the cities did not abandon agriculture; many towns were nothing else but industrial villages. If the mediaval city was the cradle of those industries which fringed art and were intended to supply the wants of the richer classes, still it was the rural manufacture which

supplied the wants of the million; so it plishment?-Such are the questions does until the present day in Russia. But then came the water-motors, steam, the development of machinery, and they broke the link which formerly connected the farm with the workshop. Factories grew up, and they abandoned the fields. They gathered where the sale of their produce was easiest, or the raw materials and fuel could be obtained with the greatest advantage. New cities rose, and the old ones enlarged with an astonishing rapidity; the fields were deserted. Millions of laborers, compelled to leave their cottages, gathered in the cities in search of labor, and soon forgot the bonds which formerly attached them to the soil. And we, in our admiration of the prodigies achieved under the new factory system, overlooked the advantages of the old system under which the tiller of the soil was an industrial worker at the same time. We doomed to disappearance all those branches of industry which formerly used to prosper in the villages; we condemned in industry all that was not a big factory.

True, the results were grand as regards the increase of the productive powers of man. But they proved terrible as regards the millions of human beings who were plunged into an unprecedented, unheard-of misery in our cities. The system, as a whole, brought about those quite abnormal conditions which I have endeavored to expose in two preceding articles.* We are thus driven into a corner; and while a thorough change in the present relations between labor and capital is becoming an imperious necessity, a thorough remodelling of the whole of our industrial organization has also become unavoidable. The industrial nations are bound to revert to agriculture, they are compelled to find out the best means of combining it with industry, and they must do so without loss of time. To examine the special question as to the possibility of such a combination is the aim of the following pages. Is it possible, from a technical point of view? Is it desirable? Are there, in our present industrial life, such features as might lead us to presume that a change in the above direction would find the necessary elements for its accom-

which rise before the mind. answer them, there is, I suppose, no better means than to study that immense, but overlooked and underrated, branch of industries which are described under the names of rural industries, domestic trades, and petty trades : to study them, not in the works of the economists who are too much inclined to consider them as obsolete types of industry, but in their life itself, in their struggles, their failures and achievements.

Most of the petty trades, we must admit, are in a very precarious condition. The wages of the workers are very low and the employment uncertain; the day of labor is by two, three, or four hours longer than in the factories; the crises are frequent, and they last for years. And each time a crisis ravages some branch of the petty trades, there is no lack of writers to predict the speedy disappearance of the trade. During the crisis which I witnessed in 1877 amid the Swiss watchmakers, the impossibility of a recovery of the trade in the face of the competition of machine-made watches was a current topic in the press. The same was said in 1882 with regard to the silk-trade of Lyons, and, in fact, wherever a crisis has broken out in the petty trades. And yet, notwithstanding the gloomy predictions, and the still gloomier prospects of the workers, that form of industry does not disappear. Nay, we find it endowed with an astonishing vitality. It undergoes various modifications, it adapts itself to new conditions, it struggles without altogether losing hope of better times to come. Anyhow, it has not the characteristics of a decaying institution. In some industries the big factory is undoubtedly victorious; but there are other branches in which the petty trades hold their own position. Even in the textile industries which offer so many advantages for the factory system, the hand-loom still competes with the power-loom. As a whole, the transformation of the petty trades into great industries goes on with a slowness which cannot fail to astonish even those who are convinced of its necessity. Nay, sometimes we may even see the reverse movement going on - occasionally, of course, and only for a time. I cannot

^{*} Nineteenth Century, April and June, 1888.

ter themselves in the suburbs of the cities, as we now learn from the inquiry into the "Sweating System."

factory in comparison with hand-work are self-evident as regards the economy of labor, the facilities both for sale and for having the raw produce at a lower price, and so on. How can we then explain the persistence of the petty traders? Many causes, most of which cannot be valued in shillings and pence, are at work in favor of the petty trades, and these causes will be best seen from the following illustrations. I must say, however, that even a brief sketch of the countless industries which are carried on the Continent, would be far beyond the scope of a review article. When I beeight years ago, I never guessed, from the little attention devoted to it by the orthodox economists, what a wide, com-plex, important, and interesting organization would appear at the end of a closer inquiry. So I see myself compelled to give here only a few typical illustrations, and to prepare a separate work which will embody the bulk of the materials which I have gathered in connection with the subject.

As far as I know, there are in this country no statistics as to the exact numbers of workers engaged in the domestic

forget my amazement when I saw at Ver- trades, the rural industries, and the viers, some ten years ago, that most of petty trades. The whole subject has the woollen cloth factories-immense never received the attention bestowed barracks facing the streets, with more upon it in Germany, and especially in than a hundred windows each-were si- Russia. And yet we can guess that even lent, and their costly machinery was in this country of great industries, the rusting, while cloth was woven in hand- numbers of those who earn their livelilooms in the weavers' houses, for the hood in the petty trades most probably owners of those very same factories. equals, if it does not surpass, the num-Here we have, of course, but a temporary bers of those employed in the big facfact, fully explained by the spasmodic tories.* We know, at any rate, that character of the trade and the heavy the suburbs of London, Glasgow, and losses sustained by the owners of the other great cities swarm with small factories when they cannot run their workshops, and there are regions where mills all the year round. But it illus- the domestic industries are as developed trates the obstacles which the transfor- as they are in Switzerland or in Germation has to comply with. As to the many. Sheffield is a well-known examsilk trade, it continues to spread over ple in point. The Sheffield cutlery—one Europe in its rural industry shape; of the glories of England-is not made while hundreds of new petty trades ap- by machinery: it is chiefly made by pear every year, and when they find no- hand. There are at Sheffield a few body to carry them on in the villages- firms which manufacture cutlery right as is the case in this country—they shel- through, from the making of steel to the finishing of tools, and employ wage workers; and yet even these firms-I am told by my friend, E. Carpenter, who Now the advantages offered by a big kindly gathered for me information about the Sheffield trade-let out some part of the work to the " small masters." But by far the greatest number of the cutlers work in their homes, with their relatives, or in small workshops supplied with wheel-power, which they rent for a few shillings a week. Immense yards are covered with buildings, which are subdivided into series of small workshops. Some of them cover only a few square yards, and there I saw smiths hammering, all the day long, blades of knives on a small anvil, close by the on a small scale in this country, and on blaze of their fires; occasionally the smith may have one help, or two. In the upper stories scores of small workgan to study the subject some seven or shops are supplied with wheel-power, and in each of them, three, four, or five workers and a " master' fabricate, with the occasional aid of a few plain machines, every description of tools: files, saws, blades of knives, razors, and so on. Grinding and glazing are done in

^{*} We find it stated in various economical works that there are nearly 1,000,000 workers employed in the big factories of England alone, and 1,047,000 employed in the petty tradesthe various trades connected with food (bakers, butchers, and so on), and the building trades being included in the last figure. But I do not know how far these figures are reliable.

other small workshops, and even steel is i.e. wool combed out of old rags gathered cast in a small foundry the working staff all over the Continent and formerly used of which consists only of five or six men. only for blankets fabricated for the In-I easily imagined myself in a Russian use. In these kinds of goods the faccutlery village, like Pavlovo or Vorsma. tories excelled. And yet there are The Sheffield cutlery has thus main- branches of the woollen trade where tained its olden organization, and the hand-work is still the rule, especially in fact is the more remarkable as the earn- the fancy goods which continually reings of the cutlers are very low as a rule; quire new adaptations for temporary debut, even when reduced to a few shil- mands. Thus, in 1881 the hand-looms lings a week, the cutler prefers to vege- of Leeds were pretty well occupied with tate on his small earnings than to go as the fabrication of woollen imitations of a waged laborer in a "house." The sealskins. spirit of the old trade organizations, twenty years ago, is thus still alive.

mills were run by combined clothiers in order to prepare and spin the wool, but power-loom; but the clothiers, who were anxious to maintain their independence, resorted to a peculiar organization: they rented a room, or part of a room, and sometimes also the power-looms in a workshop, and they worked independently—a characteristic organization partly maintained until now, and well intended to illustrate the efforts of the petty traders to keep their ground, notwithstanding the competition of the factory. And it must be said that the triumphs of the factory were too often achieved only by means of the most fraudulent adulteration and the underpaid labor of the children. Cottonwarp became quite usual in goods labelled "pure wool," and "shoddy"—

When walking through these workshops dians in America—became of general

The variety of domestic industries which were so much spoken of five-and- carried on in the Lake District is much greater than might be expected, but they Until lately, Leeds and its environs still wait for careful explorers. I will were also the seat of extensive domestic only mention the hoop-makers, the basindustries. When Edw. Baines wrote, ket trade, the charcoal-burners, the in 1857, his first account of the York- bobbin-makers, the small iron furnaces shire industries (in Th. Baines's York- working with charcoal at Backbarrow, shire, Past and Present), most of the and so on. As a whole, we do not well woollen cloth which was made in that know the petty trades of this country, region was woven by hand.* Twice a and therefore we sometimes come across week the hand-made cloth was brought quite unexpected facts. Few contito the Clothiers' Hall, and by noon it nental writers on industrial topics would was sold to the merchants, who had it guess, indeed, that nails are still made dressed in their factories. Joint-stock by hand by thousands of men, women, and children in the Black Country of South Staffordshire, as also in Derbyit was woven in the hand-looms by the shire. Chains are also made by hand clothiers and the members of their fam- at Dudley and Cradley, and although ilies. Twelve years later the hand-loom the press is periodically moved to speak was superseded to a great extent by the of the wretched condition of the chainmakers, the trade still maintains itself; while nearly 7,000 men are busy in their small workshops in making locks, even of the plainest description, at Walsall, Wolverhampton, and Willenhall. The various ironmongeries connected with horse-clothing-bits, spurs, bridles, and so on—are also largely made by hand at Walsall. Nay, Mr. Bevan tells us that even needles are largely made by hand at Redditch.

> The Birmingham gun and rifle trades are well known. As to the various branches of dress, there are still important divisions of the United Kingdom where a variety of domestic trades connected with dress is carried on on a large scale. I need only mention the cottage industries of Ireland and lace made by hand in South Devon, as also in the

^{*} Nearly one-half of the 43,000 operatives who were employed at that time in the woollen trade of this country were weaving in handlooms. So also one-fifth of the 79,000 persons employed in the worsted trade.

^{*} E. Roscoe's notes in the English Illustrated Magazine, May 1884.

Bevan's Guide to English Industries.

shires of Buckingham, Oxford, and Bedford; hosiery is a common occupation in the villages of the counties of Nottingham and Derby, and several great London firms send out cloth to be made in the villages of Sussex and Hampshire. Woollen hosiery is at home in the villages of Leicester, and especially in Scotland; straw-plaiting and hat-making in many parts of the country; while at Northampton, Leicester, Ipswich, and Stafford shoe-making is a widely spread domestic occupation, or is carried on in small workshops; even at Norwich it remains a petty trade to a great extent, notwithstanding the com-

petition of the factories.

The petty trades are thus an important factor of industrial life even in Great Britain, although many of them have gathered into the towns. But if we find in this country so much less of rural industries than on the Continent, we must not imagine that their disappearance is due only to a keener competition of the factories. The chief cause is the compulsory exodus from the villages and the accumulation of immense numbers of destitute in the cities. The workshops, much more even than the factories, multiply wherever they find cheap labor; and the specific feature of this country is, that the cheapest labor-that is, the greatest number of destitutes—is found in the great cities. The agitation raised (with no result) in connection with the Dwellings of the Poor," the "Unemployed," and the "Sweating System" has fully disclosed that characteristic feature of the economical life of England and Scotland; and the painstaking researches made by Mr. Booth and communicated to the Statistical Society have shown that one-quarter of the population of London-that is, 1,000,000 out of 3,800,000-would be happy if the heads of their families could have regular earnings of less than 1/, a week all the year round. Half of them would be satisfied with much less than that. Cheap labor is offered in such quantities at Whitechapel and Southwark, at Shawlands and other suburbs of the great cities, that the petty and domestic trades which are scattered on the Continent in the villages gather in this country in the cities. Exact figures as to the small industries are wanting, but a simple walk through the suburbs of London would do much to realize the variety of petty trades which swarm in the metropolis, and, in fact, in all chief urban agglomerations. The evidence given before the Sweating System' Committee has shown how far the furniture and readymade cloth palaces and the "Bonheur des Dames" bazaars of London are mere exhibitions of samples, or markets for the sale of the produce of the small in-Thousands of "sweaters," dustries. some of them having their own workshops, and others merely distributing work to sub-sweaters who distribute it again amid the destitutes, supply those palaces and bazaars with goods made in the slums or in very small workshops. The commerce is centralized in those bazaars-not the industry. The furniture palaces and bazaars are thus merely playing the part which the feudal castle formerly played in agriculture: they centralize the profits-not the produc-

In reality the extension of the petty trades, side by side with the big factories, is nothing to be wondered at. The absorption of the small industries is a fact, but there is another process which is going on parallel with the former, and which consists in the continuous creation of new industries, usually making their start on a small scale. Each new factory calls into existence a number of small workshops, partly to supply its own needs and partly to submit its produce to a further transformation. Thus, to quote but one instance, the cotton mills have created an immense demand for wooden bobbins and reels, and thousands of men in the Lake District set to manufacture them-by hand first, and later on with the aid of some plain machinery. Only quite recently, after years had been spent in inventing and improving the machinery, the bobbins began to be made on a large scale in factories. And even yet, as the machines are very costly, a great quantity of bobbins are made in small workshops, with but little aid from machines, while the factories themselves are relatively small, and seldom employ more than fifty operatives -chiefly children. As to the reels of irregular shape, they are still made by hand, or partly in small machines continually invented by the workers. New

industries thus grow to supplant the old ones; each of them passes through a preliminary stage on a small scale before reaching the factory stage; and the more active the inventive genius of a nation is, the more it has of these auxiliary industries.

Besides, the factory stimulates the birth of new petty trades by creating new wants. The cheapness of cottons and woollens, of paper and brass, have created hundreds of new small industries. Our households are full of their produce-mostly things of quite modern invention. And while some of them already are turned out by the million in the factory, all have passed through the small workshop stage before the demand was great enough to require the factory organization. The more we may have of new inventions, the more shall we have of such small industries; and again, the more we shall have of them, the more shall we have of the inventive genius, the want of which is so justly complained of by W. Armstrong. must not wonder, therefore, if we see so many small trades in this country; but we must regret that the great number have abandoned the villages in consequence of the bad conditions of land tenure, and that they have migrated in such numbers to the cities, to the detriment of agriculture.

The variety of petty trades carried on in France, both in the villages and the cities, is very great, and it would be most instructive to have a general description of those small industries, and to show their importance in the national economy. Let me only say that the very maintenance of the small peasant proprietorship in several parts of France is due, to a great extent, to the additional incomes which many peasants derive from the rural manufactures. In fact, it is estimated that while one-half of the population of France is living upon agriculture and one-fourth part upon industry, this fourth part is equally distributed between the great industry and the petty trades, which thus give the means of existence to no less than 1,500,000 workers-more than 4,000,000 persons, families included. As to the rural folk who resort to domestic trades without abandoning agriculture, we only can see

that their numbers are very considerable, without knowing the exact figures.

The most characteristic feature of the French petty trades is, that they still hold so important a position in the textile manufactures. Thus, it was reckoned during the last exhibition (1878) that there were in France 328,000 handlooms, as against 120,000 power-looms, and although a great number of the former are now silent, still the handlooms at work number much more than a quarter of a million. It is not my intention to enter here into a detailed description of the French petty trades, and I will mention only four chief centres-Tarare, the North, Lyons, and Parisas four different and characteristic types of small industries. In the manufacture of muslins, Tarare holds the same position as Leeds formerly held in the clothiers' trade. Its factories prepare the materials for weaving the muslins, and they finish the stuffs which are woven in the villages. Each peasant's house, each farm and métairie, all round Tarare, are so many workshops, and Reybaud says that you often see a lad of twenty who embroiders fine muslins after having cleaned his stables. The great variety of stuffs woven and the continuous invention of new designs, too often changed to be profitably made by machinery, are the real key to the maintenance of that rural manufacture. As to the results of its combination with agriculture, all descriptions agree in recognizing that it is beneficial for the maintenance of agriculture, and that without it the peasantry could hardly resist the depressing agencies which are at work against them. The same is true with regard to northern France, where we have widely spread manufactures, side by side with such important manufacturing centres as Amiens, Lille, Roubaix, Rouen, and so on. Even cotton velvets and plain cottons are woven to a very considerable amount in the villages of the Nord and Normandy.* In the valley of the Audelle, in the département of the Eure, each village and hamlet are industrial beehives, and everywhere agriculture thrives best where it is com-

^{*} According to Baudrillart, 2,500,000l. worth of plain cottons were woven in 1880 in the villages around Rouen.

bined with industry. The comparison between the weavers' cottages in the country and the weavers' slums in the industrial cities is striking, and it is still more to the advantage of the country if the village keeps a communal factory, as is the case occasionally in Normandy. The attachment of the weavers to the soil is so strong, that the clothiers of Elbeuf, who cannot keep enough live stock to till the soil themselves, resort to a custom which I saw also in Haute-Savoie, and noticed at Clairvaux, namely, that of having one householder in the village who keeps the necessary team of horses, and tills the soil for all the others, the turn being always kept with a scrupulous equity, as it is also kept for the thrashing machine, or, in wine-growing

districts, for the pressoir. The importance of the silk trade, for which Lyons is a centre, is best seen from the fact that it occupies no less than 110,000 looms in the departement of the Rhône and seven neighboring departements. Great advance has been made of late as regards weaving the most complicated designs in the powerloom; stuffs formerly reputed unfeasible by machinery are now made by the iron-worker. Yet silk-weaving still remains chiefly a domestic trade, and the factory penetrates into it very slowly. The number of power-looms in the Lyons region was from 6,000 to 8,000 in 1865, and it was expected that they would rapidly multiply; but twenty years later they numbered only from 20,000 to 25,ooo out of the 110,000 looms which were at work. The slowness of the progress astonishes even those manufacturers who are persuaded that the power-looms must supplant most of the hand-looms,* The organization of the trade still remains the same as before—that is, the Lyons weaver is more of an artist who exe-

cutes in silk the designs vaguely suggested by the merchant-while in the surrounding region all kinds of silks, even to the plainest ones, are woven in the The conditions houses of the workers. of the French silk-weavers have been most precarious during the last few years, partly because France has no longer the monopoly of the trade, and partly because of the competition of the factory, which now manufactures all cheap descriptions of silks which formerly were resorted to even by the best hand-weavers when orders for higher sorts were not forthcoming. Nevertheless the hand fabrication of silk spreads in France; it has extended over the neighboring départements as far as Upper Savoy, and gone over to Switzerland; as to Lyons, the industry abandons it, and it becomes more and more a mere centre for the best weavers who are capable of promptly executing any order for new and complicated stuffs which may be received by the merchants.

The new factories have been built chiefly in the villages, and there we can see how they ruin the peasantry. French peasants, overburdened as they are with taxes and mortgages, are compelled to seek an additional income in industry; their lads and lasses are thus ready to take work in the silk or ribbon manufacture, however low the salaries. But their homes being scattered in the country at considerable distances from the factory, and the hours of labor being long, they are mostly compelled to stay in barracks at the factory, and to return home only on Saturday. On Monday, at sunrise, a van is sent round the vil-On Monday, lages to bring them back to the looms. In this way they will soon have totally abandoned agriculture, and as soon as they are compelled to settle separately from their parents they will find it impossible to live on the present low wages. Then some of the factories depending on low wages will perish, and their operatives will be compelled to migrate to the cities. One easily sees all the mischief which the vicious organization is thus doing in the villages, instead of being a source of well-being, as it ought to be under different conditions.

I ought here to mention the lace trade, which gives occupation to nearly 70,000 women in Normandy, and to nearly 200,-

^{*} Out of the IIO,000 looms, only from 15,000 to 18,000 hand-looms have remained at Lyons, as against 25,000 to 28,000 in 1865. I am indebted for these figures to the President of the Lyons Chamber of Commerce, who kindly gave me, in a letter dated April 25, 1885, all kinds of information about the petty trades of the Lyons region, and to whom I am glad to express my full gratitude, as also to the President of the Chamber of Commerce of St. Etienne who supplied me with most interesting data with regard to the various trades of the St. Etienne region.

ooo persons in France altogether; the cutlery of the Haute-Marne, a trade of recent origin, which has reached a high degree of perfection, and now has spread through thirty villages in the neighborhood of Nogent; the knitting trade about Troyes, where 20,000 persons, using a variety of small machines, are making knitted goods of every description; the well-known watch, jewelry, and turning trades of the Jura; and the variety of petty trades-silk ribbons, ribbons with woven inscriptions, hardware, arms, and so on—in the region of St. Etienne.* But I economize my space, as I have to say a few words more about the petty trades of Paris-

The capital of France is an emporium for petty trades and domestic industries, and while it has a considerable number of great factories, the small workshops prevail to such an extent that the average number of operatives in the nearly 65,ooo factories and workshops of Paris is only nine. In fact, nearly five-sixths of the Paris workers are connected with the domestic trades, and they fabricate the most astonishing variety of goods requiring skill, taste, and invention. Most of the petty trades of Paris are connected with dress, but jewelry, artificial flowers, stationery, bookbinding, morocco-leather goods (500,000/. every year), carriage-making, basket-making, and many others, are very important branches, each of which is distinguished

by the high perfection of its produce. It is worthy of note that while the Paris industries are mostly characterized by artistic workmanship, they are remarkable also for the variety of handy and inexpensive machines which are invented every year by the workmen, for the purpose of facilitating production. The "Galerie du Travail" of the Exhibition of 1878 was exceedingly instructive on that account, as it displayed in a thousand varieties the inventive genius of the masses; and, when walking through it, one asked one's self if all that genius really must be killed by the factory, instead of becoming a new fertile source of progress under a better organization of production.

The petty trades and domestic industries of Germany are perhaps still more important than those of France. Ninetyseven per cent. of all the industrial establishments of Germany employ less than five operatives, and much more than one-half of the 5,500,000 persons connected with industry are at work in those small workshops; while there are, on the whole, less than 10,000 factories which employ more than fifty workers. Moreover, 545,000 persons are engaged in domestic trades-that is, they manufacture for the trade in their own houses or rooms-and two-thirds of them belong to the textile industries. There are whole regions, such as the Black Forest, parts of Saxony, Bavaria, Silesia, and the Rhine provinces, where the domestic trades, partly connected with agriculture, are the chief means of existence for numerous populations. Let me add also that we have, in the works of Thun, Engel, and many others, excellent descriptions of several branches of the German petty trades. It would be impossible to examine here the German petty and domestic trades without entering into technical details, so let me merely mention that one of the most prominent features of the German trades is, so to say, their remarkable plasticity. The progress realized in some of them -as, for instance, in the cutlery of Solingen or the toy trade of the Black Forest—is striking. The former has been totally reformed in order to respond to the new demands of the market, and the latter has made a rapid start in the production of artistic and scientific toys,

^{*} Out of the 15,000 to 18,000 looms engaged in the weaving of ribbons at St. Etienne and its neighborhood, no less than from 12,000 to 14,000 belong to the workers themselves. The trade was once prosperous, so that most of the houses in the suburbs of St. Etienne were built by the weavers, but for several years since its prospects have been very gloomy. The manufacture of arms occupies from 5,000 to 6,000 workers. As to hardware, it is fabricated in a great number of small workshops all round St. Etienne, Le Chambon, Firminy, Rive de Giers, and so on. Of other petty trades, some of which have a considerable importance, let me mention the silk-growing of the Ardèche, the wire trades of the Doubs, the clothiers and the glove-makers of the Isère, the stay-makers, the broom and brush makers of the Oise (800,000/. every year), the button-makers, the shoe-makers of the Drôme, and so on.

[†] The ready-made cloth and mantles alone are valued at 5,400,000% every year; ladies' stays are made to the value of 400,000% at Paris, and 2,000,000% in France altogether.

under the influence of schools for modelling in clay and general education spread amid the workers. The organization of some of these industries (especially of the knitting trade) offers most suggestive illustrations of successful combination in order to struggle against the big capitalists, and to adapt themselves to the new conditions of production, among thousands of peasants who are spread over a very wide area—from switzerland to Saxony. But I must refrain from entering here into that most interesting subject, as I have to add a few words about other countries.

In Hungary no less than six per cent. of the population—that is, 801,600 persons-are engaged in domestic industries, the textiles alone giving employment to more than 680,000 workers. Switzerland, Italy, and even the United States, have also considerably developed domestic industries; and there are parts of Belgium of which we may say with full safety that if agriculture continues to thrive there, notwithstanding so many hostile influences, it is chiefly because the peasants have the possibility of adding to their incomes the earnings in a variety of industries. But it is especially in Russia that we can fully appreciate the importance of the rural industries, and the loss which the country would sustain if they were to disappear.

The most exhaustive inquiries into the present state, the growth, the technical development of the rural industries, and the difficulties they have to contend with, have been made in Russia. house-to-house inquiry embraces nearly one million of peasants' houses all over Russia; and in the fifteen volumes published by the Petty Trades' Committee, and still more in the publications of the Moscow Statistical Committee, and nearly all the chief provincial assemblies, we find exhaustive lists giving the name of each worker, the extent and the state of his fields, his live stock, the value of his agricultural and industrial productions, his earnings from both sources, and his yearly budget; while hundreds of separate trades have been described in separate monographs from the technical, economical, and sanitary points of view.

The results obtained from these inquiries are really imposing, as it appears that out of the 80,000,000 population of

European Russia no less than 7,500,000 persons are engaged in the domestic trades, and that their production reaches, at the lowest estimates, more than 150,ooo, cool, and most probably 200,000,oool. (2,000,000,000 roubles every year).* It thus equals the total production of the great industry. As to the relative importance of both for the working classes, suffice it to say that even in the government of Moscow, which is the chief manufacturing region of Russia (its factories yield upward of one-fifth in value of the aggregate industrial production of European Russia), the aggregate incomes derived by the population from the domestic industries are three times larger than the aggregate wages earned in the factories. But the most striking feature of the Russian domestic trades is that the sudden start which was made of late by the factories in Russia did not prejudice the domestic industries. On the contrary, it gave a powerful impulse to their extension; they grow and develop precisely in those regions where the factories are growing up fastest. Another most suggestive feature is the following: although the most unfertile provinces of Central Russia have been from time immemorial the seat of all kinds of petty trades, several domestic industries of modern origin are developing in those provinces which are best favored by soil and climate: Thus, the Stavropol government of North Caucasus, where the peasantry have plenty of fertile soil, has suddenly become the seat of a widely developed silk-weaving industry in the peasants' houses, and now it supplies Russia with cheap silks which have completely expelled from the market the plain silks formerly imported from France.

The capacities of the Russian domestic industrial workers for co-operative organization would be worthy of more

^{*} It appears from the house-to-house inquiry, which embodies \$855,000 workers, that the yearly value of the produce which they use to manufacture reaches 21,087,000. (the rouble at 24d.), that is, an average of nearly 25l. per worker. An average of 20l. for the 7,500,000 persons engaged in domestic industries would already give 150,000,000l. for their aggregate production; but the most authoritative investigators consider that figure as below to e reality.

than a passing mention. As to the cheapness of the produce manufactured in the villages, which is really astonishing, it cannot be explained in full by the exceedingly long hours of labor and the starvation wages, because overwork (twelve to sixteen hours of labor) and very low wages are characteristic of the Russian factories as well. It depends also upon the circumstance that the peasant who grows his own food, but suffers from a constant want of money, sells the produce of his industrial labor at any price. Therefore, all manufactured ware used by the Russian peasantry, save a few printed cottons, is a produce of the rural manufactures. But many articles of luxury, too, are made in the villages, especially around Moscow, by peasants who continue to cultivate their allotments. The silk hats which are sold in the best Moscow shops, and bear the stamp of "Nouveautés Parisiennes," are made by the Moscow peasants; so also the "Vienna" furniture of the best "Vienna" shops, even if it goes to supply the palaces. And what is most to be wondered at is not the skill of the peasants-agricultural work is no obstacle to acquiring industrial skill-but the rapidity with which the fabrication of fine goods has spread in such villages as formerly manufactured only goods of the roughest description.

As to the relations between agriculture and industry, one cannot peruse the documents accumulated by the Russian statisticians without coming to the conclusion that, far from damaging agriculture, the domestic trades, on the contrary, are the best means for improving it, and this the more, as for several months every year the Russian peasant has nothing to do in the fields. There are regions where agriculture has been totally abandoned for the industries; but these are regions where it was rendered impossible by the very small allotments and the poverty of the peasants, who were ruined by high taxation and redemption taxes. But as soon as the allotments are reasonable and the peasants are less overtaxed they continue to cultivate the land; their fields are kept in better order, and the average numbers of live stock are higher where agriculture goes on hand in hand with the

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domestic trades. Even those peasants whose allotments are small find the means of renting more land if they earn some money from their industrial work. As to the relative welfare, I need hardly add that it always stands on the side of those villages which combine both kinds of work. Vorsma and Pavlovo—two cutlery villages, one of which is purely industrial, and the other continues to till the soil—could be quoted as a striking instance for such a comparison.

Much more ought to be said with regard to the rural industries of Russia, especially to show how easily the peasants associate for buying new machinery, or for avoiding the middlemen in their purchases of raw produce—as soon as misery is no obstacle to the association. Belgium, and especially Switzerland, could also be quoted for more interesting illustrations, but the above will be enough to give a general idea of the importance, the vital powers, and the perfectibility of the rural industries.

The facts which we have briefly reviewed will also show, so some extent, the benefits which could be derived from a combination of agriculture with industry, if the latter could come to the village, not in its present shape of capitalist factory, but in the shape of a socially organized industrial production. In fact, the most prominent feature of the petty trades is that a relative welfare is found only where they are combined with agriculture. Apart from a few artistic trades which give a comparative well-being to the workers in the cities, everywhere we find but a long record of overwork, exploitation of children's labor, and misery. But even amid the general misery there are oases of relative well-being, and these oases invariably appear where the workers have remained in possession of the soil and continue to Even amid the cottoncultivate it. weavers of the north-of France or Moscow, who have to reckon with the competition of the factory, relative welfare prevails as long as they are not compelled to part with the soil. On the contrary, as soon as high taxation or the impoverishment during a crisis has compelled the domestic worker to abandon his last

^{*} Prugavin, in the Vyestnik Promyshlennosti, June 1884.

plot of land to the usurer, misery creeps into his house, although the competition of the factory may be of no moment in his trade (as in the toy trade). The sweater becomes all-powerful, frightful overwork is resorted to, and the whole

trade often falls into decay.

Such facts, as well as the pronounced tendency of the factories toward migrating to the villages, are very suggestive. Of course, it would be a great mistake to imagine that industry ought to return to its hand-work stage in order to be combined with agriculture. Whenever a saving of human labor can be obtained by means of a machine, the machine is welcome and will be resorted to; and there is hardly a single branch of industry into which machinery work could not be introduced with great advantage, at least in some of the preliminary stages of the fabrication. In the present chaotic state of industry we can make nails and penknives by hand, or weave plain cottons in the hand-loom; but such a chaos will not last. The machine will supersede hand work in the manufacture of plain goods, while hand-work probably will extend its domain in the artistic finishing of many things which are now made entirely in the factory. But the question arises, why should not the cottons, the woollen cloth, and the silks, now woven by hand in the villages, be woven by machinery in the same villages, without ceasing to remain connected with work in the fields? Why should not hundreds of domestic industries, now carried on entirely by hand, resort to labor-saving machines, as they already do in the knitting trade? There is no reason why the small motor should not be of much more general use than now, wherever there is no need to have a factory; and there is no reason why the village should not have its factory wherever factory work is useful, as we already see it occasionally in Normandy. It is evident that now, under the capitalist system, the factory is the curse of the village, as it comes to make paupers out of its inhabitants; and it is quite natural that it is opposed by all means by the workers, if they have succeeded in maintaining their olden trades' organizations (as at Sheffield, or Solingen), or if they have not yet been reduced to sheer misery (as in the Jura). But

under a more rational social organization the factory would find no such obstacles: it would be a boon to the village-

The moral and physical advantages which man would derive from dividing his work between the field and the factory are self-evident. But the difficulty is, we are told, in the necessary centralization of the modern industries. In industry, as well as in politics, centralization has so many admirers! But in both spheres the ideal of the centralizers badly needs revision. In fact, if we analyze the modern industries, we soon discover that for some of them the cooperation of hundreds, or even thousands, of workers gathered at the same spot is really necessary. The great ironworks and mining enterprises decidedly belong to that category; oceanic steamers could not be made in village factories. But very many of our big factories are nothing else but agglomerations under a common management of several distinct industries; while others are merely agglomerations of hundreds of copies of the very same machine. Such are most of our gigantic spinning and weaving establishments. The manufacture being a strictly private enterprise, its owners find it advantageous to have all the branches of a given industry under their own management; they thus cumulate the profits of the auxiliary industries. But, from a technical point of view, the advantages of such an accumulation are trifling and often doubtful. Even so centralized an industry as that of the cottons does not suffer at all from the division of production between several separate factories: we see it at Manchester and the neighboring towns. As to the petty trades, no inconvenience is experienced from a still greater subdivision between the workshops in the watch trade and many others.

We often hear that one horse-power costs so much in a small engine, and so much less in an engine ten times more powerful; that the pound of cotton yarn costs much less when the factory doubles the number of its spindles. But such calculations are good only for those industries which prepare the half-manufactured produce for further transformations. As to those countless descriptions of ware which derive their value chiefly from the intervention of skilled

labor, they can be best fabricated in smaller factories which employ a few hundreds, or even a few scores, of operatives. Even under the present conditions the leviathan factories offer great inconveniences, as they cannot rapidly reform their machinery according to the constantly varying demands of the consumers. As to the new branches of industry which I mentioned at the beginning of this article, they must make a start on a small scale; and they can prosper in small towns, as well as in big cities, if the smaller agglomerations are provided with institutions stimulating artistic taste and the genius of invention. The progress achieved of late in Germany in those villages which are busy in toy-making, as also the high perfection attained in the fabrication of mathematical and optical instruments, are instances in point. Art and science are no longer the monopoly of the great cities, and further progress will be in scattering them over the country.

As to the natural conditions upon which depends the geographical distribution of industries in a given country, it is obvious that there are some spots which are most suited for the development of certain industries. The banks of the Clyde and the Tyne are certainly most appropriate for shipbuilding yards, and shipbuilding yards must be surrounded by a variety of workshops and The industries will always find some advantages in being grouped, to a limited extent, according to the natural features of separate regions. But we must recognize that now they are not grouped according to those features. Historical causes—chiefly religious wars and national rivalries—have had a good deal to do with their growth and geographical distribution, and still more considerations as to the facilities for sale and export; that is, considerations which are already losing their importance with the increased facilities of transport, and will lose it still more when the producers produce for themselves, and not for customers far away. But why, in a rationally organized society, ought London to remain a great centre for the jam and preserving trade, and manufacture umbrellas for nearly the whole of the United Kingdom? Why should the Whitechapel petty trades re-

main where they are, instead of being spread all over the country? Why should Paris refine sugar for almost the whole of France, and Greenock for Russia? Why should one-half of the boots and shoes used in the United States be manufactured in the 1,500 workshops of Massachusetts? There is absolutely no reason why these and like anomalies should persist; and the scattering of industries amid all civilized nations will be necessarily followed by a further scattering of factories over the territories of each nation.

Agriculture is so much in need of aid from those who inhabit the cities, that every summer thousands of men leave their slums in the towns and go to the country for the season of crops. The London destitutes go in thousands to Kent and Sussex as haymakers and hoppickers; whole villages in France abandon their homes and their cottage industries in the summer and wander to the more fertile parts of the country; and in Russia there is every year an exodus of many hundreds of thousands of men who journey from the north to the southern prairies for harvesting the crops; while many St. Petersburg manufacturers reduce their production in the summer, because the operatives return to their native villages for the culture of their allotments. Extensive agriculture cannot be carried on without additional hands in the summer; but it still more needs a temporary aid for improving the soil, for tenfolding its productive powers. Steam-digging, drainage, and manuring would render the heavy clays to the north-west of London a much richer soil than that of the American prairies. To become fertile, those clays want only plain, unskilled human labor, such as is necessary for digging the soil, laying in drainage tubes, pulverizing phosphates, and the like; and that labor would be gladly done by the factory workers if it were properly organized in a free community for the benefit of the whole society. The soil claims that aid, and it would have it under a proper organization, even if it were necessary to stop many mills in the summer for that purpose. No doubt, the present factory owners would consider it ruinous if they had to stop their mills for several months every year, because the capital engaged in a factory is expected to pump money every day and every hour, if possible. But that is the capitalist's view of the matter, not the community's view. As to the workers, who ought to be the real managers of industries, they will find it healthy not to perform the same monotonous work all the year round, and they will abandon it for the summer, if indeed they do not find the means of keeping the factory running by relieving each other in groups.

The scattering of industries over the country—so as to bring the factory amid the fields, and to make agriculture derive all those profits which it always finds in being combined with industry (see the Eastern States of America)—and the combination of industrial with agricultural work are surely the next step to be made, as soon as a reorganization of our present conditions is possible. That

step is imposed by the very necessities of producing for the producers themselves; it is imposed by the necessity for each healthy man and woman to spend a part of their lives in free work in the free air, and it will be rendered the more necessary when the great social movements, which have now become unavoidable, come to disturb the present international trade, and compel each nation to revert to her own resources for her own maintenance. Humanity as a whole, as well as each separate individual, will be gainers by the change, and the change will take place. But such a change also implies a thorough modification of our present system of education. It implies a society composed of men and women each of whom is able to work with his or her hands, as well as with his or her brain, and to do so in more directions than one. - Nineteenth Century, walkers

there and write sons to tided on FREEDOM.

BY F. W. CORNISH.

FREEDOM as a political, social, or ecclesiastical idea formulated in any constitutions or confessions; the "eversmiling Liberty," "the high-souled maid" of the poets, others shall praise. It is possible that the goddess appears less golden in 1888 than in 1788, when a credulous age thought she was coming down from heaven to take the place of Astræa, and when Madame Roland had not yet died "in her name." Of the freedom which I propose to describe there was as good commodity under Domitian as under Marcus Aurelius; and no/Acts of Parliament nor ballot-boxes can affect it for better or worse.

I mean by it a state of mind, not a political or social condition. It is an inward not an outward growth, and is little affected by circumstances where it already exists, though its development may be checked or forwarded by them.

Among the ancients the question of freedom and its opposite was treated by the analogy of freeman and slave. They had before their eyes a majority of the human race bound to serve with no wages

but food and lodging; with no choice of place, employer, or labor, liable to blows, branding, torture, prison, crucifixion, at the pleasure of their owner, and with little chance of any improvement of their condition. These the moralists left out of sight, or only cited them as examples of all that the wise or virtuous man must avoid. The "free" type of character was opposed to the "slavish;" the slave was regarded as a superior beast. He was a neuter in morality. His virtue was called "usefulness," his vice "worthlessness."

This state of things has long gone by; but as we still read ancient writers, our ideas of words are modified by theirs, and one of the ideas connected with the "slavish" character is that absence of morality which arises from absence of responsibility. A life spent in obedience has no room for choice. One of the characters of freedom, then, is choice of good and evil.

To antiquity succeeded the Middle Ages, and to slavery serfdom, mollified and sanctified by Christian feeling. The law did little to help the poor; but the

tyrannical master had to fear the Church. Under the patronage of the Church a new sentiment arose. In the eyes of the Church Onesimus was the brother of his owner, and an equal partaker in the same Christian duties and privileges. A sense of personal worth was born in all. Immediate personal slavery became ex-

tinct by degrees.

The right to cut his own crops and boil his own pot in his own house was conceded to the serf, whereas the slave had to herd in a barrack, and received the daily mess of pottage served out to him and his fellows. Yet from this concession arose that stately manhood which we honor in the liberties of Switzerland and Holland, and which has made our own country the model of all the nations that aspire to freedom. Among slaves there is little sense of brotherhoodthough it is one of the miracles of Christianity to have brought brotherly love to perfection in a society of slaves-but raise men ever so little above the state of absolute dependence, give them what they can call their own, and they will combine for mutual defence. Resistance without brotherhood is either a brute instinct or mere rebellion; with brotherhood it becomes divine. both, if he refused the king's request for himself, was a churl, if for the sake of the rights of his brethren in Israel, he died a martyr. We get here another character of liberty: that it must not be for self but for others. Obedience is better than rebellion; but to contend for the freedom of brethren is better than

"Desire and fear," says the moralist, "are the two roots of sin." The unselfish man is free from desire of good things for himself. If he is free also from fear of evil he has added another "Gott steh' mir grace to freedom. bei, Ich kann nicht anders (God help me! I cannot do otherwise)," and "Je maintiendrai (I will maintain)," are the mottoes of the Christian and the soldier hero. The sound of fear is absent from both. William of Orange and Luther had renounced the desire of advantage; they had also thrown away the fear of evil. They were contending for the freedom of the world, spiritual or political, and they had done with the

fear of devils and kings.

Here then we put down another character of freedom-fearlessness.

But enough of external things. Freedom, if it means the power and right to do as one wills, has nothing noble in itself; but to contend for freedom of choice in things lawful for others is noble, and it can be only well conceived and executed by those who, possessing the power of choice, know also how to use it and are themselves free. What is it then that makes a man free, and worthy to win or defend the freedom of others?

Power of choice, unselfishness, fearlessness: on this foundation rises the stately building. But is it not after all a paradox to speak of power of choice at all? As judgment is the recognition of the stronger argument, so choice of action is the submission to the stronger motive. "Reason also is choice," says Milton; perhaps he might have said more truly "Choice is Reason." Reasonable choice is not capricious: it obeys the right. The sense of freedom is strengthened by the exercise of conscious choice; the habit of choosing the right seems to be within our own power; and if we act as if we were free we become free, or if not free, servants to the law of liberty. Another character of liberty: obedience to what we believe to be the highest rule. He alone who of his own choice without selfish desire or fear obeys his conscience, is free.

If this is true, it follows that outward circumstance has nothing to do with a free spirit. A man cannot separate himself from circumstance; he cannot always create circumstance, but he can control it. "What is this to me?" is in its better sense the answer of the free spirit to things around. St. Paul could be moved neither by life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth nor any other creature. thank God I have won the victory," said Sir Thomas More, when he was leaving his wife and children and friends, and his house and garden at Chelsea, and place and power, for a dungeon and rude jailers and the death of a traitor. Weak men have met the stake and the wild beasts. The martyr is sustained by his fellows and by the prospect of the palm and crown, as the soldier is strengthened by honor and comradeship to endure the extremities of war. It requires a higher courage and a finer spirit to lose the love of friends and relations, to be singular, to be despised, to lose usefulness as well as honor in order to obey some rule which seems to others silly and fanatical. It is perhaps even harder to follow an unappreciated ideal in the highest of the petty but endless hindrances of home or society, of local or professional custom. Christian met the lions of the Hill Difficulty with less delay than it cost him to escape from

his wife and neighbors.

There are always to be found some who wisely, others who unwisely, give up the world. Those who do it wisely, do it because either they cannot live in the common trade of life without becoming merely unprofitable, or because they have better things to do than buying, selling, marrying, and giving in marriage. Compare Bacon with Cromwell. Both groaned over Mesech and Kedar, and neither changed his place of sojourning. But Cromwell felt "it could not be," and never turned away from war and policy to tend sheep by his woodside, or spend his days in preaching and meditation.

Many men have given up the world when they have failed in it, or had their fill of it. It was because he was a courtier and a fine gentleman, as well as a wit and a scholar, that we admire the sacrifice of George Herbert:

"Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town;
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book,
And wrap me in a gown."

To be unable to make such a sacrifice when occasion comes, may arise from want of that " just self-esteem founded on right and good," which is needed to set the balance true, as well as just humility. There are those that shiver on the brink of new circumstances, who, if they had freedom, would take up work better suited to their hand than that to which choice or chance has set them. To go on merely because you are here and not there-because you have become used to a certain income, a certain position, a certain round of work and holiday, without regard to the quality of your work or whether you are fitter to do this or that-this is to be a mill-

horse, not a man; to forfeit all claim to freedom; to be the slave of your own indolence of mind, or of the prejudice and pusillanimity of those with whom

you live.

It is, however, seldom the case that a man is justified in leaving his profession or business till he has given the best of his life to it. Indolence or conceit prompts such action for the most part, not a wise comparison of the probable worth of life in and out of harness, still less a conscience of a work to be done. For the majority it is better to live from day to day than to spoil life by dreaming of something different. To live in the hurry of professional life is distracting or absorbing, but it also is strengthening. The cloister breeds more weeds than flowers, and more flowers than fruit. It is generally but not always true, that a "character is formed in the stream of the world." But, on the other hand, the world wants talent as much as character. Crosses are needed for all as sign-posts to heaven, but if we could choose crosses for others, we would not have laid on Knox the discipline of a galley-slave, on Hooker to rock the cradle and tend the sheep, on Marcus Aurelius to make wars, on Seneca to govern Nero, on Casaubon the burden of twenty children and service at Court. Freedom is shown here in two ways: in choice of life-a choice which few men make, for many enter a profession or court a woman with less preparation than they give to the building of a house; and in dealing with circumstance which comes without choice. Poverty and illhealth, and the hindrances of the present, have furnished plentiful themes to writers of sermons and essays. The future is in the hand of God; yet this too should in fact exercise an influence on our present choice. But what is to be said of our past lives? They cannot be obliterated any more than wrinkles or scars, or the changes of the body from childhood to age. We are what our parents and our ancestors have made us. We grow into fresh habits and tendencies of our forefathers as we pass from decade to decade of life, reproducing fatally what they felt and did at the same season of life. Kinsfolk may be shunned, dropped, forgotten, but they exist nevertheless as the interpretation of ourselves, and it is no sign of freedom to ignore this fact. It is likeness in unlikeness which makes family quarrels the bitterest, the keener bite of "benefits forgot, friends remembered not." The way to avoid them is to acknowledge facts-not to attempt an artificial harmony, or behave as if no change of time or scene could alter the habitual state of feeling toward people whom you used to live with and now see once in five years; nor on the other hand to exaggerate differences of place and circumstance, or be unfaithful to the past. It is so with friendship also. We have given to others a right to part of ourselves, and we cannot honestly recall it. The free spirit does not wish it; for faithfulness is another character of freedom. No teaching of George Eliot cuts deeper than her scorn of unfaithfulness, the willingness to forget the inconvenient past. Melema is the type of unfaithfulness, because he chooses to consider only what he is, without recognizing the persons and things which had made him such.

I have spoken hitherto of freedom as a quality depending partly at least on habit and practice—as if it could be taught or learned. The use of freedom can be learned as cricket, riding, or Greek. Yet many will remain bunglers to the end; and to renounce a pursuit in which failure is certain is the only way to escape being ridiculous. And so to many the wisest use of the choice which is liberty, is to renounce liberty and take up obedience. And thus they were often wise who renounced liberty in the cloister. Others there are who have a natural power of it, for whom rules are not made. They may become libertines, or they may follow the law of

This capacity of liberty, as when it is perfect is a man's most glorious possession, so on a lower scale it does much to make life happy. The free giver, the ready laugh, the cheerful sharer in the pains and pleasures of others, the hearty comrade, the lover of children, for whom inferiors and even animals feel an instinct of service. There is a kind of largeness of nature often to be found in company with largeness of bodily frame. Size and strength are often found together with softness, but oftener they are combined with an absence of fear

and a sense of personal superiority which ought to be, and often is, good-natured superiority—a superiority of temper and generosity which becomes one who has natural advantages. Such a man may be gross and violent, but he is seldom waspish. This is the form in which freedom is most genial and not most rare; it is a grace of nature. The name rare ; it is a grace of nature. of "frankness" is rightly given to this character, and it is one of the most delightful things in human nature. feminine counterpart is nowhere better seen than in early womanhood, because young women are not pestered with thoughts of a livelihood or a careertheir business is to be happy and useful, and to be loved and admired. Mephistopheles maintains wives and unmarried sisters to be the best preachers of liberty, because they do not desire it for themselves. They are not troubled by ambition or the desire of recognition which makes so many a man's life bitter. It is true that a peculiarly narrow form of worldliness, that of wishing to rise in society, especially belongs to women, and that the corresponding vice is less odious in men, who have to strive for their place in life. But a woman who is contented with her home and her place is the mirror of noble humanity. Thankfulness is one of the characters of freedom; and the method of contentment, whatever the spirit from which it springs, is to deal cheerfully with details. A man who quarrels with his bread and butter because it is not ambrosia will always be hungry. If he thinks his farm, his counting-house, his village school, his lecture-room, his quartersessions too small for him, he will never find a room large enough for the exercise of his virtues. I am not saying that to desire a wider field or a higher work is unworthy of the free spirit. Desire for recognition is too often found side by side with personal jealousy, which may ripen into malignity. Such personal and professional jealousies are hindrances to freedom. Your adversary takes the judgeship or the recordership which would have made you a rich man; he gains the elections which you lose; his family connection, his vulgar good looks, his insincere thetoric, his odious obsequiousness, his unscrupulous support of the winning cause, takes away

not only the praise from your ears but the bread from your mouth. And so the disappointed man becomes a slave, not merely to his own vanity but to his rival's success. There is more often than not a reason for his disappointment. It is well for him if he shows his control of circumstance by not ignoring it; otherwise disappointment ripens into envy. To be free from envy and jealousy is another note of liberty. Perhaps the meaning of what I have been saying may be best brought out by examples. They shall be examples of freedom by inheritance, and freedom by conquest or by purchase.

One of the most complete examples of the man whose freedom comes by nature is Montaigne. He is so superior to all personal pride and sensitiveness that he can contemplate impartially the workings of his own heart and mind.

Scott is another instance. A man of many weaknesses, prejudiced and unjust in politics-of the world, if Mr. Ruskin will have it so; but if Sir Walter Scott is of the world, humbler citizens of it need not despair, -unduly and not altogether nobly deferent to birth and rank, so not superior to personal antipathies nor to the common code of honor of his time; a careless spender of money easily got; a reckless speculator; no saint, either in his judgment or his personal habits of mind. Yet how free he was from anything which degrades. delightful the description of his life at Abbotsford; how exalted his ideal, never with him removed from practice, of chivalry, industry, soundness in every relation of life. Nothing base or mean was in him. His stoical endurance of poverty and ill-health was not put on as a philosopher's cloak; it was genuine, and he took no credit for it. His kindliness, his chivalrous respect for the poor, the unfortunate, and the dull, are all his own. If the Scots are above all things a free people, the Memorial of Scott stands fittingly in Edinburgh as the monument in its noblest embodiment of their distinguishing national virtue. How well he contrasts with Byron, to whom he yielded at once as his superior in the field of poetry-not that he thought meanly of his own genius; he accepted as his right homage willingly

given, but never grudged others their share of praise.

And his freedom of soul was based upon obedience. His code of morals may have been unenlightened, but it was genuine, and he obeyed it. Though Scott was not a Puritan, there was something of Puritan sincerity in him as in his Puritan heroes; he had the "mere dignity of mind and rectitude of principle" of Jeannie Deans. He lived in the fear of God, and never believed in happiness or goodness which was not disciplined. Scott's life is full of acts of kindness shown to less successful writers-acts which involved the spending of time, pains, and money. If he was enslaved by the passion for speculation, and if this part of his life is not wholly pardonable, he expiated much by the example which he set of sacrificing everything to the payment of his debts. It is not just to say that he received great payment for bad work. His work was always unequal; but the years which produced "Woodstock" and the 'Chronicles of the Canongate' are not unworthy to be compared with the best part of his literary career.

Or to take an instance from history. Henry the Fourth of France with all his libertinism was worthy to be a leader to freedom by reason of the freedom in him. He was capable of self-repression and of painful sacrifice. The very saying by which he is best known is rather the expression of tolerance than of irreligion. He may well be compared with his kinsmen, the Constable of Bourbon, and Condé, falsely termed the Great, whose vanity and egotism drove them into rebellion against their country and alliance with the Empire and Spain. William of Orange is one of these who conquered freedom. He deliberately chose to live laborious days, and freedom gave him not a crown, but toil and privation. I would not put his grandson in the same scale, for great as he was, there was more of personal ambition and pride in his life. It was his pride to thwart Lewis the Fourteenth, a personal contest no less than a natural hostility to the chief enemy of liberty.

Johnson conquered his freedom from the grasp of ill-health, hypochondria, and indolence. His will to be free prevailed over everything by virtue of courage, judgment, and warmth of heart. His whole life was a battle for freedom, and a victory over devils as real as those which vexed St. Antony. And how many St. Antonys have there been who defended an empty fastness; whose strength spent itself in fighting chimeras and fashioning a character which had no usefulness left in it? The Thebaid and the monasteries of the West were full of men whose earnest and unrelenting efforts made them no more pious and less useful than if they had bought and sold, planted and builded, and had the substance of freedom, leaving its form to the monks. But we are not to reckon with these unintelligent votaries such an anchorite as George Herbert, who knew the value both of what he purchased and what he gave for it; or as Erasmus, when he refused the cardinal's hat offered as the price of discreet silence.

Of intellectual freedom I have nothing to say which has not been said a hundred times. Locke's warnings against "local truth," prejudice, authority, are well known and are always true. We have not outgrown Plato and Bacon, but the tendency of the present age is to discredit old authority and to set up new; it is the story of the New Presbyter and the Old Priest over again; but the dogmatist in this case is the negative not the positive authority. The negative arm of argument, of which Grote in his "Plato" wrote so wisely, threatens the other with an atrophy. The dicta of natural philosophers are superseding those of the ancients; but it is a mistake to suppose that the moderns are free from the old error of submitting inquiry to authority; and it is perhaps a more pernicious error to believe what is new than what is old for that reason merely. Even in Cicero's time, natural philosophers could be spoken of as "a most arrogant sort of men, and our modern physicists are not inferior in arrogance to their predecessors. It is not too often that mod-esty is combined with knowledge as it was in Darwin and Faraday. The danger of the present time is to think that all knowledge is scientific, and that the only popes are the wise men of to-day. In intellectual matters, humility is one of the characters of liberty. He who would know anything must in the first

place confess ignorance : he must neither take things for granted, nor yet accept anything beyond his own conclusions. He must keep his mind free both from dogmatism and from despair of knowing, and above all from the self-deception of conceit. Good sense is an in-

gredient of free thought.

But intellectual freedom is not entirely dependent on logic. It requires freedom of will, courage, and other virtues to take one's own views and think consistently, and therefore rightly. Authority may be accepted from servility or laziness, or because we wish its conclusions to be true. The fault is in our will, and it obscures our vision; we cozen our soul into byways of error' by slipping into the error of a partisan. One need only take up to-day's newspaper and read an electioneering speech or a parliamentary debate to see how miserable is the logic of party. In nine cases out of ten, we are inclined to say that the speaker is either deliberately misstating the case, or that looking at one side of it has prevented him from seeing the other; in either case his intellectual freedom is ruined. It is strange that it should be so; for honest speech always makes itself felt, and you cannot convince without conviction. Politicians seem to forget that their business is to help to solve questions of practical philosophy, not to defend a thesis; and hence it is that there is so much of bad politics in the world.

It is a pity that there should be such a term as "independent" politician. All public men ought to be independent, if they have honesty and courage. Unwise and intemperate candor is often a mark of a weak head, and makes a man shifty and untrustworthy; real candor, which is never found apart from courage, may sometimes spoil the game of party, but it has its reward in the long run. For the rank and file, however, obedience is better than captious independence. It is a safe rule to follow your party if you cannot lead it, and not inconsistent with an honorable independence. A man who says he belongs to no party has for the most part no heart

in the matter.

There is no greater obligation incumbent on the free than to help others to be free. No one can love liberty for himself without cherishing it in others. He knows what it has cost him, and he would not keep it to himself. The tyrant, in great or in little, is not free; his rule is his own caprice, or obstinacy; to regulate, to domineer, to apply his own standard to others, to be intolerant of opinions, tastes, sentiments which do not fall in with his own, and to carry out his own will without regard to the wills of others. This is not liberty. He who loves freedom delights to see the free working of nature in others. He likes to see his children grow up to be themselves, not reflections of their parents. He is tolerant even of what he does not like, for he knows that no true taste or judgment can be formed except by native growth or free acceptance. He would not have all even think as he does, for he has humility enough to know that he is often mistaken, and he honestly respects difference of judgment, because it is the only road to truth, and because every tree must bear its own fruit, and he would not wish to hang apples on a barren stock. And because he respects the opinions and feelings of others, he is respected in return; because, as he is not forever imposing his own views, regulating and hindering the action of others, so when he speaks his mind or asserts his will, it is felt that he acts from honest conviction, not from wilfulness or caprice. I do not deny that a domineering temper, like other forms of selfishness, may effect its object; but it is effected at the cost of peace and the wiser control which comes of itself to superior wisdom.

On the stage of history the domineering temper creates Napoleons and Lewis the Elevenths. It is a matter of everyday experience in the dealings of masters and workmen, teachers and pupils, parents and children, and disfigures characters which in other respects are admirable. Read "Emile and Levana," teachers and parents, and learn that there is nothing more precious than the liberty of a child.

From the moral point of view that choice, in which freedom consists, must be exercised within limits, or liberty becomes license. "Only the Law can give us Liberty." The law must be a schoolmaster, not only to Jews and Gentiles, but for every person individually.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" it is also the beginning of liberty. Liberty needs the safeguard of the sense of right and wrong. The true Puritan thinks nothing indifferent; he exaggerates the truth, that right and wrong have a place in every part of life. The biblical narrowness of England still contains some of its wholesomeness. How long it will continue to do so, is a question for the next generation to solve. We are perhaps growing to be too tolerant of evil. Our grandfathers and grandmothers drew a sharp line at certain opinions and actions, and refused to countenance them. Nowadays bishops hobnob with atheists, and hope for their salvation without attempting to convert them; and all degrees of immorality are winked at if the sinner is a sufficiently eminent artist, actor or author, or a foreigner. If everything is not an open question, politeness demands that we should behave as if it were so. I would not wish to return to the manners and beliefs of the seventeenth century; but there is something to be learned from such a book as the " Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson," or the simple rectitude of "Robinson Crusoe." The crude idea of Providence which prevailed then, however unscientific, worked well, and our new epicureanism does not altogether take its place as a guide of conduct. We take a personal standard, not a moral standard. We follow our virtuous impulses, but forget that it is by rule and not by sentiment that our vicious impulses must be curbed, till after the struggle of many years they are tamed. We think perhaps that a delicate taste, or a generous spirit, or a theory that life is to be led as a fine art, will save us. and we ignore the fact that the beast within each of us must be chained and kennelled before the godlike nature can range safely and enjoy its native liberty. When we have subdued the seven deadly sins, it will be time to think of uncontrolled liberty. If life is a matter of taste, the mind must be purified by discipline, in order to see things in their true colors, and to choose and reject in accordance with a right sentiment. If a generous spirit is to solve the problem, we want discipline to drive out whatever there is mean and ungenerous in our character. If life is an art, the truest

artist knows best that it is only through obedience, humility, self-repression, unceasing labor within the limits of rule, that the certainty of hand, eye, and judgment is gained, in which consists the liberty of the great painter. We have discredited the idea of duty, without strengthening love; we talk about human nature as if it were already perfect, and had nothing to do but to follow its impulses, or else we drop into the opposite error and represent it as a prey to contending emotions, a helpless hulk on a sea of calamities and passions.* The end of George Sand's philosophy is to destroy liberty by subjecting all to passion.

George Eliot's teaching, whatever its defects may be, rests upon the sover-eignty of duty. She looks upon life as a service which love renders willingly, but not without the guidance of duty, and her "cynicism" goes no further than to show that the elements are often "unkindly mixed," and that such is the irony of life that "to die in vain" is often the "noblest death." That life is a service, is a more wholesome view than any other. That God's service is the only liberty, is the sublime paradox of St. Paul, which is as true now as in the reign of Nero—a truth which will survive theology.

It is quite right that many things should now appear indifferent which were once matters of life and death, but "Zeal and keen-eyed Sanctity" ought to find other objects as sacred and as difficult. Life is not easier because it is more comfortable, nor duty less imperious because it comes in a questionable shape, and states its problems more obscurely than in the days when "do this or die" was no allegory but a dreadful certainty. If this century is to help the solution of the contrast between love and duty, it must be by inflaming love, not by discrediting duty.

As in the choice of life, so in the renunciation of life which Christianity seems to command, true freedom takes counsel of humility. It is the voice of arrogance to say "I will be a saint." Too many saints are like those Puritans of whom their enemies said, "We at least have the vices of men, whereas the Roundheads have the vices of devils, arrogance and pride.' Devotion, as a pursuit, may be as misleading as Mr. Casau-bon's "Key to all Mythologies." Such splendid examples as those supplied by the "Lives of the Saints' are not meant for the imitation of common folks. Of them and their imitation it is written, "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." The call is never mistaken; but beware of hearing what is meant for another, not for thee. In secular things, too, the armor of the hero must not be rashly assumed. The French Revolution furnishes many examples of would-be heroes as every week uncovers the nakedness of would-be poets. But in Nelson's dedication to the life of a hero there was no rhodomontade. Ulysses' bow is always there for him who can shoot with it. But beware, ye suitors; stand aloof, ye profane. The frog in the fable followed an ideal, and burst. Do not imagine that you are following an ideal when you are only straining your strength. Standing on tiptoe will not enable you to look over a ten-foot wall. You can no more be St. Francis by shaving your head and wearing a frock and girdle, than Xanthias can become Hercules by taking his club and lion's skin. He will have to pick up his master's baggage after all. By the side of "Know thyself" should be written, "Be thyself." To thine own self be true. The first condition of freedom is sincerity, and the second forgetfulness of self; and the end of the whole matter is the paradox that, as the best way to individuality is not to think about self, so the best and perhaps the only path of freedom is to be a willing slave. There is no maxim which transcends this from the old Service Books; Quem nosse vivere, Cui servire regnare est.-Macmillan's Magazine.

contes suches "(ba) de Estr da

^{*} The philosophy of Rousseau and his modern followers (which has more influence on English thought than is generally supposed) is to substitute the idea of misfortune for that of sin.

house to the toog and other WAGNER BUBBLE. We blend heady toog

BY J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

Those familiar with the musical life and the crazes of society about ten or fifteen years ago, will remember the extraordinary interest which attached to the personality and writings of Richard Wagner the composer. We were asked to believe by his numerous worshippers that Beethoven, Handel, Bach, and all the great musicians, his precursors, were as nothing to him; that he had brought to a close the old dispensation of art and had swept it away, inaugurating at the same time a new era of untold promise in music and poetry. "He is the messiah of a new age," "He is the pioneer of a great universal art which shall be common to all humanity," " Musicians, with their poor interests centred on keys and catgut, are infinitely inferior beings to our great high priest, who should rather rank on the same altitude as the time-honored founders of new religions" these are but a small flavor of the inflated adulation which was disseminated on all sides, in newspapers, reviews, and books. The craze had reached that height when all opposition ceases; and society at large, without actually joining in the propaganda, rendered an otiose assent to most of the propositions, and at least decided to indulge in a mild expectancy that something astonishing one day would follow. The apostles of the Wagnerian gospel, who at that time swarmed in London, and seemed, in addition to their ubiquity in company, to have monopolized most of the channels of ordinary musical opinion in the press and in the lecture hall, were furnished with very good qualifications for recommending irresistibly their views. They were nearly all Germans—a guarantee of superior musical culture. They often stumbled in their English-a reason for according them an attentive hearing. They expounded their opinions, not in the language of ordinary life, but in the terminology of their national philosophy awkwardly rendered into our vernacular, and sent away their listener entirely mystified and prepared to find their theories very deep, simply because they

were wondrously dark. Under these combined influences the Wagner bubble was blown to a portentous size, and mankind at large were waiting patiently to see some signs of its influence on the common practice of the art of music. Yet none appeared. Music went one way; Wagner went another. Music plodded on earth; Wagner soared to the clouds. He has never been able to touch it, from the first day of his career to the last. And, what is a fitting pendant to the story, the Wagner bubble has burst, and music still remains.

At this distance of time, and now that all the animosities excited by the propaganda have been allayed, we can most appropriately investigate that singular aberration of musical art known by the name of Wagnerism, and without much difficulty determine its causes, its weakness, and the necessary reason of its decline. Like most aspirants, at the beginning of a literary or artistic career, young Wagner found himself very far from hitting the exact style of writing which happened to be in vogue. He made several attempts to do so, but all alike resulted in deplorable failure. Had his genius been that of a true artist, he would still have continued until he had subdued the wilfulness of his thoughts and taught them to travel in that groove which the cultivated world of the time had agreed to admire as the true one. But he was by nature a man of action rather than a studious and retiring composer. His bent was exceedingly polemical. He would have made an excellent controversialist, and it was only through a caprice of destiny that he was a musician. Accordingly, instead of patiently curing his oddities and defects, and seeking to win the world's favor as other men do, he boldly threw down the gauntlet to his art with a sublime audacity, and proclaimed that all else was wrong, and that what he wrote alone was right. Conscious in his heart of his own musical weakness, though blazoning it as strength to the world, he felt himself led to the sphere of opera-writing rather than the pure air of the concert room, where music stands alone on its own merits without any side-lights or extraneous issues to hide its possible blemishes. On the opera therefore he planted his banner, and being now on the safest ground which the compass of the art could afford him, from his entrenchments he issued his first controversial thesis, which is as remarkable for its narrowness as it is almost brutally clear in its origin. He proclaimed that all music except operatic music was now at an end. Henceforth music pure and simple might as well cease to be written, for there was nothing in it. opera, and the opera alone, was the hope of the music of the future. Such astounding audacity from the lips of any other man would have been scouted and have brought eternal ridicule on its propounder. But in the case of Wagner, with such passion did he defend his obstinate opinions, that he actually persuaded a number of well-meaning per-sons to believe him. The situation would be a parallel one if in literature a dramatist were to arise who declared that all poetry must and would cease, except that which was written for the stage. How many converts would he make? Yet Wagner, with his great controversial powers, made many.

Agreed, then, that henceforward the opera alone is worth the attention of musicians. Behold him settled down to opera in earnest. And now woe betide the luckless opera-writers who have hitherto plied their inoffensive trade in all good faith and tranquillity! For have they not a sort of iconoclastic Knox among them, a terrible spoiler of happiness, who will very soon bring the whole peaceful structure of their house thundering down about their ears? Wagner tried opera-writing for some time, and found he could not do it. He was as unsuccessful in this second venture of his as he had been before in the case of music. He therefore issued a second thesis, which he was prepared to defend against the whole world, to the effect that operas henceforth must cease among men, and that their place must be taken by a new sort of production which was the offspring of his own brain, and to which he gave the name of musical drama. There was too much music in

the opera as he found it: he was anxious to pare down the poor art of sound to the smallest possible dimensions, and by throwing the principal stress on the acting, the poetry, and the scenery, he could achieve his end. Henceforth, therefore, musical drama and no opera. We believe that, had the field of music been sufficiently wide for him to have ranged at will over it indefinitely, he would have passed from edifice to edifice, dismantling each before he left it, and so continued restlessly his whole life long. But as the poor art is limited in its possessions to two tenements alone, he was forced to pause at the second one; and after the dismantling process was over, since he had resolved to take up his abode there, he must attempt to furnish it for his own use.

He now, then, in his crusade of controversy passed from generalities to particulars, and, taking the opera as his theme, discoursed on the subject in many books, with the view of proving that all existing operas had been written on a wrong system. Is it natural, he asked, that the recitative, which is, so to speak, the language of the play, should be interrupted every now and then by an air, as if it were the custom in everyday life for people to use two separate forms of expression? Is it natural for a singer, when he is singing this unnatural air, to leave the rest of the actors and, coming to the verge of the footlights, to open his chest and throw his arms about like wings or sails? Is it natural for a chorus, say of courtiers or of peasants, to stand in rows round the side-scenes stock-still, with their eyes toward the roof, and thus sing the music of their parts, instead of walking about in easy attitudes or trooping in crowds hither and thither, as courtiers and peasants respectively do, and by these means giving an air of reality to their representation? These questions, like so many of Wagner's narrow objections, might easily be met by reasons far more convincing than his doubts, and which are particularly valuable to enunciate, because, as we say, music-and the opera in particular-after the severe shake it received from his attacks, is now following its old beaten path again, and deserves to have its course justified. All these oddities of the operatic style,

though very unnatural to life or even to spoken drama, are exceedingly natural to music. That the recitative should be interrupted every now and then by an air is simply saying that musical utterance will travel for a time in tones but little different from those of declamatory speech; but every now and then it reaches a height of emotion, and breaks out naturally into a melodious songthe ecstasy of utterance and the best beauty for man's ear to listen to. If a tenor, leaving his devoted lover at the back of the stage, comes obtrusively to the front and addresses his song of rapture not to her, but to the roof, it is plain that he is committing a very venial inaccuracy; for by these means he can get his voice out and send it ringing through the house-whereas, if he were bending over a lady, as lovers do, his best tones would impinge on the floor of the stage. And as to his arms-if by flinging them about he is enabled to open his chest better, we must not complain, for we have come to hear quite half as much as we have come to see. The same remarks will apply to the chorus, who, being inferior singers, ought surely to be allowed the best possible attitude for making their voices tell-which moving about and making bows is certainly not. But to none of these so simple and obvious reasons does our Knox of music pay any attention. He does not even treat the things as the trifles that they are; but, his attention having been arrested by them, magnifies the motes to mountains, and acts accordingly. "Away with all these things from my opera, or rather my musical drama, as it henceforth shall be! Sweep it clean of all abuses and unnatural ingredients whatsoever." The mere sweeping away of these three peccadilloes might seem a simple thing enough; but let us see in what a dilemma it involved Wagner. For, first, the elimination of airs was to condemn his operas to one eternal monotonous recitative. The prohibition of singing " to the house" was to mar half the best effects of his vocalists. The inspiration of life and activity into the chorus was to render their singing terribly unsteady, and to make complicated contrapuntal passages quite out of the question.

Having caused sufficient disturbance

in the ranks of the old-fashioned composers by such propositions as these, which seemed to them to be tantamount to the annihilation of all operatic form and the entire destruction of the lyric art-for if airs, their dearly loved and delightful airs, on which they wasted all their honey, were to be supplanted, or even curtailed, there was but little more left that was worth preserving—he stole a march upon them from a new and totally unexpected quarter, by the an-nouncement of a thesis the like of which had never been heard in the annals of the art before. It seems that Wagner had always been more or less of a poet, although his achievements in that field had never risen beyond contributing verses to newspapers and writing effusions which no one would publish. Finding that Meyerbeer, Auber, Spontini, and other mistaken men continued, despite his clear demonstration of their errors, to engross public favor and exclude him from his dearly sought popularity, he discovered a new means to invalidate their pretensions by roundly declaring that no man could be a musician unless he were at one and the same time a poet; and consequently these pampered pets of the public, who none of them had the good fortune to know the art of rhyme, were not merely egregiously wrong-headed and transgressing musicians, but, in the strict sense of the word, were no musicians at all.

These various steps in Wagner's crusade against ignorance we set down briefly here, and ascribe to the cause by which they are most naturally explicable—spleen. Had he succeeded with his earlier operas—"The Flying Dutchman" and "Rienzi"-and attained that European position in music he was so greedy of acquiring, we should never have heard a word of his so-called gospel. Each separate article of his doctrines seems to have owed its origin to some special instance of pique; and for those who had the patience to undertake the task, there is every scope for drawing up an interesting chronological list in the form of "Irritation at —, Doctrine of —;" "Disappointment of —, Doctrine of —;" Inability to write —, Doctrine of —;" until at last every disappointment and every doctrine had been satisfactorily disposed of.

This evolution of the Wagnerian system stage. He asserts that the chorus moved would have been seen long ago-indeed, would have been palpable from the outset—had not the necessity of ascribing some more worthy causes for his reformations pressed irresistibly on our composer; nay, he knew the difference, as we all do, between a snarl which is the obvious outcome of spite, and a snarl which has an historical allusion or a philosophical reason to enforce it. cordingly he ransacked past literature and history for reasons, and, as is usually the case, found them in plenty. Yet what reasons, and what very dim and distant arguments for the nineteenth century, they are! The reason that airs should be abolished from operas is because there were no airs in Greek tragedy -at least, Wagner says so. Greek tragedy was the perfection of art, and was contented with recitative: ergo, the modern opera should be the same. The reason why every composer should be his own poet is that Æschylus and Sophocles were their own poets. But we need not continue to set down such silly stuff as this, or even to hint at the natural reply which any boy at school could The grand fact was that Wagner found he could occupy an altogether unique position if he joined the two functions of poet and composer, which all the great masters of modern music had agreed to keep separate; and no argument came amiss to him which could prove his contention. More especially useful was it to quote precedents and reasons from Greek history, because musicians, being proverbially meagre in their culture, quailed before such allusions, and were compelled to leave them entirely unanswered. When he was on the subject of Greek art he was on perfectly safe ground, and not only could gather with impunity his misty facts, but could draw largely on his imagination without the fraud ever being detected. The latter occupation he has freely indulged in. He tells us, for instance, in his work on drama and opera, that acting, singing, and music were inseparable companions among the Greeks, and were never known or heard of existing asunder. He declares that all Greek tragedies were written in sets of three, and assumes the trilogy to have been the regular system of drama on the Athenian

about the stage in company with the actors-with much more inaccuracy to the same effect, all which assertions are the purest fabrications, and testify to the amazing ignorance with which the controversy was conducted on both sides, when such monstrous misstatements were uttered fearlessly by Wagner, and to the last were left unchallenged by his adversaries.

In enforcing the future eternal union of poet and musician in the same person, he found by a lucky accident surer ground to go upon than the obscure examples of Æschylus and Sophocles. Beethoven had conceived the idea of extending and decorating the instrumental symphony by several vocal movements, which gave great variety and relief in a long orchestral composition. He had employed this device twicefirst in his choral fantasia, and secondly, on a larger scale, in his choral symphony. The latter especially was a very welcome piece of music to Wagner, and he made it the text of many a long discourse. He found, he declared, by studying this symphony that Beethoven had anticipated the divine union of functions, and had resolved to embody in his last and greatest work his firm opinion of the way in which all future music ought to go. Considering that Beethoven had borrowed the words to his symphony from Schiller, it was not very easy to see what relation the choral symphony had to the matter at all. But stout asseveration did the work of argument, and people began to imagine there was something in it. A much easier corollary to deduce from the choral symphony was to the effect that all instrumental music must in the future be accompanied by the vocal element, because it happened to be so in that symphony. This was in the nature of things according to Wagner's method of jumping at conclusions, and he could easily afford to overlook in the process the numerous symphonies which had been written in the interim by other composers.

There are many who think that the double rôle of poet and musician, which Wagner was so proud of assuming, had better have been left in its original disunion, considering the sorry figure he cuts in verse. His highest ambition was to be called poet, and to the last he much preferred to be complimented on his talents in that line than on his powers as a musician. Yet such sorry stuff has scarcely ever entered human head as the metrical jargon which forms the librettos to his operas. In the Götterdämmerung, for instance, the great declamation of his hero, Siegfried—who, he tells us in one of his commentaries on the work, is to be considered the representative of "eternal humanity"—runs as follows:—

Mimi hight,
A mannikin grim,
Who in nought but greed
Granted me care,
To count on me
When manful I'd wax'd,
In the wood to slay a worm,
Which long had hidden there a hoard.

On reading the above, we certainly think it would have been better if the poet and the musician had remained separate individuals. Still more so, perhaps, in the following from Das Rheingold, which is the speech of the Prince of Darkness, and in the opinion of many ardent admirers of the bard is quite equal to Satan's "Soliloquy in Paradise":—

Do you know me
Mis'rable dwarf?
Who is't, now say?
At whom you would snarl?
In frigid lair,
Where freezing you lay,
Where were your light
And warming illume
If on Lok! you had not looked?

The opera of Tristan und Isolde was tenderly regarded by its composer as his masterpiece of poetic sentiment. He wrote it, he tells us in a burst of confidence, to give vent to the imprisoned passion of his soul, while engaged in the composition of a larger work. The vein of poetry came bubbling out of the poetmusician in all its native freshness, and in his Isolde he has drawn the eternal type of womanhood. This is the way the lady is first introduced on the stage:—

ISOLDE (jeeringly).

In shrinking trepidation
His shame he seeks to hide,
While to the King, his relation,
He brings the corpse-like bride,

The English 'rendering is from the version of Mr. F. Corder, which, while it does not improve upon, at least keeps pace with the original.

The great love duet, which is the climax of the whole drama, concludes in a grand finale as follows:—

TRISTAN and ISOLDE both sing together,

O endless night,
Blissful night,
Glad and glorious
Lover's night,
Those whom thou holdest
Lapped in delight,
How could e'en the boldest
Unmoved endure thy flight?
How to take it?
How to break it?
Joy existent,
Sunlight distant,
Far from mourning,
Sorrow warning,
No more plning,
Night-enshrining,
Ne'er divided,
Whate'er betided.
Side by side
Still abide

Still abide
In realms of peace unmeasured,
Vision blest and treasured!
Thou Isolde,
Tristan I.
No more Tristan,
No more Isolde,
Never spoken,
Never broken,
Newly sighted,
Newly lighted.
Endless ever
All our dream.
In our bosoms gleam

In such terms do the type of eternal womanhood and the type of eternal manhood discourse together. The sentiments and the metre remind us of our grandmothers' spelling-books. Yet by sheer indomitable perseverance and force of will did Wagner contrive to palm off this stuff upon hosts of believers as celestial poetry.

Love delights supreme,

For the proper comprehension of his dramas he has constructed various systems of philosophy. There is a system of Wagnerian æsthetics, a system of moral philosophy too, we believe, and a crowd of democratic opinions which may do duty for the third branch of necessary training and be characterized as a political philosophy. Perhaps it was fortunate that at least the first of these three "aids to study" was constructed care-

fully by the composer, since no ordinary theory of æsthetics would be in touch with him at all-he would transgress every canon of it. Hence his sublimely impudent dictum, that his music was not amenable to criticism. He must be his own critic, besides being the author; he must commentate as well as compose. The Wagnerian æsthetics are studiously schemed so as to allow and even to encourage every possible license and irregularity in music, and under their sway the rules and hard-wrung principles of preceding centuries faint away: we are faced with the veriest chaos. The understanding on which Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, and the other great masters wrote their works was that music has its forms of beauty, which are manifest to the ear as forms of visible beauty are to the sight in nature at large. Not every object we see can by any means be referable to the class of beautiful things, but men have agreed on a certain few objects and phenomena which please the eye and senses and deserve the title, and by greater or less proximity to which we may judge the beauty of all things else. Similarly, in music not all forms of sound are beautiful; putting aside those replete with positive ugliness and which, as a rule, the slowly elaborated system of harmony has little by little weeded out from general use, there are many others which would not necessarily infringe its dicta, but which suffer from the imperfections of monotony, tameness, restlessness, commonplace, paltriness, and vagueness, and in the history of the art have been successively rejected, chastened, or amended. A chosen few, found to be generally workable, have been handed down from one generation of composers to another, and constitute the forms of beautiful sound which the art of music has agreed to accept as the realization of its best impulses. Whether in the large and highly developed shape of symphonies and sonatas, or in the small and rudimentary guise of melodies, dances, and songs, the same reasoning applies to all. Their form is the carefully tested and amply matured result of frequent experiments in the past, and it is to be attained by the observance of certain rules which constitute the grammar-or shall we rather say, the prosody?-of the art. The parallel between

a poet and a musician is an exceedingly close one, so far as the form of their conceptions is predetermined for them. The poet, when he begins to write, finds a number of metres in the world before him, which his precursors in the same sphere have agreed to employ as offering the easiest and most beautiful channels of harmony for the expression of poetic thought. Woe betide the ambitious inventor of a new metre, for he will infallibly come to ruin on the road! The case is precisely similar with the musician and his forms. He has a large number of forms awaiting him, like so many metres, in which he must voice his musical inspirations. He must obey their rules of rhythm and contour, as the poet must pay obedience to the feet and accents which govern his metre. The effort is an easy one, the chains are silken to the true artist, and sit no more heavily on him than do the trifling conventionalities of life on the man who is versed in the ways of the world.

We have said it is over-ambition and fatal ambition for a poet to attempt the invention of even one entirely new metre. What should we say of the poet, however, who were to carry his originality many steps further than this, and to insist on the abolition of all metre whatsoever; who were to break down and destroy every technical principle of his art, and were to loudly claim honor as thrice and four times poet for so doing? This is the exact attitude of Wagner to music, and the object of his æsthetics is to prove himself in the right.

Far from acknowledging the art of music to be the elaborate structure of metres and forms which we have described it, and which all the leaders of the art have agreed to accept, he reduces it entirely to a matter of empirical effort. There is no art with him. The past is all ignored. The individual composer summons up his courage, and sprawls in harmony and melody as the fortune of the moment determines. To show that this is the true attitude of the musician, he goes to Schopenhauer to help him, and by only half understanding that very dogmatic philosopher and eking out the rest by his own imagination, he has contrived a terrible medley of reasons which are the veriest caricature of dialectic. Schopenhauer, who cannot speak without bringing in "the will to live" as part every hero is a type of eternal manhood, of his statement, declares that the first manifestation of the will to live on the part of the universe at large-it is amusing to think what depths of metaphysical erudition we are compelled to tread for the sake of deciding the form of an operatic aria—was in the production of the eternal "ideas," so familiar to students of Plato, which determine the features of the world of phenomena. The object of art is to embody one or other of these eternal "ideas" by the reproduction of one of their phenomena. Sculpture, painting, and architecture, says Schopenhauer, can do this very well and easily, for, taking sculpture as an example, it can embody the eternal idea of beauty by the reproduction in stone of a beautiful woman, who is one of the phenomena of the idea. Painting and architecture can do so likewise, each in their respective ways. But music cannot do it, because the eternal idea of harmonious sound does not express itself in nature by any ready-made phenomenon which the musician can reproduce. The musician, therefore, in this unfortunate dilemma must commence with the eternal idea. He must approach the original will to live far nearer than all other artists, because, if he did not, he could not get at the eternal idea. This is the way it goes on-dull, dark, obscure, rambling -and after many pages of more or less minute accounts of the eternal idea, we find that the conclusion of Wagner's æsthetics is, that hence the musician, instead of being tied to any rules of form, etc.-for how could they even live in the presence of the eternal idea?must be left entirely to his own devices, and may have full leave to write and to compose as he list. Under the influence of the will to live, the unfortunate operatic aria is absolutely nowhere. The opera is slowly transformed into the musical drama, and becomes in every respect exactly what Wagner wishes it to be.

The ethics of Wagnerism are as dull and far-fetched as the æsthetics, and lead to no more important result. The principal tenor of them is to prove the moral excellence of the various characters in the musical dramas. Amid a great deal of wandering and repetition, one main fact is steadily adhered to-

and every heroine a type of eternal womanhood. Many of these characters would strike an ordinary observer as far from blameless beings, and in the nature of the legends from which they are selected their virtue and vice is of an exceedingly raw, hideous, and obtrusive kind. In order to counteract these impressions, the theory of types has been evolved. We are told that no better or more natural being than a perpetual sinner could be selected as hero, because eternal manhood is forever sinning. Perfection is entirely unattainable, nor need it be sought for; otherwise Wagner would have selected saints for his heroes. But in these Siegfrieds and Biegfrieds, and Brunnhildas, and the rest, we may see our unfortunate erring selves and may profit by the example. In other words, the dramatis persona of Wagner's plays are no better and no worse than those who may be seen nightly at any London haunt, and perhaps there is no greater tissue of paltry commonplaces in existence than the system of ethics (!) which he has written to expound or defend their various actions.

We have alluded already to a certain element of politics as being the last grain of ballast necessary to complete the finished Wagnerian. The ordinary democratic opinions of modern Germany form the main bulk of this section, together with a semi-socialistic dream of elevating the masses by education and other means to the point of understanding and appreciating the Wagnerian drama. When that desired consummation arrives there will be no more need for further culture, for the dramas will teach men everything that is necessary to be known by means of the types of eternal womanhood and manhood. Then good-by to religion-it will be no longer necessary. Churches will fall into decay through the length and breadth of Europe, and theatres where nothing but musical dramas are to be performed will take their place entirely. All rivalry in art will cease, for all musicians will be Wagnerians. Parties in politics and sects in religion will disappear forever, for mankind, instructed by the eternal types and receiving images from the will to live, will be at harmony over the face of the globe. In such jargon as this did Wagner foretell his own millennium, perhaps the little opera of Lohengrin, The ravings of Swedenborg are indeed there will be no tongue left to call atnothing to it. Equal credence was for tention to the high and inflated pretena while attached to the composer as to sions which it has been the object of the mystic. But the bubble has at last these pages to describe. - Nineteenth burst, and in a few years' time, except Century.

MY PREDECESSORS.

BY F. MAX MÜLLER.

In writing my book, "On the Science of Thought," my chief object was to collect all the facts which seemed to me to bear on the identity of language and thought. I sifted them, and tried to show in what direction their evidence pointed. But, as I imagined myself as addressing a very small special jury, it seemed to me unnecessary, and almost disrespectful, to bring any pressure to bear on them, except the pressure inherent in facts. I therefore did not avail myself as fully as I might otherwise have done, of the many witnesses that I could have brought into court to support by their authority the truth of the theory which I propounded. I mentioned, indeed, their names, but I did not call upon them to speak for me or for themselves. The fact is, that I did not expect that public opinion at large could, at the present moment, be very much interested in a question which had been discussed many times before, but which, as far as I could see, was by nearly all living philosophers, particularly by those living in this country, answered in a direction diametrically opposed to that which I, following the lead of the greatest philosophers of antiquity, of the middle ages, and of more modern times, considered the right one. I know how long I myself, living under the influence of prevailing systems of philosophy, had hesitated to give up the old belief that language is a product of thought; that thought must always come first, language after; that thought is independent of

language, and that the Greeks were great bunglers when they called language and thought by one and the same name, Logos. A long life, devoted to the study of philology and philosophy, was necessary before I could free myself of the old words-that is, the old thoughts-and cease to treat language as one thing and thought as another. Much astronomical observation was required before people could persuade themselves that their evening star was the same as their morning star,* and much linguistic observation will have to be performed before anybody will see clearly that our language is really our thought and our thought our language.

But though I was quite prepared that the verdict of living philosophers would, for the present at least, be adverse to my theory, I was not prepared to find nearly all my critics under the impression that this theory of the identity of thought and language was quite a novel theory, something quite unheard of-in fact, a mere paradox. This showed the same want of historical knowledge and tact which surprised so many philosophers in Germany and France at the time of the first appearance of Darwin's book "On the Origin of Species." Most of the leading reviews in England seemed to consider the theory of evolution as something quite novel, as a kind of scientific heresy, and they held Darwin personally responsible for it, whether for good or for evil. Darwin himself had at last to protest against this misapprehension, to point out the long succession of the advocates of evolution, from Lucretius to Lamarck and Oken, and to claim for himself what he really cared for, a legitimate

^{*&}quot; The Science of Thought;" Longmans & o., 1887. "Three Introductory Lectures on Co., 1887. Inree introductory Lectures on the Science of Thought, delivered at the Royal Institution," with an Appendix, which contains a Correspondence on "Thought Without Words," between F. Max Müller, Francis Galton, the Duke of Argyll, George J. Romanes, and others; Longmans & Co., 1888.

^{*} See, however, "Hibbert Lectures," by Sayce, pp. 258, 264.

place in the historical evolution of the

In Germany and France the doctrine of the identity of language and thought has at once been recognized as an old friend, as a theory that had almost been battered to pieces in former historical conflicts, but which, like the theory of evolution, might well claim for itself a new hearing on account of the immense accumulation of new material, chiefly due to the study of the science of language during the present and the past generations. I myself, so far from pretending to propound a new philosophy, thought it right to point out how some of the greatest philosophers have held to the same theory, though without being able to support it by the important evidence supplied by the study of comparative philology, or to perceive quite clearly all the consequences which must flow from it. It seemed certainly strange that a theory which was, to mention more recent philosophers only, accepted without any misgivings by such men as Herder,* Schleiermacher, W. von Humboldt, Schelling, and Hegel, in Germany; by Hobbes, Archbishop Whately, and Mansel, in England; by Abelard, De Bonald, De Maistre, and Taine, in France; and by Rosmini in Italy, should have been treated as a complete novelty, or as a mere philological mare's nest, by men who stand in the foremost ranks of philosophers in England. What should we say if our best scientific reviews shrank from the theory of the homogeneity of light, heat, and magnetism as an unheard-of novelty, or as a mere scientific paradox? But such has nevertheless been the attitude of some of the best philosophical journals in England, in discussing, or rather in declining to discuss, the identity of language and thought, which in my "Science of Thought" I tried to support, chiefly by the evidence brought together during the last fifty years by the Science of Language.

It may be useful, therefore, to look back, in order to see what form our problem had assumed before the Science of Language had thrown new light upon it. In France this problem of the identity of language and thought has al-

ways remained on the order of the day. The controversy between Nominalism and Realism has left there a far deeper impression than in England, and it has not been forgotten that one of the principal tenets of the Nominalists was that our knowledge of universals consisted entirely in words. It was Condillac (1715-1780) and his school in the last century who gave new life to this old controversy, though his well-known dictum, "Nous ne pensons qu'avec les mots," went certainly beyond the point which had been reached by the older Nominalists.* The question is what he meant by penser, and if penser meant, as it does according to Condillac, no more than sentir, it would not be difficult to prove that not only sensation, but also imagination, can take place without We must define what we language. mean by thought before we can understand its identity with language. It was Rousseau (1712-1778) who at once perceived the weak point in Condillac's statement. He saw that, if we used the name of thought for all mental work, we ought to distinguish between at least two kinds of thought, thought in images, and thought in words. As a poet and as a dreamer Rousseau was naturally aware how often we are satisfied with images; that is to say, how often we indulge in mere imagination and call it thinking. And though it is quite true that with us who are so saturated with language there are few images which on closer examination turn out to be really anonymous, yet we cannot deny the possibility of such mental activity, and are bound to admit it, particularly in the earlier periods of the development of the human mind. It is this kind of thought which has been often claimed for animals also. † Rousseau therefore remarks

[&]quot;Qu'est ce au fond que la réalité qu'une idée abstraite et générale a dans notre esprit? Ce n'est qu'un nom. . . Les idées abstraites ne sont donc que des dénominations. . . . Si nous n'avions point de dénominations, nous n'aurions point d'idées abstraites, nous n'aurions ni genres ni espèces, nous ne pourrions raisonner sur rien" (Condillac, "Logique,"

Ilme. partie, chap. v.).
† De Bonald, "De l'Origine du Langage,"
p. 67: "Les brutes, qui éprouvent les mêmes
besoins, reçoivent aussi les images des objets
que l'instinct de leur conversation les porte à
fuir ou à chercher, et n'ont besoin de langage.

[&]quot; 'Science of Thought," pp. 30, 129.

very justly, "Lorsque l'imagination s'arrête, l'esprit ne marche qu'à l'aide du discours," "When imagination du discours," stops, the mind does not advance except by means of language."*

But, even supposing that our modern philosophers should treat Condillac and Rousseau as ancient and forgotten worthies, surely they must have heard of Dugald Stewart in Scotland (1753-1828), of De Bonald (1754-1840) and De Maistre (1754-1821) in France. Now, Dugald Stewart was not ashamed to teach what the Nominalists had taught before him-namely, that for the purpose of thinking three things are necessary: universalia, genera, and words.

If Dugald Stewart had not persuaded himself that Sanskrit was a mere forgery of the Brahmans, he might have learned a new lesson-namely, that all our words, even those which we call singular, are derived from general concepts, in so far as they must be traced back to roots embodying general concepts. This discovery, however, was reserved for later comers. In the meantime, men like De Bonald and De Maistre in France did not allow the old argument to sleep. But curiously enough, while formerly the idea of the identity of thought and language was generally defended by philosophers of the type of Hobbes, by the supporters of sensualistic theories who derive all our knowledge from the impressions of the senses and their spontaneous associations, we have in De Bonald and De Maistre men of the very opposite stamp-orthodox, almost mystic philosophers, who nevertheless make the identity of thought and language the watchword of their philosophy. It is true that even Bossuet (1627-1704) inclined in the same direction. In his famous treatise, "De la Connaissance

L'enfant, qui ne parle pas encore, le muet qui ne parlera jamais, se font aussi des images des choses sensibles, et la parole nécessaire pour la vie morale et idéale, ne l'est pas du tout à

la vie physique."

* De Bonald, loc. cit. p. 65, remarks: "Ce qui veut dire qu'on ne peut penser qu'au moyen de paroles, lorsqu'on ne pense pas au moyen d'images." Haller expressed almost the same idea, when he said: "Ita assuevit de la contra la anima signis uti, ut mera per signa cogitet ac sonorum vestigia sola omnium rerum repraesentationes animae offerant, rarioribus exemplis exceptis, quando affectus aliquis imaginem ipsam revocat.

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de Dieu et de soi-même," he allows that we can never, or, with the usual proviso of weak-kneed philosophers, hardly ever, think of anything without its name presenting itself to us. But De Bonald went far beyond this, as will be seen from the following extracts: *-

In his treatise on the origin of lan-guage he says: "There was geometry in the world before Newton, and philosophy before Descartes, but before language there was absolutely nothing but bodies and their images, because language is the necessary instrument of every intellectual operation-nay, the means of every moral existence." † He puts the same idea into more powerful, though at first sight somewhat perplexing language, when he says: "Man thinks his word before he speaks his thought, or, in other words, man cannot speak his thought without thinking his word." t

De Maistre, who belongs to the same school as De Bonald, and whose ultimate conclusions I should feel most unwilling to adopt, shows, nevertheless, the same clear insight into the nature of Thus he writes: "The language. question of the origin of ideas is the same as the question of the origin of language; for thought and language are only two magnificent synonyms. Our intellect cannot think nor know that it thinks without speaking, because it must say, 'I know.' ' §

And again: "It is absolutely the same thing whether one asks the definition, the essence, or the name of an object! | . . . In one word, there is no word which does not represent an idea, and which is not really as correct and as true as the idea, because thought and language do not differ essentially, but represent the same act of the mind, speaking either to himself or to others."

I say once more that I am the last

^{* &}quot; (Euvres de M. de Bonald," " Recherches Philosophiques sur les Premiers Objets des Connaissances Morales." Paris. 1858.

Loc. cit. p. 73.
Loc. cit. p. 64: "L'homme pense sa parole avant de parler sa pensée; ou autrement, l'homme ne peut parler sa pensée sans penser

[&]quot;Soirées de St. Pétersbourg," l. p. 75. Loc. cit. i. p. 135.

Loc. cit. i. p. 131.

person to follow these French philosophers to their last conclusions. Their object is to show that language, being what it is, cannot have been a human invention, but must have been a divine revelation.* I quote them here as representative men only, and as showing how familiar the idea of the identity of thought and language was on the Continent during the first half of our century—an idea which, by some of the most prominent philosophers in England, has been treated as an unhearded paradox.

been treated as an unheard-of paradox.
Of course it may be said that De Bonald, and De Maistre too, are ancient history; that the first half of this century was a mistake, and that true and positive philosophy dates only from the second half of our century. But even then, those who wish to take part in the discussion of the great problems of philosophy ought to know that the question of the identity of language and thought has never to the present day been neglected by the leading philosophers of Germany and France. Let us take one, who has not only proved himself most intimately acquainted with the most recent schools of philosophical thought in England, but has often been claimed as a disciple of Stuart Mill-let us take M. Taine, and what do we find, in his great work, "De l'Intelligence," first published in 1870? Without the slightest hesitation, without any fear that what he says could sound strange to well-schooled philosophical ears, or be taken for mere paradox even by the outside public, he writes : +-

"What we call a general idea is nothing but a name; not the simple sound which vibrates in the air and sets our ears in motion, nor the assemblage of letters which blacken the paper

and touch our eyes—not even these letters apprehended mentally, or the sound of them mentally rehearsed, but that sound and those letters endowed, as we perceive or imagine them, with a twofold character, first of producing in us the images of individuals belonging to a certain class, and of these individuals only; secondly, of reappearing every time when an individual of that class, and only when an individual of that same class, presents itself to our memory or our perception."

And again : *-

"Hence arise curious illusions. We believe we possess, besides our general words, general ideas; we distinguish between the idea and the word; the idea seems to us a separate act, the word being an auxiliary only. We actually compare the idea and the image, and we say that the idea performs in another sphere the same office in presenting to us general objects which the image performs in presenting to us individuals. . . Such is the first of our psychological illusions, and what we call our consciousness swarms with them. The false theories arising from them are as complicated as they are numerous. They obstruct all science, and only when they shall have been swept away will science become simple again."

I could go on quoting passage after passage from M. Taine's work, and I may say, with regard to him too, that, though accepting his facts, I by no means accept all the conclusions he draws from them. I agree with him that word and idea are but two names for the same thing. I agree with him, when he, like Locke, shows the impossibility of animals ever reaching the intellectual level of language, for the simple reason that they cannot reach the level of general ideas. But I differ from him when he thinks that the origin of language and the original formation of words can be explained by watching the way in which a child of the present day acquires the use of a language ready made, though even here our opinions are by no means so far apart as he imagines. We are concerned with different problems, but we agree at all events as to the manner in which these problems ought to be treated, not by mere assertion and counter-assertion, but by a comprehensive study of facts, and by a careful examination of the opinions of those who came before us.

The unhistorical treatment of philosophy, for which some English philosophers have been of late frequently, and, I think, justly, reprehended, entails far

^{* &}quot;Si l'expression est nécessaire, nonseulement à la production de l'idée ou à sa révélation extérieure, mais encore à sa conception dans notre propre esprit; c'est-à-dire, si l'idée ne peut être présenté à notre esprit ni présenté à l'esprit des autres que par la parole orale ou écrite, le langage est nécessire, ou tel que la société n'a pu, dans aucum temps, exister sans le langage, pas plus que l'homme n'a pu exister hors de la société. L'homme n'a donc pas inventé le langage. . . . La nécessité de la révélation primitive du langage a été défendue dans l'Encyclopédie par le savant et vertueux Beauzée. Charles Bonnet et Hugh Blair entrent dans le même sentiment."—De Bonald,

lec. cit. p. 199. . + Lec. cit. l. p. 35.

^{*} Loc. cit, i. p. 66.

more serious consequences than might be imagined. I admit it gives a certain freshness and liveliness to philosophical discussions. Completely new ideas, or ideas supposed to be new, excite, no doubt, greater enthusiasm, and likewise greater surprise and indignation. But life, nay, even history, would be too short, if we were always to begin again where Thales, Aristotle, or Descartes began, or if the well-known results of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" were published to the world as the most recent discoveries of synthetic philosophy.

Another inconvenience arising from this unhistorical treatment of philosophical questions is felt even more acutely-namely, that in defending an old theory by new arguments we are often supposed to be pleading our own cause. Darwin, particularly in his earlier books, speaks of the cause of evolution, not as if it were anything personal to himself, but as a trust handed down to him, almost as an heirloom of his family; anyhow, as a valuable inheritance dating from the earliest days of awakening physical and philosophical inquiry. In his later books he becomes more and more self-conscious, and seems restrained from applying that rapturous language to the results obtained by the theory of evolution which those who follow him feel perfectly justified in applying to his and their own labors. I have been blamed for speaking with unconcealed rapture of the theory of the identity of language and thought, and I certainly should feel that I deserved blame if this theory has really been of my own invention. But, knowing how many of the most authoritative philosophers had held the same views, I felt at perfect liberty to speak of it, as I did, as the most important philosophical truth, in fact, as the only solid foundation of all philosophy.

I also took it for granted, though it seems I ought not to have done so, that the misunderstandings which had formerly beset this theory, and had been demolished again and again, would not be repeated with the innocent conviction that they had never been thought of before.

Of course, such an expression as identity of thought and language can be cavilled at. If Kant is right, no two

things in space and time can ever be identical, and if people really take identical in that sense the sooner the word is altogether superseded the better. When we say that language and thought are identical, we mean that they are two names of the same thing under two aspects. There is a very useful term in Sanskrit philosophy, "aprithagbhava" ("the not being able to exist apart"), and it is this, the impossibility of thought existing apart from language, or language from thought, which we mean when we call the two identical. We can distinguish for our own purposes, and these purposes are perfectly legitimate, between the sound and the meaning of a word, just as we can distinguish between the pitch and the timbre of our voice. But though we can distinguish, we cannot separate the two. We cannot have timbre without pitch, nor pitch without timbre; neither can we have words without thought, or thought without words. There never was on one side a collection of vocables, mere flatus voci, and on the other a collection of concepts. The two were always one and indivisible, but not one and indistinguishable. We can certainly distinguish the sound of a word from its meaning, but we must not expect to meet with meanings walking about in broad daylight as disembodied ghosts, or with sounds floating through the air, like so many Undines in search of a soul. two were not two, but were one from the beginning, and the πρώτον ψεῦδος lies in this attempted divorce between sound and meaning.

After words have been formed, as embodied thoughts, no doubt it is possible to imitate and repeat their sound without knowing their meaning. We have only to speak English to a Chinaman, and we shall see that what to us is English is to him mere sound and jabber. It is no longer language, because it is of the essence of language to be sound and meaning at the same time.

But then it is asked—Is our thinking always speaking? I say, yes it is, if only we take speaking in its proper sense. But if we mean by speaking the mere vibrations of our vocal chords, then thinking is not always speaking, because we can suppress these vibrations, and yet keep in our memory the sound which

they were meant to produce, and the meaning which that sound was meant to convey. It is this speaking without voice which has come to be called thinking, while thinking aloud has monopolized the name of speaking. The true definition, in fact, of thinking, as commonly understood, is speaking minus voice. And as this kind of thinking is that which is most commonly used for intense intellectual work, people have become so proud of it that they cannot bear to see it what they call degraded to mere speaking without voice. Still so it is, as every one can discover for himself, if he will only ask himself at any moment what he is or has been thinking about. He can answer this question to himself and to others in words only. Nor is there anything degrading in this, and at all events the greatest philosophical thinkers, the Greeks, did not think so or say so, for they were satisfied with one and the same word for thought and

Nor do we really, when we examine ourselves carefully, ever detect ourselves as thinking only, or as thinking in the abstract. How often have I been asked, not whether I think without words, but whether I think in English or in German. What does that mean? It means, whether I speak to myself in English or in German, and no more. The idea that I could speak to myself in no language at all is too absurd to be even suggested.

The results which the Science of Language has arrived at, and which are by no means so startling as has been supposed, are shortly these:—We have sensations without language, and some of these sensations may produce in men, as well as in animals, involuntary cries.

We have perceptions or images without language, and some of these may be accompanied by gestures or signs, such gestures and signs being often intelligible to others belonging to the same kind.

We have concepts, but these we can never have without words, because it is the word which embodies originally one feature only of the whole image, and afterward others, and thus supplies what we call abstract concepts, to which nothing can ever respond in imagination, nothing in sensation, nothing in nature.

Here it is where the Science of Lan-

guage has supplied the historical proof of what would otherwise have remained a mere postulate. We know, as a fact, that about eight hundred roots will account for nearly the whole wealth of the Sanskrit Dictionary. We can account for these roots in different ways, the most unobjectionable being that suggested by Noiré, that they were originally the clamor concomitans of the conscious acts of men. Now, let us take an instance. Man would have received the sensation of brightness from the stars in the sky, and it is possible, at least I should not like to deny it, that animals too might receive the same sensation. After a time, when the same starry sky was observed night after night, and year after year, the stars as bright points would be remembered, and would leave an image of separate sparkling points, nay, it may be, of certain very prominent constellations in our memory. Nor is there any reason to doubt that, without any language, the mere image of certain constellations appearing on the sky might from the earliest times have evoked the images of concomitant events, such as the approach of cold weather, or the return of spring, in the minds of our most savage ancestors.

But with all that, there was as yet no word, and, in consequence, no concept of a star. What we call stars, as different from the sky to which they seem attached, as different also from sun and moon, were as yet bright images only.

Now, the next decisive step was this. The Aryan man possessed what we call roots, sounds which had often been used while he and his friends were engaged in acts of scattering, dispersing, strewing. One of these sounds may have been STAR. We find it in Latin, ster-no and stramen; in Greek, στορ-έννυμι; in Gothic, strauja; English, to strew, and its many derivatives. In all these words, the root, we say, is STAR, though we need not assert that such a root ever existed by itself before it was realized in all the words which sprang from it. One of the features of the bright sparkling points in heaven was their scattering or strewing sprays of light. By means of the root STAR this one feature was abstracted from the rest of the image, and the stars were thus at the same time called and conceived as strewers: in Sanskrit, star-as; in Greek, ἀστέρ-ες; in Latin, stellae, i.e. sterulae; in English, stars.

This word star was not meant for any single star, it did not correspond to a sensation, nor to any vague image or recollection of stars; it was a name representing one abstract feature of the stars, namely, their scattering of light in a dark night. It was man's own creation, and corresponded to nothing in nature, unless it was predicated afterward of this or that particular star. It was so general, in fact, that, as soon as special stars had to be named, new determining or individualizing names became necessary. When it was observed that certain stars always retained their place, while others travelled about, the former were named fixed stars, the latter travellers or planets,* till at last every prominent star received some kind of name, that is to say, was known and called as different from all the rest.

We see the same process everywhere, though it is not always possible to discover with perfect certainty what specific features in the objects of nature were selected for the purpose of knowing and naming them, or, in other words, from what root their names were derived. Let us examine the name of tree. Here it is quite clear that the most primitive savage must have had the sensation produced by trees growing up all around him, and giving him shelter against the sun, possibly supplying food also to appease his hunger. Let us suppose that that sensation was on a level with the sensation which animals also receive from trees. I do not think it was, but I am willing to grant it for argument's sake. The hundreds and thousands of trees which made an impression on the eyes of these savages must soon have become indistinguishable, and left an image in the memory of a very general and indistinct character. Some philosophers maintain that animals also have these blurred images, and that they would mistake a post for a tree. Again, for argument's sake, I do not mean to contest it.

But now comes a new step. Men, and men alone, in the earliest stages of their life on earth, began to take hold of cer-

tain trees, tear off their bark, hollow out their stems, and use these in the end for making beds, boats, and tables, and for other purposes. Concomitant and significative of this act of tearing off the bark of trees, the Aryan people had a root DAR; in Greek, δείρω; in English, to tear. Being chiefly interested in trees because they could thus be peeled and shaped and rendered useful, they called a tree in Sanskrit dru; in Greek, δρῦς; in Gothic, triu; in English, tree. This was but one out of many names that could be applied to trees for various reasons, more or less important in the eyes of the Aryan savages; and here, even for the sake of argument, I cannot bring myself to admit that any animal could have done the same. We must bear in mind that there is really nothing in nature corresponding to tree. If it simply meant what could be shaped, there are hundreds of things that can in various ways be shaped. If it was confined to trees, there are again hundreds of trees, oaks, beeches, fir-trees, etc.; but no human eye has ever seen a tree, nor could any artist give us an idea of what a tree may be as a mere phantasma in the mind of man or animal.*

If all this is true, it follows that no concept, not even the concept of so simple an object as a tree, was possible without a name. It was by being named, that is, by having one of its prominent features singled out or abstracted, and brought under the root DAR, to tear, that the blurred image, left on the memory after repeated sensations, became known, became definite, received a handle for the purposes of thought and speech. And what was the result? The result was that with the name there arose in the mind, not a sensation, not an image-for think what such an image would have been-but what we call a concept, when we speak to ourselves without vibrations of the vocal chords, but what is called a word, when uttered aloud. If we distinguish, therefore, at all between concepts and words, we are bound to say that concepts are due to words, they are words minus sound, and not, as most philosophers will have it, that words are due to concepts, that they are concepts plus sound. It is only

^{* &}quot;Lectures on the Science of Language," i. p. 8.

^{*} Taine, "De l'Intelligence," i. p. 27.

because to think aloud is to speak that to speak sotto voce may be called to think. All this was perfectly known, as far as the general principle is concerned. I believe that even Berkeley's ingenious views of general ideas might easily be translated into our language. He maintains that general ideas do not exist at all; so do we. He then proceeds to say that what we call general ideas are particular ideas with a word attached to them. So do we," only that we have learned how this process took place. It could not be done by taking a sound at random and attaching it to a particular idea, for the simple reason that there were no such sounds in the market. But if Berkeley had known the results of the Science of Language, he would, I believe, have been perfectly satisfied with the process, as described before, of bringing one feature of the particular idea under a root, and thus raising that particular into a general idea at the same time that the root was raised into a word.

We could come to an understanding with Locke also, when he says that " words become general by being made the signs of general ideas !" † if only he could be made to see that the same object which he has in view can be attained by saying that ideas become general by

being signed with a word.

Nor should I despair of establishing a perfect agreement with M. Taine, if only he would leave the modern Parisian nursery and follow me into the distant caves of our Aryan ancestors. Nothing can be more brilliant than the way in which he describes the process of generalization going on in the mind of a child. I He describes how the nurse, on showing a dog to a child, says oua-oua, how the child's eyes follow the nurse's gestures, how he sees the dog, hears his bark, and how, after a few repetitions which form his apprenticeship, the two images, that of the dog and that of the sound, become, according to the law of the association of images, associated permanently in his mind. Thus, when he sees the dog again, he imagines the same sound, and by a kind of imitative instinct he tries to utter the same sound. When the dog barks, the child laughs and

is enchanted, and he feels all the more tempted to pronounce the sound of the animal which strikes him as new, and of which he had hitherto heard a human imitation only. Up to this point there is nothing original or superior; the brain of every mammal is capable of similar associations. What is peculiar to man is that the sound associated by him with the perception of a certain individual is called forth again, not only by the sight of exactly similar individuals, but likewise by the presence of distinctly different individuals, though with regard to certain features belonging to the same class. In fact, analogies which do not strike an animal, strike man. The child says ona-ona at the sight of the dog belonging to the house. Soon he says oua-oua at the sight of poodles, pugs, and Newfoundland dogs. A little later the child will say oua-oua to a toy dog which is made to bark by some kind of mechanism, and this no animal would do. Even a toy dog which does not bark, but moves on wheels-nay, a dog made of bronze, standing motionless and dumb in the drawing-room, a small friend walking on all fours in the nursery, lastly a mere drawing, will evoke the same sound.

All this is true, perfectly true; and M. Taine may be quite right in maintaining that the discoveries of Oken, Goethe, and Newton are in the end due to the same power of discovering analogies in nature. I follow him even when he sums up in the following words :-

"To discover relations between most distant objects, to disentangle most delicate analogies, to establish common features in the most dissimilar things, to isolate most abstract qualities, all these expressions have the same meaning, and all these operations can be traced back to the name being evoked by perceptions and representations possessing the slightest resemblances, to the signal being roused by an almost imperceptible stimulant, to the mental word appearing in court at the first sum-

With certain restrictions all these observations made among children of the present day apply with equal force to the children of our race. When, for instance, such a word as dru, tree, had

^{* &}quot;Science of Thought," p. 259.

Loc. cit. p. 259.

Loc. cit. p. 245.

^{*} See also L. M. Billia, "Due Risposte al Prof. Angelo Valdarnini intorno a una pretesa contraddizione fra la dottrina ideologica e la psicologica del Rosmini." Torino, 1887, p. 14.

once been formed, supposing that at first it was meant for such trees only as could be peeled and smoothed and fashioned into some useful tools, it would soon be transferred to all trees, whatever their wood. After that it might become specialized again, as we see in Greek, where $\delta\rho\tilde{\nu}_{\mathcal{E}}$ means chiefly oak, and in Lithunian, where it means pine.* On the other hand, we see a word such as oak, after it had taken its definite meaning, becoming generalized again, and being used in Icelandic for trees in general.

With regard to all this I see no difference between M. Taine's views and my own, and I likewise fully agree with him when he explains how in the end every word, before it is used for philosophical purposes, has to be carefully defined.

There is, however, some new and important light which the Science of Language has thrown on this old problem, and which, if M. Taine had taken it into account, would have enabled him, not only to establish his own views more firmly, but to extend them far beyond the narrow walls of our modern nurseries. The Science of Language has clearly shown that every word coincides from the very beginning with a general con-While formerly the admission that thought was impossible without words was mostly restricted to general and abstract terms, we can now extend it to singular terms likewise, in fact to the whole of our language, with the exception of interjections and what are called demonstrative elements. That no one could think whiteness, goodness, or even humanity or brutality, was generally admitted, even by those who hesitated to admit that no thought was possible without language. But now that we can prove historically that even a tree could not have been named except as coming under the general term of tearing, peeling, shaping, or, in other cases, of feeding, sheltering, or growing, no wavering or haggling is any longer possible. All our words are conceptual, all our concepts are verbal; this is what Nominalism postulated without being able to prove it, that is what Nominism has proved by means of the discoveries which a comparative study of languages

has placed at our disposal, and which no skepticism can touch. From the first, Comparative Philology had no such ul-terior objects in view. It confined itself to a careful collection of facts, to the analysis of all that had become purely formal, to the discovery of the constituent elements of language, to the establishment of the genealogical relationship of all members of the same family of speech; but beyond this it did not mean to go. When, however, some of the results at which Comparative Philology had arrived quite independently, were found to be almost identical with the teachings of some of the most authoritative philosophers; when it was found, for instance, that while Locke maintained that animals had no general ideas because they had no words, the Science of Language had arrived at the conclusion that animals had no words because they had no general ideas,* the Science of Language became ipso facto the Science of Thought, and language and thought were recognized once more as two faces of the same head.

The consequences which follow by necessity from this recognition of the identity of thought and language, and which I was anxious to put forward as strongly as possible in my "Science of Thought," may, no doubt, have startled some philosophers, whose chief strength lies in the undefined use of words. But that theory itself could never have startled a careful student of the history of philosophy. It is a very old friend with a new face, and had a right to expect a different reception.

To the Greeks, we know, it was so natural to look upon language and thought as two sides of the same thing, that we can hardly appeal to them as conscious upholders of such a theory. As they used logos in both senses, as discourse, whether internal or external, their knowledge of the identity of language and thought came to them by intuition rather than by reflection. They had never been led astray as we have been; hence they had not to discover the right way.

Still, whenever Greek philosophers come to touch on this question, they speak with no uncertain tone, though

[&]quot; "Biographies of Words," p. 258.

⁺ Loc. cit. 1. 39, 57.

^{* &}quot;Lectures on the Science of Language,"

even then they are generally satisfied with stating the truth, without attempting to prove what, in their eyes, seemed hardly to require any proof—namely, the identity of language and thought.

In the "Sophist," Plato begins by showing how language (λόγος) may be true or false, and only after having proved this, does he proceed to show that thought and imagination also may be true or false. For, he proceeds, " thought (διάνοια) is the same as language, with this exception, that thought is the conversation of the soul with herself which takes place without voice, while the stream which, accompanied by sound, flows from thought through the lips is called language $(\lambda \delta \gamma \sigma s)$. He then defines opinion $(\delta \delta \xi a)$ as the result of thinking (διανοίας ἀποτελεύτησις), and imagination (φαντασία) as the union of opinion and sensation. In this way only, that is, by proving that thought, opinion, and imagination are closely akin to language, does he establish in the end that, as language has been proved to be either true or false, thought, opinion, and imagination also may be true or false.

Whether Plato could not have established the possibility of truth and falsehood in thought, opinion, and imagination by a simpler and shorter process, is not the question which concerns us here. What concerns us is the perfect assurance with which he identifies here, as well as in the "Theaetetus" (190), speech $(\lambda\delta\gamma_{05})$ and thought $(\delta\iota\dot{a}\nu_{04}a)$, an assurance which seems to be shared by his latest translator, Professor Jowett, when finding fault with Hegel because he speaks as if thought, instead of being identical with language, was wholly independent of it."

Now, therefore, when it will hardly be safe to say any longer that the identity of language and thought is something quite unheard of, a paradox, a mere perversity (all these expressions have been used by men who call themselves philosophers, and even professors of philosophy), the next step will probably be to treat it as a mere question of words.

And, indeed it is a question of words, but in the true sense of that word.*

If we use thought promiscuously for every kind of mental process, it stands to reason that to say that thought is impossible without language would be ab-To feel pain and pleasure is an inward mental process, to see and hear are inward mental processes; to stare at the images of present and past events, to build castles in the air, to feed on such stuff as dreams are made of-all this might certainly be brought under the general category of mental activity. For ordinary purposes we need not be too particular about language, and, if people like to call all this thinking, why should we object? I, myself, when there can be no misunderstanding, use thought in that general sense, and use the word mind for all that is going on within us, whether sensation, perception, conception or naming. † I did not, therefore, put on my title-page, "No thought with-out language," but "No reason with-out language," and I did so after having defined reason as the addition and subtraction of conceptual words-

But though admitting this general meaning of thinking, we should carefully distinguish it from its more special and technical use, when it becomes synonymous with reasoning, and is, in fact, speaking sotto or senza voce. Whenever there is danger of misapprehension, it is decidedly better to avoid it by definition, but in most cases it is quite clear whether to think is used in its general or in its special sense. If, therefore, it is said that the question of the identity of thought and language is a mere question of words, I say, Yes, it is; but so is every question of philosophy, if rightly understood. Words are terms, and only if rightly determined do they enable us to reason rightly. Let the word thought be rightly defined, and let the word language be rightly defined, and their iden-

† Plato, vol. iv. p. 420. Hegel, however, said: "We think in names;" see "Science of Thought," p. 45.

^{* &}quot;What do you mean by thinking?" "I mean by thinking the conversation which the soul holds with herself in thinking of anything. . . . I say, then, that to form an opinion is to speak, and opinion is a word spoken, I mean, to oneself and in silence, not aloud, or to another."

^{* &}quot;Ein Wortstreit entsteht daraus, weil ich die Sachen unter andern Kombinationen sentire und drum, ihre Relativität ausdrückend, sie anders benennen muss."—Goethe an Lavater,

<sup>1774.
† &</sup>quot;Science of Thought," p. 20.

tity will require no further proof; for, when we maintain their identity, we do not mean by language mere sound, nor do we mean by thought mere sensation or imagination, but knowledge of something that can neither be felt nor imagined, and can only be signified. We can never see nor can we imagine tree, dog, man, triangle, polygon, parallelopiped, and all the rest of our dictionary. Then what are tree, dog, man, and all the rest? They are names (nomina = gnomina), that is, acts of knowledge, and of that peculiar class of knowledge which cannot possibly have anything corresponding to it in sensuous perception or imagination, because it has always reference to something which we discover in and lift out from percepts in order to signify whole classes of percepts, but never any real and individual percept. We can afterward use these names, and say, for instance, this is a tree, this is a dog; but tree and dog, which we thus predicate, are general and abstract terms; they are not the fir-tree or the poodle dog which our sensation and imagination present to

I hope that, after this definition of the true meaning of language and thought, the usual result will follow, and that my critics will say that, if I meant no more than that, no one would think of differing from me, and that I have only my self to blame for not having made my meaning clear. I am quite willing to take that blame so long as I may agree with my adversaries quickly. If people will only see what "a question of words" really means, I believe there will soon be peace among all contending philosophical parties.

But, unfortunately, we think but too much in words, and almost let them think for us, instead of making them completely our own. We take our words as they come to us by inheritance, and we trust that other people will take them in the same sense in which we use them.

And yet nothing is more certain than that two people hardly ever take the same word in the same sense, and that just the most important words are often used in entirely different senses by different philosophers. Hence all our misunderstandings, all our quarrellings, all our so-called systems of philosophy, every one differing from the other, and

yet all starting from the same given facts, all collected by the same eyes and the same minds!

If all philosophers used the same words in the same sense, their conclusions would differ as little as the conclusions of mathematicians. A mathematician knows exactly what is the meaning of the terms with which he operates. while philosophers will hardly ever condescend to define the terms which they use. We wonder why mathematicians always arrive at the same results, or, if they do not, why they can always discover the mistakes they have made. But how could it be otherwise? Even their highest problems, which completely stagger the unmathematical mind, consist in the end in nothing but addition and subtraction. Our reasoning also, even when it reaches the highest metaphysical problems, consists in nothing but addition and subtraction. What else could it consist in? But there is this difference, that, while the mathematician adds and subtracts values which are defined within the strictest limits, the philosopher adds and subtracts values which are often not defined at all, or defined within the vaguest limits. If the metaphysician does not actually play with loaded dice, he often uses dice which he has never examined, and which, for all he knows, may have been marked rightly or wrongly by those who placed them in his hands. If all our words were defined as triangles, squares, and spheres are in geometry, or as 1'999 is in arithmetic, philosophy would soon become a worthy rival of mathematics.

The only hope of peace and of an understanding between various schools of philosophy lies in definition, and definition ought at the present moment to be the chief employment of all honest philosophers.

But we want more than definition—we want a thorough purification of language. A perfect language ought to be like a perfect alphabet. As in a perfect alphabet the same letter ought always to have one and the same sound, and the same sound ought always to be represented by one and the same letter, so, in a perfect language, the same word ought always to have one and the same meaning, and the same meaning ought always to be represented by one and the same word.

I know all poets will cry out against this heresy, but I am speaking of philosophical, not of poetical, language.

Languages suffer from wealth even more than from poverty. The human mind is so made that it is always inclined to presuppose a difference of meaning where there is a difference of names. Because we have a number of names to signify what is going on within us, such as spirit, mind, understanding, intelligence, and reason, philosophers have made every kind of effort to show how each differs from the rest, till we seem to have ever so many pigeon-holes within us, and ever so many pigeons hatching their eggs in them, instead of one undivided mental activity, applied to

different objects.

While here confusion is due to too great a wealth of expression, we saw before how the employment of the word language in totally different senses, or poverty of expression, played equal havoc with our thoughts. If we can speak of the language of the eyes, of the language of silence, of the language of flowers, of the language of animals, no wonder that we forget altogether the distinctive meaning of language when used in the definite sense of expression of conceptual thought by conceptual words. Let this definition of language be granted, and ever so many books might have remained unwritten. We are all dealing with the same facts when we say that animals have no language, while others say they have language. We may go on forever collecting anecdotes of parrots and jackdaws, we shall never come to a mutual understanding. But let language be once defined, and all wrangling will cease. If language is defined as communication in general, we shall all agree that animals have language. If language means human language, conceptual language, language derived from roots, then we shall all agree that animals have no language.

But it is not only in philosophy that we want a Katharsis of human speech; it is wanted in every sphere of human thought. Think of the different meanings attached to the word gentleman. From the most opposite quarters, from high and low, you hear the expression, "He is a gentleman," or "He is not a gentleman." If you venture to doubt,

or are bold enough to ask for a definition of gentleman, you run a considerable risk of being told that you are not a gentleman yourself if you do not know what gentleman means. Yet the butler will call you a gentleman if you give him ten shillings instead of half-a-crown; your friends will doubt whether you are a gentleman if you indulge in that kind of menial generosity. And if there is this haze about the meaning of gentleman, think of the polychromatic iridescence that plays round the name of lady. The best we can do when we are asked to define that word is to say that it cannot be defined, and that to define means to destroy its charm, which can be felt only, but cannot be analyzed.

If you wish to see a real confusion of tongues, you need not go to the plain in the land of Shinar, but read any article on art in any of our leading reviews. If you were to ask for a definition of almost any word used in these reviews, whether nice, sweet, charming, felicitous, exquisite, lovely, heavenly, or realistic, warm, throbbing, bewitching, killing, and all the rest, you would fare very badly. You would be called a pedant, or an ignoramus, and you would require no definition of what is meant by these

Look for a moment at political language. An eminent politician has lately spoken in rapturous terms about the name of Home Rule. He called it so delightful a term, so apt, so full of mean-To others it seems the most stupid word that has lately been invented, and exactly for the same reason-namely, because it is so full, so brimful of meaning. Define Home Rule, and if we do not all of us become Home Rulers at once, we shall at all events be able to compare notes, to arrive at a mutual understanding, and to find out what is practicable and what is not. Every individual, every home, every town, every county has a right to so much individual liberty, to so much Home Rule, to so much municipal freedom, to so much county government as is compatible with the vital interests of the commonwealth. All individual claims that clash with the welfare of the larger communities must be surrendered, some for a time, others in perpetuity. Home Rule in its undefined meaning is certainly brimful of

meaning, but these words overflowing with meaning are exactly the most bewildering and the most misleading terms. Home Rule may mean liberty, independence, self-government, and a careful regard to local interests. In that sense we are all Home Rulers. But it may also mean license, sedition, and selfishness—and in that sense, I hope, the number of Home Rulers is very small in the United Kingdom of Ireland, Scotland, and England.

But much more serious consequences may follow from a careless use of words. Politics, after all, are but a small section of ethics, and we have lately seen a complete system of ethics built up on the ambiguous use of the word good. No doubt, a knife, or a gun, or a house may be called good, if they are well adapted to cut, to shoot, and to shelter. may also speak of actions as good or bad, not in a moral sense, but simply as answering their purpose. A shot, for instance, may be called a good shot, if it is well aimed and well delivered, even though it should be the shot of a mur-The first arrow which William derer. Tell let fly at the apple on the head of his son was a good shot, but there was no moral element in it, because the father acted under constraint. But if he had wounded his son, and then, as he intended, had shot the second arrow at Gessler, that might likewise have been a good shot, in one sense, but, from a moral point of view, it would have been

But to say that moral actions also are called good or bad according as the adjustments of acts to ends are or are not efficient, is mere jugglery with words. Good has two meanings, and these two meanings should be kept carefully apart. Good may mean useful, but good also means what is anything but useful or profitable; and it is goodness in that sense which moral philosophy has to account for. It is quite open to any philosopher to say that nothing should be called good except what is in some sense or other useful. But in that case the meaning of usefulness ought to be properly defined; we ought not to imagine that, because we use the same word, we are thinking the same thought. Now, how does our utilitarian philosopher define moral usefulness? He maintains

that as the preservation and prolongation of our own life are our summum bonum, any acts conducing to this should be called good. Here many people would question the statement that preservation, and, more particularly, prolongation, of life beyond a certain term could always be called the highest good; but, even admitting this, we might indeed call cannibalism useful, for the preservation and prolongation of life, but we should hardly call it good.

It is different when we come to consider the two other spheres of action in which we are told that any acts useful for the preservation and prolongation of life of our own offspring, and of our fellow creatures, should be called good.

Here we must again distinguish. Any act for the benefit of our own offspring may be useful, wise, and prudent, and, if well conceived and carefully carried out, may be called good, in one sense. But not till we know the motive, should we call it good in the other sense. In a primitive state of society children constituted the wealth and strength of a family, and to feed them and keep them from danger was no more meritorious than the feeding and keeping of slaves and cattle. From a purely utilitarian point of view, however, it would be useful, and therefore good, not to rear weak or crippled children, but to kill them, and here for the first time real goodness comes in. Real goodness is always, in some form or other, unselfishness. unselfishness of a mother in bringing up a child that must always be a trouble and burden to her may be very misguided, anything but good in the eyes of those who interpret good as useful; but nevertheless, so long as the word good exists, it has always been applied to such acts.

In this case, however, the psychologist may still discover traces of selfishness in the natural love of a mother. But in the third sphere of action, in our endeavor to preserve and prolong the life of our fellow creatures, or, more correctly, in our endeavors to promote their general happiness, we can easily distinguish between acts that ought to be called good, simply in the sense of useful, and acts that ought to be called good, in the sense of unselfish. A man who fulfils the general duties necessary

for keeping a community together may be called a good, that is, a useful citizen. He is useful to society, but he is useful also to himself, as a member of that society. A man, however, who, like Marcus Curtius, jumped into the abyss in order to save Rome, may no doubt be called a fool by utilitarian philosophers, but the Romans called him good, and we too must call him unselfish. And a man who, like Gordon, remained at his post, trusting in his God and in his country, may be called a madman; but no one would dare to call him selfish, and posterity will keep for him a place of honor among the heroes, among the martyrs, among the good men of England.

Philosophers are perfectly justified in attempting to build up systems of ethics on utilitarian and hedonistic principles. We should not even contest their right to give a new definition of goodness, and to say that with them it shall mean nothing but usefulness. But they must not play with language, and tell us that what the world meant by good was never more

than what they mean by useful. On the contrary, the word good was framed originally to signify acts which were not useful, nay, which might be detrimental to the agent, and which, nevertheless, require our approval. Their usefulness depends on the means which we employ, goodness on the objects which we have in view. We may call useful what is selfish, we can never call what is selfish good.

There is no sphere of mental activity which does not stand in need of the corrective influence of the Science of Thought. If soldiers must look to their swords, philosophers will have to look to their words. I know that here, as elsewhere, inquiry into the supply, and a vigorous test of the efficiency of words will be declared a nuisance, will be resisted and resented as an insult. But, in spite of all that, it will come, in some departments of thought it has already come, and in the future battles of the world good swords and good words will carry the day.—Contemporary Magazine.

A HALCYON DAY IN SUMMER.

BY F. T. PALGRAVE.

Though thy song-tribute ne'er has fail'd, O Sea!

Since that Æolian Master set thy soul

To music in his long hexameter roll,
One gift, in these changed years, I bring to thee:

For thou to-day hast veil'd thy majesty
'Neath this smooth shining floor of purpled green,
Pattern'd with white waves o'er the glooms unseen
Where gray Leviathan circles fast and free:

On such a day might Galatæa fair
Flaunt her fleet dolphins o'er the buoyant plain,
While Zephyrs dipt and vaulted through the sky:

—Now one lone bird, wheeling, her hungry prayer
Screams forth, responsive to the low refrain
Of thy sweet, sad, eternal litany.

-Macmillan's Magazine.

LYME, September, 1888.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ROME.

BY PRINCIPAL DONALDSON, LL.D.

effect of the marriage arrangements of Rome on the happiness and character of the Roman women. It is needless to say that it is impossible to reach incontestable conclusions on such a subject. Our evidence cannot but be fragmentary and one-sided, whatever be the nation or period whose happiness or morals we choose for the subject of our investigations. Even in our own day it would be easy from the reports of the divorce and police courts and newspaper paragraphs to draw together such materials as might lead one to assert that women were treated with the greatest cruelty and that the age was one of the most licentious. But the evidence in the case of the Romans is peculiarly fragmentary. Only this has to be said for it : that it is not selected, that the facts which bear on the subject have been recorded for other reasons, and that therefore they may be expected to give a fair average picture of the state of matters into which we are inquiring.

It is necessary to deal at the outset with a prejudice which has influenced the views of many modern writers. It is supposed that Christianity must have appeared at a time when the ancient world was falling to pieces; when, therefore, morals were particularly low, society was in an utterly corrupt condition, and licentiousness universally prevailed. There is no sure foundation for this opinion. There is no picture of the last days of the Republic or the first years of the Empire that is so black as that painted by Ammianus Marcellinus of his own times. And the licentiousness of Pagan Rome is nothing to the licentiousness of Christian Africa, if we can put any reliance on the description of Salvian. I may adduce one instance of the effects of this prejudice. Drumann, in his laborious work of six volumes, has collected all the biographical facts that records have sent down to us in connection with the last period of the Republic. In his index to this book he has a very short list of passages that refer to the

virtues of women and a very long one NEW SERIES,-VOL. XLVIII., No. 6

WE are to consider in this paper the referring to their degeneracy. We turn to the first of these latter passages, and what do we find? Drumann is describing the proscriptions carried out by the triumvirs, Octavian, Antony, and Lepidus, and he narrates how the Roman trembled before his own wife, children, slaves, and freedmen, and adduces instances in which Romans were betrayed by their relatives or slaves. He mentions three instances of the treachery of wives, and we may be sure that these were all the instances with which the records of the period furnished him, for it is not likely that any one has escaped his most diligent search. But he allows that another side of human nature was brought to light, and, in exhibiting it to his readers, he quotes eight instances in which wives saved their husbands at the risk of their lives, or followed them into exile. It would be rash to draw an inference from these facts, but, if inference is to be drawn, it is that, even in the midst of wild disorders in the State and a general reign of terror in which each one feared for his life, wives were far more frequently true to their husbands and ready to share every peril with them, and that, therefore, we have really no proof of degeneracy, but, on the contrary, of strong affection between husband and wife.

In considering the effect of the mar-riage customs of the Romans we think naturally first of the fact that consent was the essence of a Roman marriage. No woman could be compelled to marry. It is true that women very frequently married when they were exceedingly young, often when they were only fourteen or fifteen years old, and that we must suppose that in these cases the influence of the fathers was predominant. But even in these cases the girl had to give her consent, and consent remained the essence of the obligation to a married life. Whenever there arose a feeling of bondage, the woman as well as the man could arrange for a dissolution of the connection. And the woman had no pecuniary difficulties in the way. Every father provided for the support of

his daughters for life by the dowries which he bestowed on them; and, therefore, no woman was compelled to put up with a faithless and cruel husband because she was entirely dependent on him for her subsistence. The complaints which we hear of Roman marriages are not from the female but the male side. The women were too independent. A Roman marries a Roman woman, who has ample means of her own. He finds that the old times are gone, and he cannot now lay hold of her money or property without her consent. He must now humor her if he is to enjoy her wealth, and the effort to gain her over in this way is held up as degrading and humiliating to a man, and it is represented that it is better for a man to be without a wife than to be subject to all the imperious whims of a wealthy woman.

Then, again, there was no shame attached to a dissolution of marriage. Marriage was a contract. Religious ceremonies were connected with it, but they did not constitute the marriage, and they were not essential to it. No sacredness invested the idea of marriage. It was an agreement between two parties, and, whenever this agreement began to gall the one or the other, there was no reason why the agreement should not come to an end. The strength of the Roman feeling on this point is seen in the attitude toward breach of promise. In Latium actions for breach of promise were common, as we are told by Servius Sulpicius, in his book, "De Dotibus," quoted by Gellius (iv. 4), and they continued till the citizenship of Rome was conferred on the Latins by the Lex Iulia. But the Romans never seem to have allowed them. Sometimes the sponsalia or betrothal, though a private act, was celebrated with great pomp, but the Romans thought that "it was dishonorable that marriages should be held together by the bond of a penalty, whether future or already contracted,' and "if," says Juvenal, "you are not going to love the woman who has been by a legal agreement betrothed and united to you, there seems to be no reason why you should marry her." †

Appeal is often made in this connection to the frequency of divorce. In early days the Romans did not divorce their wives, and this fact is exhibited as a proof of the virtue of early times and the degeneracy of the later period. The first Roman divorce is said to have occurred about the year 231 B.C., when Spurius Carvilius dismissed his wife because she bore him no children. One writer represents Spurius as fond of his wife, but every citizen had to answer the Censor's question, " Have you a wife for the purpose of procuring children?" Spurius's wife was by nature incapable of bearing children, and he therefore felt conscientious scruples in answering the Censor's question in the affirmative, as he was bound to do, and so dismissed his wife, according to the advice of the family council. It is not likely that this was the first divorce. At least it is recorded that the Censors of 307 B.C. removed L. Annius from the Senate because he had divorced his wife without consulting the family council, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the statement. But it is probable that divorces came into vogue about the middle of the third century before the Christian era. The Roman Catholic lady who has lauded the virtue of the Romans because no divorces took place before this time, has suggested an explanation of the fact. "The Roman husbands," she says, "did not divorce their wives: they killed them." As long as the Roman wives were under the control or in the hands of the husband, the husband unquestionably could kill his wife under certain restrictions, but when this state of matters ceased, then the obvious course was, unless the wife committed great crimes, and thereby incurred scvere punishment, to dissolve the marriage quietly. And it seems to us that women would prefer divorce to death, and that, instead of a degeneracy, the altered state of matters implies a softening of manners and an advance in civili-

zation.

It cannot be denied that divorces became frequent after women attained freedom, but much exaggeration prevails in regard to this matter. It is only about the men and women who occupied a prominent position in society that we get information, and their political in-

^{*} Paulus in " Digest," 45, l. 134.

[†] vi. 200.

terests often led to marriages and divorces. To form an estimate of general society from these would be as erroneous as to form an estimate of English and French society from Henry VIII. and the Napoleonic family. Marquardt notes the cases of frequent marriages. "Ovid," he says, "and the younger Pliny married three times, Cæsar and Antony four times, Sulla and Pompey five times, Cicero's daughter Tullia three times." It is needless to say that there is nothing wonderful in this. Many men and women in modern times marry three times, and there are some who have married four and five times, and one Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had seven wives. Yet these cases have not been deemed indicative of an exceptional state of low morality. The satirists and moralists are fond of employing exaggerated language in regard to women in this connection. Juvenal talks of a woman having eight husbands in five years, and Martial of a woman being married to her tenth husband. Seneca describes some noble women as reckoning their years, not by the names of the Consuls, but by the names of their husbands. And it is possible that a few women may have become notorious in this way. The Augustan marriage laws offered strong temptations to go through the form of marriage, when there was no real union, and thereby elude the penalties inflicted on the unmarried state. But there are no clear instances recorded. Some suppose that in an inscription on the tomb of a woman it is affirmed that she had seven husbands, but the interpretation is incorrect, as Wilmanns has conclusively shown. The authentic case of the largest number of husbands is that of the woman of Samaria, who had five husbands, and was living with one who was not her husband. But her case may have been quite peculiar, and, strangely enough, it is to this notorious woman to whom the grandest revelation of universal worship ever made to mortal was vouchsased. There is no good reason to suppose that divorces were very frequent in ordinary society. There were not the same causes as prevailed in the circles in which political power was a predominant motive of action. From the earliest times of subjection came

down the idea that, while the man might marry frequently, the woman ought to marry only once, and this idea had its influence even to the last period of Paganism. In the later period the woman was not forced into marriage, and if her first marriage, owing to her early age, may generally have been the result of parental arrangement, the second would almost certainly be one made with her own free will, and with her eyes open to all the consequences of the act, and therefore it was likely to be a marriage of permanent affection.

Examining history, then, I think we must come to the conclusion that the Roman ideas of marriage had not a bad effect either on the happiness or morals of the women. If we take the period of Roman history from 150 B.C. to 150 A.D., we shall be surprised at the number of the women of whom it is recorded that they were loved ardently by their husbands, exercised a beneficial influence on them, and helped them in their political or literary work. Many of these women had received an excellent education, they were capable and thoughtful, and took an active interest in the welfare of the State. It is well known that it was Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, that inspired her sons with the resolution to cope with the evils that beset the State, and her purpose did not waver when she knew that they had to face death in their country's cause. Julia, the daughter of Julius Cæsar, and the wife of Pompey, kept the two leaders on good terms as long as she lived, and acted with great sweetness and prudence. Cornelia, Pompey's second wife, was a woman of great culture, and a most faithful and devoted wife. Plutarch thus describes her : " 'The young woman possessed many charms besides her youthful beauty, for she was well instructed in letters, in playing on the lyre, and in geometry, and she had been accustomed to listen to philosophical discourses with profit. In addition to this she had a disposition free from all affectation and pedantic display which such acquirements generally breed in women." The intervention of Octavia, the wife of Antony, in affairs of State was entirely beneficial and judicious. The

^{*} Long's translation.

first Agrippina displayed courage and energy, herself crushed a mutiny among the soldiers, and was in every way a help to her husband. Tacitus praises his mother-in-law, the wife of Agricola, as a model of virtue, and he describes her as living in the utmost harmony with her husband, each preferring the other in love. And Pliny the younger gives a beautiful picture of his wife Calpurnia, telling a friend how she showed the greatest ability, frugality, and knowledge of literature. Especially "she has my books," he says; "she reads them again and again; she even commits them to memory. What anxiety she feels when I am going to make a speech before the judges, what joy when I have finished it. She places people here and there in the audience to bring her word what applauses have been accorded to my speech, what has been the issue of the trial. If I give readings of my works anywhere, she sits close by, separated by a screen, and drinks in my praises with most greedy ears. My verses also she sings, and sets them to the music of the lyre, no artist guiding her but only love, who is the best master.'

These are only a few of the numerous instances that might be adduced, in which wives behaved with a gentleness or courage or self-abnegation worthy of all praise. It is true that they took an active part in the management of affairs, but, on the whole, it must be allowed that they acted with great good sense. And there is a curious proof of this in the times of the Empire. Wives went with their husbands to their provinces, and often took part in the administration of them. Some of the old stern moralists were for putting an end to this state of matters, and proposed that they should not be allowed to accompany their husbands to their spheres of duty ; but after a debate in the Senate, the measure was rejected by a large majority, thereby affirming that their help was beneficial.

No doubt it was their good sense, their kindliness, and their willingness to co-operate with men, that led to their freedom and power in political matters. And this power was sometimes very great. Cicero, in a letter to Atticus, relates an interview which he had at Antium 44 B.C. with Brutus and Cassius.

Favorinus was also present, and besides him there were three women--Servilia, the mother of Brutus; Tertulla, the wife of Cassius and sister of Brutus; and Porcia, the wife of Brutus and daughter of Cato. Servilia strikes in twice in the course of the discussion, and it is evident that her words carried weight. On one of the occasions she promises to get a clause expunged from a decree of the Senate. There must have been many such deliberations where women were present. Even in earlier times the influence of women is represented as great. Livy asserts that Licinius was induced to propose his laws to gratify the ambition of a daughter of M. Fabius Ambustus, whom he had married.

It is true that some of the women who engaged in political affairs were reckless and disagreeable. A woman played a most important and daring part in the Catilinarian conspiracy, and it was through a woman that the plot was revealed. Cicero's wife, according to his own account of her, knew more of his political affairs than he knew of her household arrangements, and when his love grew cold to her, partly perhaps on account of her temper, but partly because he had become fond of a rich young lady, who might help him out of his pecuniary straits, a divorce took place, and Terentia married the political enemy of her former husband. Livia, the wife of Augustus and the mother of Tiberius, was, according to some, the prime mover of most of the public deeds during the reigns of both; but a doubt still remains whether we ought to place her among the good or the bad. But even these women had much enjoyment from their careers and the companionship of their own choice. At all events, the women enjoyed great freedom, and a wide field for the exercise of their power. And many of them certainly made a good use of their opportunities and wealth. Some of them were charitable. They bestowed public buildings and porticos on the communities among which they lived; they received public honors, and one woman in Africa so impressed her fellow-citizens with her excellence, that she was elected one of the two chief magistrates of the place.

It cannot be said that all the professions were thrown open to them; because many of the professions were not open to the men. Medicine and teaching and similar arts were still to a large extent practised by slaves or freedmen, and were deemed unworthy occupations for free-born citizens. Law was not a profession, and women had a wide range

of action in legal matters.

Valerius Maximus mentions that Mæsia of Sentinum, when accused, pled her own cause amid a vast concourse of people, and managed the transaction with accurate knowledge of the forms of procedure as well as with bravery. She was acquitted almost unanimously. For her masculine mind they called her Androgynes, or Man-woman. He also mentions Afrania, the wife of the Senator Licinius Bucco, whom he brands as fond of getting up lawsuits and pleading her own cause before the prætor, not because she could not procure advocates, but because she had an oversupply of impudence. He says that her name became a byword for a woman of unexampled forwardness and immorality. He states that she died in the first consulship of C. Cæsar, and the second consulship of P. Servilius, that is, in 48 B.C., remarking that her death was the one event in the life of such a monster that deserved record. In the "Digests," a quotation is made from Ulpian to the effect that women were not allowed to prosecute on behalf of others, because it was not in harmony with the modesty becoming the sex to mix themselves up with other people's affairs, and assume to themselves functions appropriate to men. The origin of the restriction is assigned to the conduct of a most impudent woman, Carfania, who, by pestering the prætor with her shameless prosecutions, obliged him to issue the prohibition. Some have identified this Carfania with Afrania, but it is likely that the prohibition was made at a later date than 48 B.C.

As we have already seen, the women of Rome sometimes held meetings among themselves in early times, and Livy mentions instances to which I have not alluded. Under the Empire we hear of a regular assembly or corporation of women (Conventus matronarum). On the first occasion on which this Con-

ventus crops up in history, we get a glimpse of the lively scenes which must have occasionally taken place in it. Agrippina, the mother of Nero, had been trying to seduce Galba, who afterward became Emperor, from fidelity to his wife. His mother-in-law was very wroth with her for this, and when Agrippina came to a meeting of the Conventus she rated her soundly, adding force to her words by vigorous blows with her hands. Afterward, the Conventus appears again in the reign of Elagabalus, who assigned his mother a place among the senators. He built on the Quirinal a meetingplace for the Conventus, which his biog. rapher calls a Senate, and the matrons decided there the various points of court etiquette, such as precedence and the dresses to be worn by ladies of different ranks. Probably this senate of women came to an end through its absurdity, and we do not hear of it again till the reign of Aurelian, who is said to have restored to women their senate, and to have made the priestesses take first rank

Many Roman women devoted themselves to philosophy and literature, and showed considerable ability in them. But there is no proof that any one attained a great reputation. Only one literary work of a Roman woman has come down to us, the Satire of Sulpicia. It is creditable to her good sense and ability, but it does not take a high place among satires.

What, then, are we to say in regard to the morality of the Roman women? Unquestionably some of the Roman writers depict their morals in the blackest colors, but the facts that I have adduced seem to me to prove that the accounts are greatly exaggerated. It would be absurd to deny that there were many bad women in Roman society, just as there have been bad men and women in all societies, but we are apt to form too gloomy a picture of the conduct of women, because it has been the delight of writers, to whom we have listened eagerly, to contrast Heathenism with Christianity. But in regard to this matter it is of great importance that we view the facts from the right point.

First of all we must be on our guard against confounding Pagan with Christian notions of morality. The Romans highly esteemed purity in a woman, but they confined these ideas of purity to the female citizens, and their notions were based on the necessity of having a pure and unadulterated breed of citizens. Their notions of purity did not extend to the male citizens, and therefore, when the woman was still under the control of the husband, the woman could not divorce her husband, though her husband could divorce her without assigning a reason to her. There was indeed an institution among the Romans which has been thought to exalt the idea of purity and virginity. But a slight knowledge of Roman thought shows the error of this opinion. Every sacrifice offered to a god required to be pure. The ox that was to be sacrificed must not have dragged the plough or undergone any toil. It must be reared and kept exclusively for the homage that was paid to the god. And so the vestal virgins consecrated to the goddess Vesta must be pure and undefiled by subjection to any one, as long as they were in the service of the goddess. But this was not a moral but a ritual purification. Marriage was not an obstruction to service to a god, if the god presided over functions that were consistent with it, and, indeed, in all the great priesthoods in Rome it was essential that the priest should be married, for his wife acted as the priestess, and it was advantageous that the priest should have a family, as his children were expected to assist in his various priestly functions. Even the vestal virgins were allowed to marry, after they had served the goddess for the prescribed period of thirty years. The Roman women were not therefore restrained by a sense of moral wrong in connection with this matter. And accordingly, when they escaped from the firm grasp of the husband's power, they could not see why that which was allowed to the man, should not be allowed to the woman; why, if he gratified his passions without restraint or the condemnation of society, the same indulgence should not be conceded to her. And accordingly some of them did plunge into the wildest careers of licentiousness and shamelessness. They adopted the prevalent philosophy of the day. Epicureanism, with their fathers and brothers and husbands; they abjured all belief

in a future state and in moral distinctions, and they acted as the men who held the same creed did. Others of them took to Platonism, and were particularly fond of "The Republic," because it advocated community of wives. But these women were not worse than the men of their day, and there were much fewer bad women than bad men.

Then our ideas of the immorality of Roman women are often drawn from what is said of the women connected with the Court of the early Empire. But our accounts of these women are derived from a bitter satirist, a pessimist historian, and a scandalmongering biographer. And there can be no doubt that the most notorious of the licentious women of the Court had, like the men, a strong taint of insanity. If we take into consideration what I have already said about all Pagan notions of purity, and along with this keep in sight the state of matters at the end of the Republic and the beginning of the Empire, I think that a milder view of the case will present itself to us. The Roman Republic came to an end through the rivalry of the great houses, whose matrons are the subjects of history. These houses were divided against each other, even though they were sometimes closely related by blood and marriage. Occasionally, even son was arrayed against father, and nephew against uncle. The lives of the principal men were in continual jeopardy. Very many of them died violent deaths. Their homes were thus frequently broken up, and selfish feelings were brought prominently into play. In these circumstances women had to act a difficult part, and their motives were often misconstrued. Thus the suspicion is suggested that Livia, the wife of Augustus, had frequent recourse to poison, but surely the circumstances of the case render this suspicion doubtful. Livia was unquestionably a bold resolute woman, and took an active part in the management of the Empire. She had been married before, and by her former husband had two sons, one of whom was Tiberius. Augustus also had been married before, and had one daughter, Julia. It was natural that Augustus should seck to establish his dynasty through his own daughter Julia, and not through his stepson. Accordingly he gave her in marriage to his nephew Marcellus, whom he intended to be his successor, but Marcellus died at an early age without Augustus then gave the widowed Julia in marriage to Agrippa, in whom he had great confidence, but Agrippa died also. Agrippa left a familv, two of whom were vouths of much promise, and Augustus naturally looked to these grandsons as possible successors. But they died also. Meantime Augustus gave his daughter in marriage to his stepson Tiberius, who by no means valued the gift; for he had to part from a wife whom he had loved to unite himself with a wife whom he detested, and whom all the world knew to be dissolute. And in the end Tiberius succeeded to his throne. Now it was suggested that Livia from the first had made up her mind to make Tiberius the successor of Augustus, and that, with this object, she employed poison-poisoning Marcellus, poisoning Agrippa and his two sons, and probably poisoning Augustus himself. But we must suppose the acts of poisoning to be most fitful: for Marcellus died in 23 B.C., Agrippa in 12 B.C., the sons of Agrippa in 2 A.D. and 4 A.D., and Augustus himself in 14 A.D., each at a considerable interval of years from the other, and it seems to me impossible that, if a woman had made up her mind that her son should succeed, she would follow out her plan only at widely separate periods.

Some of the other women, who are notorious for their bad conduct, were unquestionably bad. But in the case of Messalina, whose name has become a byword, it has to be remembered that she was only twenty-six years of age when she died. The second Agrippina, who is equally infamous for her wickedness, may be paying the penalty for having written memoirs, in which she blackened the characters of her contemporaries. And nearly all the women who are gibbeted as monsters of iniquity belonged to the imperial family. The Emperor held a position of power and glory, such as never had fallen to the lot of any mortal before him. The wealth and honors that were heaped on any man. They could not but have a nature is considered too weak to carry

very injurious effect on the women of the family. The descendants of this family intermarried cousins with cousins, or even in closer connection, and, between the unique exaltation of their lot and the frequent intermarriages, need we wonder that a taint of insanity infected them? I think that in this way we may account for a considerable number of the wild excesses that are laid to their charge.

I do not deny that there were many licentious women outside of the imperial circle; I do not deny that there may have been some foundation for the railing accusations which Juvenal brings against the sex; but I am confident that these accusations are exaggerated in a

high degree.

And if there were women who plunged into vice because they saw their husbands and brothers claim and exercise the wildest license for themselves, there were other women who took an opposite course. They argued that the equality was right, but that men and women were equally bound to abstain from licentiousness, that the same law prevailed for the man as for the woman. This opinion was a tenet of the Stoic philosophy, and it was to this sect of philosophers that many of the noblest Roman women belonged. I will mention but two of them. Porcia, the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, was a Stoic—" a philos-opher," as Plutarch says, "full of spirit and good sense." When married to Brutus, she perceived that her husband did not communicate to her his political movements and secrets. So she removed all her attendants, took a knife, and inflicted a deep wound in her thigh so that the blood flowed out copiously and then fever ensued. Her husband, in alarm, came to her, and she then addressed him: "I, Brutus, Cato's daughter, was given unto thy house, not, like women who serve as concubines, to share thy bed and board only, but to be a partner in thy happiness and a partner in thy sorrows. But, with respect to thy marriage, everything is blameless on thy part; but as to me what evidence is there, or what affection, if I must neither share with thee a secret sorrow nor a care which demands him were such as might turn the head of confidence? I know that a woman's a secret, but, Brutus, there is a certain power toward making moral character in a good nurture and an honest life : and I am Cato's daughter and also Brutus's wife, whereon hitherto I had less relied, but now I know that I am also invincible to pain." * Then she showed her husband the wound. He admired the deed, and, stretching out his hands, he prayed the gods "that they would render him worthy of so noble a wife." The other Stoic woman whom I shall mention is the well-known Arria, the wife of Pætus. Pliny gives the following narrative, received from her granddaughter; "Her husband, Cæcina Pætus, was sick; her son also was sick, both, to all appearance, by a fatal attack. The son died; a youth of exquisite beauty, of equal modesty, and dear to the parents as much because he was their son as for other reasons. She made all the preparations for the funeral, and paid the last rites to him, in such a way that her husband remained in ignorance of what was going on. Whenever she entered his chamber, she pretended that her son still lived and was even improving in health. And when he often asked, 'How is my boy?' she would answer, He had a good night, he took a little food eagerly.' But when the tears long kept in check overcame her and began to stream forth, she would go outside and give herself up to a flood of grief and then come back with dry eyes and calm countenance." It was this same woman who taught her husband how to die. He had received commands from the Emperor Claudius to put himself to death. He hesitated. His wife thereupon took a dagger, plunged it into her breast, drew it out and offered it to her husband, with the words, "Pætus, it does not pain." There were many such Stoic women. What opinions did they entertain in regard to the education and position of their sex? We are well informed on this point. A Stoic philosopher, C. Musonius Rufus, who flourished in the time of Nero, wrote treatises on the education of women and on marriage, and large fragments of his writings have come down to us. He argues that the same training and edu-

cation must be suitable for both. He affirms that this ought to be the case for training in all the mental qualities, but that possibly certain tasks may in some cases be more appropriate for man or for woman. The sum of his exposition is perhaps contained in the following words: * "I say that, as in the human race men have a stronger and women a weaker nature, each of these natures should have the tasks assigned to it which are most suited to it, and the heavier should be allotted to the stronger, and the lighter to the weaker. Spinning, as well as housekeeping, would, therefore, be more suitable for women than for men; while gymnastics, as well as out-of-door work, would be fitter for men than for women; though sometimes some men might properly undertake some of the lighter tasks and such as seem to belong to women; and women, again, might engage in the harder tasks, and those which appear more appropriate for men, in cases where either bodily qualities or necessity or particular occasions might lead to such action. For perhaps all human tasks are open to all, and common both to men and women, and nothing is necessarily appointed exclusively for either; not that some things may not be more suitable for one, and others for the other nature, so that some are called men's and others women's occupations. But whatever things have reference to virtue, these one may rightly affirm to be equally appropriate to both natures, since we say that virtues do not belong more to the one than to the other.' Musonius applies his principle of equality to sexual relations and to marriage. He held that what was wrong in a woman was equally wrong in a man, or rather was more disgraceful to a man, inasmuch as he claimed to be a stronger being, and therefore more capable of controlling his passions. He therefore denounced all illicit amours as unjust and lawless. He also propounded a view, which was afterward adopted by the Christian writers, that all indulgence of the flesh not requisite for the propagation of the race was unworthy of a philosopher. But he differed from the great mass of the Christian writers, and regarded mar-

^{*} Long's translation.

^{*} Translation by Dr. John Muir.

riage as the happiest condition of life. He describes it as a communion of life, and a mutual care for each other in health and sickness, and in every occurrence of life, and he brands a marriage when there is no community of feeling as worse than a desert. He argued that the man who does not marry must be inferior in his experience and usefulness to the man who does, and that therefore the solitary life is not advantageous even for the philosophers. And he urges that the whole of civilization rests upon the institution of marriage. "For," says he, "the man who takes away marriage from the human race takes away the household, takes away the State, takes

away the human race.'

The opinions of Musonius and the Stoics greatly influenced subsequent legislation in regard to marriage. But this is an obscure and disputable subject, and we can refer here only to the commencement of legislation on marriage. It was the Emperor Augustus who first drew up laws in regard to it. Before his time marriage was deemed essentially a private transaction, and no enactments had taken place in reference to it except as to the disposition of downes. Family councils controlled it, and, like all other private acts, it was subject to the judgment of the Censors, who in this matter followed prevalent opinion. The prevailing opinion was that all Romans were bound to marry. The Censors put the question to every Roman, "On your word of honor have you a wife?" If the answer was in the negative the Censor weighed all the circumstances of the case, and, if he deemed the man negligent of his duty, he imposed on him a fine called uxorium. From the earliest times it had been reckoned a Roman's imperative duty to marry. Dionysius embodies this practice in the statement that the "ancient law compelled all adults to marry." The historians mention several instances in which the penalty for neglect of this custom was imposed by the Censors. We are told that the Censors, M. Furius Camillus and M. Postumius Albinus, in 403 B.C., obliged all who had reached old age without marrying to pay a sum of money to the public treasury, and Valerius Maximus, in stating this fact, puts into their mouths words to the fol-

lowing effect; "As nature imposes on man the necessity of being born, so it imposes on him the obligation to produce birth, and your parents bind you by maintaining you to the obligation of maintaining their grandchildren. In addition to this, fortune has given you a long period to listen to her appeals to you to perform this duty, while in the mean time your years have wasted away and you have remained without the name of either husband or father. Go, then, and pay the knotty coin which will be useful to a numerous posterity. We need place no implicit belief in the exact details of this narrative, and Plutarch may be nearer the truth when he relates that the Censors induced, either by persuasion or penalties, the unmarried Romans of their day to wed the women who had been made widows by the devastating wars of Veii. But, whatever may have been the particular occurrences, there can be no doubt that the sentiments put by Maximus into the mouths of the Censors were the genuine sentiments of the Roman people, and they continued to be the same till the latest days of the Republic. We are told that Quintus Metellus in his censorship, the date of which is uncertain, but it was either 131 B.C. or 101 B.C.according as we accept the statement of Livy that it was Quintus Metellus Macedonicus, or the statement of Gellius that it was Quintus Metellus Numidicus-urged that all should be forced to marry, liberorum creandorum causa, and delivered a speech on marriage which Augustus deemed so convincing that he read it aloud in the Senate, and drew the attention of the people to it by edict. And Cicero, in his treatise "De Legibus," makes it part of the duty of Censors to prevent people being bachelors.

There would not be the same obligation on females to marry, but it is likely that every Roman citizen girl married. It is probable that the number of the females was not so great as that of the males. Every father had the right to expose his children, and, while he had no reason to make away with his male children, the necessity of providing dowries for females would induce him to think seriously before he took up and reared the female children that were

born to him-

This, then, was the state of matters in the best times of the Republic, but this state was changed by the violent civil wars that preceded the establishment of the Empire. Then the great families of the commonwealth were decimated and family ties broken up. A feeling of the utter uncertainty of life and an indifference to its continuance pervaded all classes. Moreover, luxurious habits had become prevalent. Formerly sons with their wives lived in the house of their father, and constituted, in fact as in law, one family. Instances of this conjoint family life are recorded so late as the second century B.C. But now the expense of bringing up a family had come to be felt by many as a burden, and the trouble of family cares was regarded as an encroachment on the enjoyments of life. And hence arose an unwillingness to marry. People saw no good and felt no pride in having families. Their children might be a curse to them, or they might be exposed to lives of poverty, accusation, harassment, and proscription-lives in fact which were miseries, and not blessings. But Augustus held that the prevalence of such sentiments and practices was fatal to the welfare of a State, and the special circumstances of the time made them peculiarly dangerous to Rome. For the State had suffered enormous loss by its civil wars. Appian asserts that at the census of Julius Cæsar it was said that the population was only half of what it had been before these wars. Dio Cassius describes the scarcity of the population as terrible, and the number of women had decreased. Friedländer estimates the free population of Rome in 5 B.C., omitting senators, knights, and soldiers, as consisting of 320,000 males and 265,600 females. A remedy for this state of matters was urgently required, and Augustus believed that a remedy could be found only in legislation. Accordingly legislation was the remedy which he adopted. The accounts of this legislation are very confused. Mention is made of three Bills-one, Julia de adulteriis coercendis; a second, Julia de mari-tandis ordinibus; and a third, Lex Papia Poppæa. He commenced his legislation in the very beginning of his reign in 28 B.C., but as, on assuming

the supreme power, he abrogated the decrees of the triumvirate, and claimed to be restoring the Republic, his Bills had to go through the ordinary processes of discussion in the Senate and proposal to the Assembly. This afforded scope for every form of obstruction, and, besides difficulties in passing the Bills, the laws met with fierce private resistance. Before passing his final law, the Lex Papia Poppæa, in q A.D., Dio Cassius states that Augustus, knowing that the equites were eager for the abrogation of his previous laws, summoned the whole of them to a meeting. He divided them into two classes, those who had married and those who had not. He deplored the fact that the latter class was more numerous, and addressed to them strong words of reproof, and at the same time expounded the reasons why marriage should be praised and rewarded, and bachelors condemned and fined.

The Lex Papia Poppæa probably embodied all the regulations which Augustus had made in regard to marriage, with such additions and amendments as experience had proved to be necessary. Its great object was to encourage and reward marriage, and punish and pre-

vent celibacy.

Julius Cæsar, painfully alive to the effects of the civil wars on the destiny of the Empire, had already offered rewards for a numerous offspring, and we find that in his agrarian law for the distribution of lands in Campania, he gave the lots to fathers of three or more children, of whom at the time there were twenty thousand. Augustus resolved to carry out this idea systematically. Any married woman who had three children received special privileges, and the justrium liberorum became an honor, which was also conferred at first by the Senate, and subsequently by the Emperors, on distinguished women on whom nature had not bestowed the requisite number of children. Four children released a freedwoman from the guardianship of her patron, and three children put a free patroness on an equality with a patron.

Similar privileges were conferred on men. The consul who had the greater number of children had precedence over him who had fewer, and the married consul took precedence of the unmarried. The candidate for office who had children was permitted to assume certain offices of state at an earlier age than the unmarried, and other privileges were bestowed on the married. Fines and disabilities were imposed on bachelors. The ages fixed for males were twenty and sixty, and for women twenty and fifty, and whoever was unmarried within these ages was subjected to a tax, and could not become heir except to near relatives, and could not receive legacies.

Such were some of the provisions of this Lex Papia Poppæa for the encouragement of marriage. Our information in regard to it is in many respects defective and unsatisfactory. The law was much discussed by subsequent jurists, and it is likely that some of the clauses, which are represented as the work of Augustus, were inserted by later legislators.

Augustus did in regard to adultery what he did in regard to marriage. He translated ordinary private practice into public law, and on the whole made the conduct of the Romans milder than it had been, though he was strongly tempted by the licentiousness of his daughter to prescribe stern punishment for the crime. His law required that the divorce should take place in regular form. The freedman of the man who wished to divorce must hand over the repudium. or bill of divorce, in the presence of seven Romans of full age, and the wife who wished a divorce must do the same. The law ordained that a woman who was found guilty of adultery should be banished to an island, and lose half of her dowry and a third of her property, and similar punishments were inflicted on a faithless husband. In the case of the wife, it still lay with the husband to carry out the penalty, and he himself was liable to be punished if he did not carry out the sentence. The husband could still kill his wife if he found her in the act; but he could execute vengeance only if he put to death both the guilty parties.

The Lex de maritandis ordinibus, which was no doubt embodied in the Lex Papia Poppæa, brings to light a new phase of Roman life. Distinctions had arisen among the Roman citizens, and more anxiety was felt to maintain

the honor and purity of the highest of these classes than to preserve the ordinary Roman citizen from the outside world. Senators were forbidden to marry freedwomen, but all other citizens were allowed to marry them, owing to the scarcity of free women, but prohibited from marrying prostitutes, procuresses, condemned criminals, and actresses.

The legislation of Augustus in regard to marriage has generally been regarded as a failure. Horace celebrated the success of the Lex Julia de adulterio cohibendo in Ode iv. 5—

"Nullis polluitur casta domus stupris,
Mos et lex maculosum edomuit nefas"-

words which seem to me to prove that the accounts of the degeneracy of the women were grossly exaggerated-for no legislation could produce effects in any way approaching to those described by Horace, if the evil were deeply seated. From Horace's words we may gather that the law had some good effect; and the prominence of the Lex Papia Poppæa in the discussions of jurists, renders it likely that it continued to act for some time with considerable force. The general effect of legislation based on it, and of the course of events, was to alter the basis of the Roman State. and to make the individual, and not the family, the unit. Husband and wife became more closely connected together, the wife becoming to some extent the heir of the husband, and her children being entitled to inherit her property. But causes were working, in combination with the aversion to marriage, which rendered the Lex Papia Poppæa nugatory. In the Christian Church arose an inordinate estimate of the virtue of celibacy. A large family came to be regarded almost as a disgrace, as a proof of lasciviousness. And thus, when Constantine, a Christian Emperor, ascended the throne, he abolished most of the pains and penalties of celibacy and childlessness, and Justinian abolished all the clauses that dealt with inheritance. But to understand the motives of Christian legislation, we must discuss-in another paper-the position of women among the early Christians. - Contemporary Review.

LITERARY ANODYNES.

WITHOUT a doubt, mental sedatives are craved for by a very large and increasing number of men and women. There are moments in life when the one thing we want is a literary anodyne, and nothing else will do. The mind requires rest, and yet it cannot rest, like the body, in mere inaction. It must be patted into quietness like a restless child, and won to calm by employing it upon something which shall just occupy and yet never force it into activity. Some men find their literary anodynes in easy mathematical problems, others in-records of travel or in the discoveries of science. Such people, however, are the exceptions. To mankind in general, the novel is the only potent ano-

It is of such literary anodynes that Mr. Andrew Lang writes a very pleasant article in the September number of the New Princeton Review. "A man," says Mr. Lang, "wants his novel to be an anodyne;" and from this standpoint he proceeds to declaim against those who wish to make fiction "the last word of humanity." Modern fiction is either "the novel of the new religion, the novel of the new society that declines to have any religion, the novel of dismal commonplace, or the novel of the Di-vorce Court." "Are not," he continues, "some fourteen hours of the day enough wherein to fight with problems and worry about faiths and rend one's heart with futile pities and powerless indignations? Leave me an hour in the day not to work in, or ponder in, or sorrow in; but to dream in, or to wander in the dreams of others. . . . To get into fairyland, that is the aspiration of all of us whom the world oppresses." Scott, Dumas, Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Rider Haggard, Gaboriau, and plenty of others, old and new, will do this for us; and therefore they and their kind are the only true writers of fiction. Such is the line of Mr. Lang's thought. But does he not make a very notable confusion? No doubt the tellers of tales of adventure and of romance, whether they write of to-day or of long-forgotten times, are the best compounders of that sovereign nepenthe for which so many

jaded brains are always craving. That, however, does not show that the novel of manners, of character, of politics, of sentiment, of reflection, of still life, and of life as men live it not on the High Veldt or in ships that go searching for treasure, but in the dull routine of the real world, has no raison d'être, Because "Treasure Island" or the "New Arabian Nights' are better to read after a hard day of brain-work than "Silas Marner," that does not make the miracle-working of the golden-haired child any the less a noble story. In his apology for anodynes, Mr. Lang has, in fact, gone much too far, and has written as if such a thing as ordinary mental meat and drink did not exist.

The apologist for the novel which aims at something more than mere storytelling has plenty of ground upon which to make his defence. The literature of a nation may no doubt reflect its manners and its life, but it also helps to mould them. The novel, as the strongest and most popular form of literature, can and does affect the national life. It can be, and often is, a great instructor, -a school of conduct and of manners. A novel with a too apparent purpose is no doubt unbearable; but for all that, those novels of Dickens and of Charles Reade which were written with an avowed social aim, not only helped to produce great and visible effects, but were in every sense good novels, not mere sermons in monthly parts. Thackeray, too, because he was burned up with the desire to make English people ashamed of admiring the peerage, and because his novels are often nothing but a series of reflective essays and character-studies slowly revolving round the thinnest of stories, was not therefore any the less a writer of fiction. The novels that appeal to us by the same means as the Greek drama, and are, in fact, prose tragedies or comedies, are also not to be condemned merely because, instead of thinking only of getting on with more adventures or thickening the plot, they strive to resolve by raising and appeasing the sense of pity and terror in their readers. No; the novel in its highest sense is as much a part of the larger life as the plays of Shakespeare, the sculpture of the Greeks, or the pictures of Raphael; and to abandon the nobler forms of the narrative art for mere story-telling, would be as great a sign of literary decadence as it is possible to imagine. But if we decide not to look at the matter in the large, and accept for the moment the modern definition that the end of Art is only to please, we shall still find that Mr. Lang's exclusion of everything which does not make a good literary anodyne from the ranks of novels, cannot be sustained. What does the world at large want in its novels? Mr. Lang says it does not want "realistic photographs of the life we know too well, realistic studies of the development of characters like our own petty characters, thwarted passions, unfulfilled ambitions, tarnished victories over self, over temptations, melancholy compromises, misery more or less diguised, dull dinner-parties, degraded politics," nor yet a new religion in three volumes, nor novels where the hunt for adjectives and epigrams wearies us as we read. Now, we can quite understand Mr. Lang not wanting to hear about "the world we know so well "-i.e., the big London world, made up of fashion and eminence, political, literary, and socialnor about character development, nor about dinner-parties, nor politics, nor new religions, nor the hunt for epigrams; for this is the world in which he himself lives, and these are the subjects which he and other London men of letters are perpetually hearing discussed. In the same way, a sailor does not care about sea-novels, nor a farmer about tales of country life. In novels, we like to fly to something unfamiliar. But to the greater number of readers, the subjects Mr. Lang enumerates are quite unfamiliar. They do not know how people talk at London dinner-parties, any more than they do how people talk in the forecastle of a pirate schooner. They are not in the habit of hearing their neighbors analyzing each his friend's character; and when these things are done in the novel, it amuses them extremely. Even the new religion in three volumes, which seems so intolerable to Mr. Lang, is an intense source of interest to thousands who, though they may be steeped

to the lips in the old-fashioned forms of theological discussion, are quite unused to see religion apparently reappearing in the garb of modern humanitarianism. In truth, men want in their novels to escape from themselves, their own life, and their own indigenous ideas, into a new world. Men of letters who, through seeing life for themselves, or by an infinity of reading about life, have exhausted the actual world and its topics, like to escape into fairyland. For the ordinary reader, however, the world is still for the most part an unknown country, and so far more interesting than even fairyland. He asks, therefore, for exactly the novel which Mr. Lang most abhors. In a word, one man's irritant is another man's anodyne. the man of letters likes to get his brain on to new ground when he is resting; so does the country doctor or solicitor; but the ground which is new to one is deadly stale to the other. The difference between the two is natural enough, and suggests the reason why the critics often praise a novel which no one will read, and damn one which sells a dozen editions. A man praises a novel according as he finds it readable or not; but the critics and the greater public have a perfectly different standard of interest, and accordingly their verdicts often differ totally over works

Such seems to us the fallacy of Mr. Lang's paper. He thinks what is a change to him is a change to the rest of the world, and he fails to admit that there is something in novel-writing beyond story-telling, -and a something which places the great novels on a level with the very highest works of literature. For this latter mistake he may, however, well be pardoned, for he has evidently in his mind the latest products of the naturalistic school. It is hardly to be wondered at if a man fresh from "L'Immortel" should cry,-" Let us have an end of all this analysis of filth, brutality, and realism, and confine the novelist's art to the mere telling of a tale which may while away an hour of mental lassitude, and give without loathing the mental recreation we de-Thank heaven, however, the mand." choice is not necessarily between naturalism and tales of adventure! Romance helps to allay those sorrows and miseries we must have, for life would indeed be poor without it; but we may have, too, the graver, deeper work of the novelist, which sets before us the larger life, and of dreams. - Spectator.

which cannot always be met by merely taking the hand of some bold adventurer and wandering with him into the land

TWO REPUBLICS.

BY KARL BLIND.

had occasion, by a longer sojourn in France and Switzerland, to study political matters on the spot. At Paris especially I was able to compare notes with friends of various nationalities-French, English, American, and German. The subjects uppermost in men's minds were the Boulanger scare and the question of Peace or War. On the latter I will quote at once the remarks made to me by a German diplomatist. He said :-

War is out of the question. The French are not able, single-handed, to risk it. Their army is not sufficiently organized, and the peo-ple in general do not desire it. The unfore-seen, it is true, plays a great part in French politics. As to the German Government, it certainly does not wish for war, though it is not afraid of it. The measures recently taken in Alsace-Lorraine are only temporary ones. They are not meant to continue for a very long time; in fact, the labor entailed thereby upon the German Embassy is too great for that. Strange as it may seem, however, such measures positively make for the maintenance of peace. Frenchmen, when startled by such a decree, say to themselves, with that some-what childish tremor which often overtakes them, that "a trap is being laid for them." Then they exclaim:—"No; we won't fall into that trap!" And so the result is, that they become virtually all the more peaceful, al-beit some of them may storm and rave.

Though diplomatic language is not always to be understood literally, I hold that this was not said in Talleyrand's vein. Neither the German nation, nor the official circles which reflect the ideas of Prince Bismarck, wish for war. The "Iron Chancellor" unquestionably likes to appear before Europe as the "weaponed man," who, at a moment's notice, could make his country's hosts and those of its allies swoop down upon any would-be disturber of the peace. He also prefers remaining the dictator of the home politics of Germany by always holding the spectre of a possible warlike contingency before the eyes of

WITHIN the last few months I have the public. Truth to say, every Frenchman I have spoken to declared himself eager for the maintenance of peace. On the other hand, it may well be doubted whether many of them might not be suddenly thrown off their balance, if they could hope to have Russia on their side. So far Prince Bismarck may be right; but it is allowable to question the wisdom of his occasionally provoking tactics-as in the recent affair of the passport regulations. There is good reason to believe that these regulations have not even the approval, at heart, of those at Paris and Strassburg who are to carry out the vexatious decree.

As a race and as individuals, the French are not only a most amiable and most pleasant people to deal with, but also a very sensible one-sensible (sage) even to such a degree that their carefulness and caution often verges upon the Philistine. If this were not so, their frequent revolutions, during which the noblest maxims are proclaimed, would not have left so many crying abuses in the country's administration unremedied. Nor would all kinds of progressive innovations, which elsewhere make their way easily, be so difficult of adoption in France, where routine has a wonderful vitality; men otherwise revolutionary being strangely fond of the old bureaucratic ruts. Hence the population in France, at large, is also curiously shy of visiting foreign lands and enlarging the scope of its knowledge. Yet, while there is such extremely slow-going circumspection in many things, there arises, now and then, an instantaneous excitement and a hurly-burly action among leading groups in the capital, to which the masses for a time yield absolute obedience, in spite of previously declared contrary views. Of these characteristics the neighbors of France have unfortunately to take note.

Some of the Paris journals, I was sorry to find, fan the flame of national hatred in the most deplorable manner. Rochefort, who did good service for the undermining of the power of Napoleon III., and who even detected in Gambetta the would-be Cæsarian dictator, but who most unaccountably has become an advocate of Boulanger, is among the worst in beating the wardrum for revenge in his paper, L'Intransigeant. We may conclude, then, what Boulanger's policy would be in a given case. Another paper, called Paris, hankers after the alliance with Czardom. It detects "extraordinary affinities between the French race and the Slav race, whereby their profound and mutual sympathy is easily explained." The same journal launches out most bitterly against the Hungarians. It sees in the Czechs of Bohemia the leaders of a coming powerful Slav movement, which will disestablish at one and the same time the Magyars and the German-Austrians. All this might be amusing for those who know the real state of affairs, were it not that such articles have their melancholy side; for they are apt to mislead an excitable people, whose more educated classes even are outrageously ignorant in foreign affairs, and who may thus easily be driven into a rash venture.

Yet, if one thing is certain in French politics, it is this: that "the Republic"—to change slightly a saying of M. Thiers—"must be peaceful, or it will cease to be."

It was with a strange feeling that I saw at Paris the statues of two of our best French friends: of Ledru-Rollin, the main founder of the Republic of 1848, the "Father of Universal Suffrage," whose memorial stands on the former Place Voltaire-not far from where, a hundred years ago, the Bastille still frowned; and of Louis Blanc, whose monument is near the Luxembourg, where, in 1848, he addressed the working men of the capital. In 1849, as a member of a German embassy, during the storm and stress of a revolutionary epoch, I had had my own fate interwoven with that of Ledru-Rollin. On June 13th of that year he nobly sought to come to the aid of the Roman Republic. Defeated, he lost his whole

career as a statesman. Being myself, in connection with these struggles, wrongfully imprisoned for months, under a gross violation of the law of nations, I was finally banished from France "forever."

The friendship which arose out of these events has ever been dear to me. One of the first courses I therefore made with my wife was to see Ledru-Rollin's well-executed statue. Our next course, in compliance with an invitation, was to Fontenay-aux-Roses, to the beautiful country house, formerly belonging to Scarron, of Ledru-Rollin's widow, whose highly cultured mind and amiable disposition had always been to us an attraction and a charm during long years of proscription. We were glad to find her as firm against the vile Boulanger craze as desirous of the maintenance of peace between the two most civilized nations of the Continent.

On that troublesome soldier's doings I had been uneasy long before he was publicly suspected. I still vividly remember how, between 1849 and 1851, the apprehensions as to a possible statestroke on the part of Louis Bonaparte were laughed away by the incredulous. Strange enough, I have had similar experience when, as early as January 1887, I entered into correspondence with a number of French friends at Paris, on what I believed already then to be an imminent danger. I avow I felt grave misgivings when observing that men of high intelligence, two of them known in the scientific and philosophical world, each of them having a hand in the political movement-all belonging to the Republican party in its various shades, from the most moderate section to the Socialist group-all, moreover, generally as acute in judgment as distinguished by frankness of character, -did not, any of them, realize at first the veritable state of things. One of these friends had been a victim of the December surprise of 1851, and undergone imprisonment and transportation to Africa, Another, much younger, had "trodden the hard stairs of exile" in consequence of the Commune rising of 1871. He now occupies a good position in the Administration. A third, the brother of a Minister, had voluntarily taken up his abode in England after the war. For years they have all been settled again at Paris. They are in excellent positions to judge of the course of affairs. Nevertheless, none of them seemed to perceive the rising danger. Almost all even wondered that any suspicion should be expressed by me about Boulanger. It looked like a general hypnotization. Only the friend who had been longest in England saw somewhat more clearly.

Months afterward, no doubt, they openly confessed their error. One of them, by letter, even went so far in his rueful expressions as to remind me that, at the outbreak of the war of 1870, I had predicted to him "the utter defeat of his country, the coming overthrow of Napoleon, and the elevation of M. Thiers as the first President." Any satisfaction I might have felt at seeing these French friends now coming round to a true perception was, however, wholly superseded by the grave reflection that, in spite of a double Bonapartean precedent, the fearful lessons of history had to be learned over and over again even by men otherwise so highly intelligent, while in the meantime the fate of freedom trembled in the balance.

General Boulanger, I apprehend, is not only an ambitious individuality, but a symptom of a more deep-seated evil. It will take some time before the French masses, particularly in the country districts, where education has been shamefully neglected by successive Governments, can be expected to be Republicans in the sense of the Swiss, or of the citizens of the United States. The old taint of worship of a "great captain," of a "providential man," of a Dictator, of a Cæsar, is by far not eradicated yet. The bad teaching to which so many Liberals and Democrats under the Bourbon Restoration, under Louis Philippe, partly even under the Second Republic, lent their aid in regard to the "Napoleonic legend," still brings forth its evil crop. There have not been many men of such sound views as the late Colonel

Ay, even in spite of the terrible events of 1870-71, this unwholesome tendency toward a "one man's power," which somewhat ingrained in the national char-

statesmen will do well to watch it closely, if they would uphold the Commonwealth. M. Floquet's sword-thrust -whatever one may think of the absurdity of duel practice—has probably done effective service for a while; but only for a while. For it is not true that "ridicule kills in France" -or, perhaps, anywhere else. Otherwise Louis Bonaparte, the pseudo-Napoleon, with his tame eagle (or, properly speaking, vulture), whom he allured back by a piece of meat in his hat at Boulogne, could not afterward have become President and Emperor, and reigned for twentytwo years.

France has narrowly escaped a statestroke under Marshal MacMahon. By a lucky chance, even before a French officer broke his sword, rather than commit a crime against the Constitution, Republican leaders at Paris had received timely warning from abroad. The writer of this paper himself had an early communication to the same effect from a trusty German source, and he immediately conveyed its contents to Louis Blanc. Again, the death of Gambetta-as those well know who most closely watched his career-delivered the French Republic from another peril of the mixed demagogic and Casarian kind. I have held this unfavorable view about the ex-Dictator of Tours since the early part of 1872. I afterward learned-for I have seen the document in question, shown to me by Louis Blanc at Brighton, in autumn 1872that even then a number of the members of the advanced Left of the French Assembly had bound themselves, by their signatures, to oppose Gambetta in a certain contingency. Years afterward, he allowed himself to be spoken of, by slavish adherents of hi, as le Président-Soleil, in allusion to the similar name given in the worst Byzantine or Oriental style to Louis XIV., who was called

the "Sun-King" (le Roi-Soleil).
Shortly after Gambetta's death, there was a conversation on board the ship which carried the members of the Cobden Club to the banquet at Greenwich on his character and his final aims. There was present Mr. Crawford, the dates back to Louis XIV., and which is late Paris correspondent of the Daily News. In answer to my question he acter, has not been laid to rest. Wise said before a number of English politicians :- "I have been intimately ac- he were a paid bell-ringer, but unable to of Government, he would at last have ent at such frightful disorder, watching attempted to make himself EMPEROR!" There was much surprise at this declaration of one formerly so well acquainted with Gambetta. I avow that I did not

share in the surprise.

MacMahon - Gambetta-Boulanger: three hair-breadth escapes of the Republic! The explanation of the hideous phenomenon is not far to seek. The fact is, that in a deeply rent country, in which there are still Royal and Imperial Pretenders, while Democracy is split up into often fiercely contending groups, the ambition even of a third-rate soldier who possesses both the recklessness of the adventurer and the theatrical pose of the military stager, is easily fired. Those who cannot understand that Boulanger should have such audacity, although he has never gained a victory, forget that, under present circumstances, not to have lost yet a battle confers a degree of distinction.

While at Paris, my French friends assured me that the army was no longer Boulangist; that not only the great majority of the officers, but also the mass of the privates with whom the arrogant General has sought so much to ingratiblandishments. German and American observers in France, on the other hand, turn toward any "coming man."

The scenes in the Chamber often

quainted with Gambetta; but I have no still the turmoil or to make his own doubt that, if he had risen to the head voice heard. We repeatedly were presit with deep mental distress from the Presidential box. Groups of members hung about the tribune, bawling, gesticulating, indulging in unseemly horselaughter, worrying the deputy who spoke from the tribune like a rat in a cage, and making of the House a perfect beargarden. In the meanwhile the members sitting in their places hammer away on their desks with their paper-knives, producing a deafening noise. I can imagine an ambitious soldier looking at this row with contemptuous satisfaction, and thinking of the day when he might march in a squad and disperse this riotous assembly which cannot maintain its own dignity.

> Was it not so at Paris in 1851? and again in Spain after the tumultuous scenes between the adherents of Castelar

and the Intransigents?

I have spoken to friends in France of the dangerous signs with the sadness naturally produced in one who entertains an old and deeply rooted sympathy with her present form of government. There are many men, I know, who, in presence of the incessant changes of government through which France has ate himself, are now proof against his gone for a hundred years, would fain despair of her Republican future. For my part I will not give up hope. Did told me that among the benighted peas- not England also require a century beants of not a few departments the por- fore she finally settled down in a Constitrait of the plumed warrior on the tutional form? And what giddy gyraprancing black charger is found in al- tions of the most contrary forms of most every hut. There the small shop- Government and Pretenders' claims keeper class, with its reactionary in- there were between the beginning of the stincts, also is said to show some sneak- struggle against Stuart tyranny (1640) ing kindness for the would-be Dictator, and the battle of Culloden (1746), when These classes do not reason out their the hosts of the Pretender came down likings; they are mostly too ignorant as far as Derby! What a corruption of for that. But they look with aversion the public spirit in the meantime, owing upon the endless changes of Ministries to the unsettled state of the country and the turbulence of the Chamber; Hope should, then, not be lost; but and being much under the influence of never · flagging vigilance should be the priesthood, they are easily made to preached and practised by the friends of freedom.

To any one coming from France to afford a sorrowful spectacle for the well- the small but free and prosperous Alpine wishers of the Republic. There is no Commonwealth the transition offers a respect for the Speaker, who sometimes curious contrast. In Switzerland, both stands for an hour or more before his cantonal and, in a far higher degree, chair, incessantly ringing his bell, as if national or federal affairs are conducted

with remarkable decorum. Scenes like those witnessed in the House of Commons at Paris are utterly impossible in the Swiss National-Rath and Stände-Rath-two legislative bodies corresponding to the House of Deputies and the Senate of the United States of America. Even when passions were recently somewhat roused by a debate on the expulsion of foreign Socialists, no more stormy demonstration occurred than a manifestation of applause at the conclusion of some speeches. As to violently interrupting a member, the thing is utterly unheard of.

The vast majority of the Swiss, it need scarcely be said, are of German origin and speech. This country once was an integral part of the German Empire. The popular movement which gave rise to Swiss freedom-that is, the movement of the so-called Eidgenossen, or "men bound together by an oath" for the maintenance of their liberties-originally extended from Aachen to Ulm and Zürich. To this day this Eidgenossen name is still preserved by the Swiss as the official designation, the country itself being called the Schweizerische Eidgenossenschaft.

Formerly a loose bundle of independent cantons, Switzerland went through a great transformation in 1847-48, after the armed overthrow of the ultramontane Separatist League. The Constitution then elaborated greatly increased the effective strength of the Federal bond in the sense of stricter unity. It reorganized the Legislative and the Executive powers, as well as the army esfensive power of Switzerland is a conever, there is fortunately no danger in siderable one; for with a population of the land of Tell.—Time.

scarcely 3,000,000, it can rapidly put 200,000 men in the field.

The progress made is all the more remarkable because the Mountain Republic has had to contend both against the still lingering centrifugal tendencies of former times, and against the multifariousness of languages. Two-thirds of the population, it is true, speak German. The remainder speak French, Italian, and Romansch-the latter three being daughter languages of Latin. In Parliament, every man may use his own native tongue. As a rule, German and French are only spoken. All Federal laws are officially published in German,

French, and Italian. Combined, the two legislative bodies of Switzerland-the one chosen by universal suffrage, the other by the cantons as such-elect an Executive, called the Bundes-Rath (Federal Council), of seven members. Out of these seven, one is appointed President; and it is he who acts as the head magistrate of the Confederation. It will thus be seen that, as regards the mode of electing a President of the Republic, France has taken a lesson from the Swiss Constitution, so as to avoid the recurrence of a Cæsarian movement among the benighted masses. Only, the President is chosen in France -perhaps wisely there-for a longer period, namely, for seven years. Switzerland, after the lapse of one year, he must make place for another (usually the member of the Federal Council who had hitherto been Vice-President), and only becomes re-eligible to the highest position after a twelvemonth. In this tablishment of the Confederation. It way it is sought to avoid the risk of a also led to great reforms in the institu- man becoming too powerful for the freetions of the several cantons. The de- dom of the country-of which, how-

TOUT-PARIS ABOUT 1700.

great many, only just less engaging than make it possible rudely to sketch a sufthe humors of old London; while they Such famous are far less familiar. guide-books-the Bædekers and Joannes of the past-as Brice's Déscription de Paris (seventh edition, 1714), Les Curi-

THE old ways of old Paris are, for a and Le Guide des Etrangers (1718), ficiently vivid scene-picture of the life of nigh upon two hundred years ago.

A few landmarks-" points," as the Surveys call them-are not here out of place. James II. died at St. Germain ositez de Paris, Le Voiageur fidèle (1718), in September 1701; William III. followed him in March 1702. Blenheim, or Hochstadt, was won in August 1704. The Dauphin of France was carried off by small-pox in 1711; his son, the Duke of Burgundy, expired in February 1712, his wife having preceded him by a few days; and their son, the six-yearold Duke of Bretagne, died shortly afterward, leaving the infant Duke of Anjou, afterward Louis XV., heir to the French throne. The Peace of Utrecht was ratified in April 1713, which was also the year of the Bull Unigenitus against the Jansenists. Queen Anne's well-attested death occurred in August 1714; Louis XIV.'s reign at last came to an end on the 1st of September in Great Britain's year of "the fifteen;" Law's French bubble floated from 1716 to 1720; and our own South Sea bubble was both blown and burst in the last-named year. The livre or franc of the time may, perhaps, be taken, before Law touched the coinage, at three francs of the present day-say half-a-

You travelled to Paris post, and if you were an old hand, you tipped the head postilion handsomely at the last auberge on the road. He was then in honor bound to give you a good character from your last place at the Paris hôtellerie of your choice. This inn would, for a foreigner, be naturally in the Faubourg St.-Germain, where, in times of peace, some twenty thousand other foreigners kept him in countenance, and where there were six or eight leading hôtels to choose from. All their old names have vanished—the Imperial, those of Hamburg and of the Town of Hamburg, of Spain, of Modena, of Orléans, of Nîmes, and of Anjou. Until you chose a private lodging, you had to be very circumspect with your company, especially with the still youthful "comtesses" and "marquises" who frequented such hostelries. if you were of inflammable stuff, you soon found yourself not alone dropping rings, but other jewelry, watches, and even grand snuff-boxes; for such like dames had a pretty little way of taking the practical view of Mr. Wemmick. The strange custom of scratching sentiments, not always of the purest, upon the window-panes, was then the rage at these public houses. The food there

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was not good, the cookery was poor, and there was little variety. They gave a soup, which would, of course, have been in those days a truly substantial dish with the meats it was made from; a joint of beef; an ill-concocted ragoût; a fricassée of veal or a dish of cutlets; vegetables, and a roast. Dessert consisted of cream, cheese, biscuits, and fruit in season. This went on thus from year's end to year's end. But you could be excellently treated by ordering in your meals from a cookshop or rôtisseur's-they were then at the height of their fame, and would yield only to the English in beef and mutton. This way of living was much more costly though, and your valet took toll on it. Much the best way of arranging was to make up a mess with three or four others, and then you hired a cook to yourselves. In French cookery it was then still the fashion to serve almost all meats plainly, with a sauce apart. Levant spices, as the condiments of the East were called, once so much in fashion, were then getting generally tabooed. How hard-worked they had been might be judged from Boileau's

Aimez-vous la Muscade? On en a mis partout.

The hôtel ordinaries were frequented by singers and musicians, who played, sang, and sent round the plate during the meal; there too came mendicant monks offering dishes of salad to provoke an alms; flower-girls, and orange, oyster, and fruit-sellers, also crowded the room, and plagued away appetite. The drink at meals was then, as now, wine mixed with water, or even water alone, from the Seine or from the Luxembourg Gardens; no beer. The Paris beer was too execrable, and the English bottled beer " very strong." The wine chiefly drunk was that loosely known as Orléans, and there were besides the impossible "wines"—Mrs. Francis's winds is a better name-made near Paris at Argenteuil, St.-Cloud, and Suresnes, about which last there still survives the old joke that it takes three strong men to drink one glass of it; that is to say, the chief drinker himself and two friends -bottle-holders, as it were-to prop him up on each side when his heart fails. A few glasses of burgundy or champagne-not necessarily sparklingcame toward the end of the meal, or at dessert. It was just the period of the memorable quarrel of the French "faculty" and of Tout-Paris over the merits of the wines of the two provinces; which, oddly enough, was followed by the contest between French and Portuguese wines in England, consequent on the Utrecht Treaty. Spanish and Canary were then considered in Paris too heavy for dinner use.

O for a bowl of fat Canary! Rich Aristippus! sparkling Sherry!

sang Sir Bounteous Progress a century earlier in Middleton's A Mad World, my Masters. The Seine water was hawked about the streets at a sou a pail, and almost invariably made visitors unwell. If you went out of Paristo Versailles, for example—you probably put up "au Juste," where you paid twenty sous a day for a bedroom, and went into the kitchen, according to the custom of the country, to choose your dinner uncooked. There you debated and agreed beforehand on a price for what you selected; it was then cooked for you without more ado, and so the mauvais quart d'heure got itself discounted. It is thus scarcely a wonder that, when restaurants and restaurateurs were at length once started in Paris, toward 1765, they "took" immediately, rapidly spread to other towns, founded great names, and made great fortunes.

" Caffés," billiard-tables, and tenniscourts abounded in the Faubourg St .-Germain. Billiard-rooms were haunted by French and foreigners alike, and tennis being the game of kings and princes -what a game was played with one poor king in one such Jeu de Paume! -it was naturally cultivated by courtiers of all sorts. As to the cafés proper, a cup of coffee after dinner had then become nearly universal, and smokers drank it with their tobacco. coffee-houses were in some streets to be counted by the dozen, for those were the days when they were frequented by princes and other great personages, and by the learned and accomplished côteries, whose only previous resource had been the cabarets, which they deserted en masse so soon as cafés came in. One might go into one of them

without ordering anything, and "ladies of the first quality' were in the habit of stopping their carriages at the more famous, to have a dish of coffee brought out to them on a silver saucer. Such rapid progress had the berry made since Pascal, the Armenian, and Procope, the Ice-man from Florence, first vulgarized Moka about 1662, and Mme. de Sévigné said she invented the "fantasy" of café-au-lait in 1680. The same or a later Procope was, about the time we write of, bringing out the still extant bavaroise, first made with tea, not chocolate, for the Bavarian princes who frequented his renowned house, which closed at length only last year, having played out its old-fashioned part when Gambetta failed it. True, it has since been swept with a new broom, and reopened. The widow Du Laurent kept the Caffé des Beaux Esprits in the Rue Dauphine, where met a society which was supposed to be ever starting some odd, novel, or witty subject for discussion. There one Grimaret, a professor of languages, who wrote Campaigns of the King of Sweden and Lettres Serieuses et Galantes, used to take the chair; and years afterward Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, and Rousseau resorted there; and thence issued the famous couplets which banished Jean-Jacques. A similar coffee-house was Poincelet's, nearer the Pont-Neuf, and in the Rue Rouillé was the Caffé Savant, where the literary bigwigs consorted, just as Boileau, Racine, La Fontaine, Chapelle, and Furetière were wont, before the days of coffee-houses, at the famous traiteur's on the Place St.-Jean. In others were to be found the predecessors of the journalists, the newsmen (nouvellistes), who discussed rumors and politics between the throes of bringing forth their gazettes. Then there was the general mob of idlers, who killed much of their time strolling from café to café, hoping to pick up some new thing-Neither cards nor dice were customary in the coffee-houses; chess only was in occasional vogue; and the Régence on the Palais-Royal Place, which was wholly devoted to chess, was, of course, not so named until after 1714. It was there that Rousseau would have us believe he used to go disguised (!) as an Armenian to evade his enemies and the

police. Smoking was not yet allowed in every café; for Paris had not got so far in this as the Dutch and the Germans, and indeed but few of your French "persons of condition" had got to care for tobacco. Nor were the gazettes to be as yet read there; they had to be bought from street-runners or read in a shop, with the Mercure Galant and the Journal des Savans and the rest. Besides coffee, there were to be had all sorts of liqueurs -a term which was then a very general one, almost as wide as liquids, but meant mainly all sorts of weak refreshing drinks, cold and hot, from tea to iced lemonade and orgeat, or strawberry, raspberry, and cherry waters.

The visiting hours were in the forenoon; for in the afternoon and evening people were engaged at the theatres, at Court, at the Tuileries, or-and for the most part—at play, gambling away time and substance. This was indeed the prime occupation of every idle man and woman, and some space must be given even to a scamped description of the forms the mania then took. In many houses of the first rank the play was almost " professional;" any one could go in and play without being introduced, and the owners made a pretty revenue. The envoy from Genoa and Prince Ragatzky had a permit from Court to keep such tables for games of chance, and so had all foreign Ministers and princes. After Louis XIV.'s death, in 1715, the Regent allowed all sorts of play, and the Hôtel de Trêmes was for some time kept open for public play from the early morning till night-close. There any one could go and tempt fortune. At first there were ten dicing-tables in the great hall, and to these were added two rooms for lansquenet and its variety, Pharaon (which travelled to England under the alias of pharo or faro), and two others for backgammon or toccadille, a word not to be found in the dictionaries, but manifestly of Spanish origin, and recalling our old rule of "touch-man-go." Another chamber held numerous ombre-The celebrated actor Poisson farmed the whole establishment, paying 1,000 livres a month (say 1,500/. a year now) to the Duke of Trêmes, then the Governor of Paris; a fact of no mean significance. Play, if one had money to

risk, was an introduction to the best society. At Court even, where the princes and princesses of the blood, with the leading courtiers, sat at a round table playing for pistole stakes, people of mean condition stood behind them as at some hell, throwing down their own louisd'or on the cards-for pistole and louis-d'or were just then alternative names for a ten-franc piece. Of a verity, the divinity that hedged kings was getting diabolical enough in France long before their French Revolution. The dominant, though not the sole, passion of crowds of ladies was gambling, morning, noon, and night-to the certain spotting of their general reputation. Ladies of this stamp were affronted if their cavaliers offered to frank them at the opera, the theatre, or on a country jaunt; but the best way to please the fair was to make up an impromptu cardparty, and bleed as freely as might be, surrendering one's own winnings or bearing their losings, as the case might be. Unless your spark played he was boycotted; cold feminine shoulders were very soon shrugged at him, and he had rapidly to "single his freedoms and double his distance," as the rough old phrase had it. Gamesters would swear aloud at the luck, and dames would tear up their cards and throw them over their shoulders.

It was all very well to play draughts, triquetrac, toccadille, or even picquet, which the Brinvilliers asked for in her prison; but no foreigner, at all events, could get on in Parisian society just then without knowing ombre. ombre was a good game, which was not all chance, and allowed great room for skill too. It might be called the whist of those days, and was played much more strictly and scientifically in France than in its original home, Spain, where its true name, of course, was hombre. Lansquenet, Pharaon, bassette (a similar game, brought to Paris in 1678 by a Venetian ambassador), brelan-one of the oldest French games, by the old dictionaries Englished gleek—the dupe, otherwise the game of Florentini; hoque, not now perhaps identifiable, and many others, were the card games of mere chance. A favorite excuse for all this gaming was that it indirectly supported a lot of the poorer classes. As Regnard slyly put it in Le Joueur:

Le jeu fait vivre à l'aise Nombre d'honnêtes gens, fiacres, porteurs de chaise.

But it is abundantly evident that the ground was thus well prepared for any reckless lengths of speculative gambling, long before any Laws or South Sea

Companies turned up.

The festivities of those days were often marvellous. The Duke of Berry gave a ball at Versailles to 3,000 masks, which lasted three months right on end. Music; refreshments, the word was young; sweetmeats, all the vogue; and the profusion of servants were all surprising. Each night's fête lasted till dawn, and each was said to have cost 30,000 livres, which we need not im-plicitly believe. The Tuileries gardens were the fashionable promenade until dusk; no lacqueys or "canaille" being admitted, and there rendezvous and assignations were arranged, or even trips to that suburban scene of endless adventures, the Mill of Javelle, which gave rise to the long popular comedy so called. The dames of those days recked little of accepting the escort of their swains to a midnight masquerade, where all sorts of disguises-even men as women, and women as men-were perfectly allowable, and no one went home till morning. An important, but annoying, element of French society at that time was the swarms of abbes, as all the black or violet-coated gentry, with the little rabat or collar under the chin, were indistinctively called. They could be divided roughly into at least three categories. First came those who, lay or cleric, actually enjoyed abbeys, priories, or other benefices. Next were the almoners, tutors, or chaplains of the episcopate and the noblesse. were the most numerous class, for the great families always ran a son on the Church line of rails to see what luck might send him. Thus, in a duke's family the eldest son would be M. le Comte, and the rest M. le Marquis, M. l'Abbé, M. le Chevalier, and so on. So long as they had not been tonsured, these "abbés," who generally wore violet, and sometimes brown, could change their profession, and bifurcate in life, so to speak; but once the razor

had passed over their crowns, and celibacy was vowed, they were all but irredeemable. A third class of "abbés' were the young adventurers of good family who were not of the Church, and never meant to be, but calmly donned black and the little collarette as a cheap and facile means of dressing respectably and assuming a social status which dubbed them incontinently Monsieur l'Abbé in full. Saucier and more arrogant than a queen's page, more scornful, more cavalier, more fire-eating than a colonel of a dragoons, these youngsters flaunted about in fine carriages, and passed their time at theatres, the opera, in boudoirs, at the gaming-table, and in the coffee-houses. This too was a period of petits-maîtres, those quidnuncs of the past, those witlings whose profession it was to know everything. Direct precursors of the modern boulevardier pur sang, they led if they did not invent the fashions, spent as much time at the toilet as a reigning toast, wore their own hair when they could, mounted patches and ribbons, minced their steps, studied every gesture, spoke affectedly, vapored superciliously, and made themselves generally provoking in a superlative degree. First in all the promenades, masquerades, balls, festivities, and what-not, they went to the play, not to see, but to show themselves; incessantly occupied with indispensable trifles, they never did anything, though to hear them, they, as the Tapers and Tadpoles of their age, settled all the affairs of Court, and even determined war and peace. A sub-variety of these supplied the most insufferable human idiot then known to European manthe young, well-born, and unlicked cub who had never been out of Paris.

A man in a fine laced coat, well dressed enough to be taken for a military officer, could pass into any kind of assembly without asking or being asked; no Swiss or King's Guard would take it upon him to turn him back. The chief terror to those clothed in fine raiment was the mud in the streets, and it was especially fatal to the fashionable scarlet cloth which has since descended to our "thin red lines." Crowds of loafers made a good livelihood as décrotteurs by cleaning off the spatters and splashes. The town watch, or mounted guard of

200 men, patrolled the streets after nightfall, and they were pretty safe until 10 or 11 o'clock, when the cafés, the rôtisseurs, and the cabarets shut, and all coaches and chairs went home. When out after dark it was well to be accompanied by friends, and to have all your valets walking in front with torches; but about 1720 the Duke of Richmond was attacked in his carriage crossing the Pont-Neuf at midnight, and run through the body. Even in the daytime cutpurses were active; and one went in peril of his life in a crowd, for nothing was commoner than for some bully to fix an instant quarrel on a stranger for some inoffensive touch in the press of passing. There was no saluting in the streets, chiefly, no doubt, because all the difficulties of getting along were quite sufficient occupation for every one; and, in fact, the best thing to do to save your shoes, stockings, clothes, and wig-to say nothing of your money or your life-was to ride in a coach. For this too the Faubourg St.-Germain was most convenient; for there had congregated all the best livery-stables. There were then already a certain number of carriages plying for hire in the streets from 7 A.M. until 10 P.M.; but, if you called out the vulgar "fiacre!" this questionable shape of a questionable saint's name ruffled the "cocher," or coachman; so he expected to be hailed. You paid him 25 sous for the first hour, and 20 sous an hour afterward; and if you kept him for some hours he claimed a pourboire of 10 sous. These fiacres ran up to a great sum in the course of a month. But you could also then, as now and always, hire a remise-carriage from a livery-stable at 300 to 400 francs a month—a price to which they were run up by those world-without-endeverlasting English, who "immediately after the Peace" (of Utrecht), as usual, descended upon Paris in a swarm, and drove up the prices of everything. remise came at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and you could keep it till midnight-save the two baiting hours at noon-and go where you liked. The horses were galloped all the time, bearing out the saying that Paris was paradise for women, purgatory for men, and the other place for horses. The best thing in the end, if time warranted it,

was to start your own equipage, as it was then called -- a carriage, horses, lacqueys, and the rest of it. A coupé carriage, or a berline, quite new and spick, and warranted for a year, stood you in 800 to 900 francs. The coupé, as the word implies, was a coach cut in half, as it were, and seated two, with an escabeau"-a strapontin, as it is now called-for an occasional third; an expedient which doubtless gave rise to our old phrase of "sitting bodkin." The berline seated four. Both these vehicles were used by people of all ages; but your "carrosse à deux fonds" was the family coach of the day, in which no youngster who respected himself was ever seen. You put your arms on the doors as a matter of course; but it was not good form for any one under an ambassador to gild his coach. A couple of average horses cost about as much as the coupé, and harness and so forth came to 130 francs more; so that your whole outlay was about 220%, of our present money. A coachman's wages were 25 sous a day, he "finding" himself. Stabling and so on could be hired where you lodged, for some 40 crowns a month; and on leaving Paris you sold your plant at a loss of some 400 francs at the outside. If you hired a carriage, it cost you over 100 crowns a month, as above, which, if you stayed six months, was more than the expense of your own "turn-out," as we used about that time to call it. Then you were to have at least two lacqueys, and vour liveries were to be quiet, but just touched up with a little gold or silver

If the tourist went down to Versailles he, unless he took his own carriage, hired a place in the four-seated and four-horsed coaches which had the monopoly of the road. For this he paid three livres, and his valet went for nothing in the rumble. Once there he could, if suitably dressed, pass through the Guards, who were "very gentle beasts," and by no means kept the doors as Umslopogaas held the Stairway. Not alone could he go to and fro and in and out of most rooms of the Palace, but even pass into the King's Chamber, just like any duke and peer, be present near his bedside at 9 A.M. at his grand lever, his rising—

whence, of course, our levée-and see, as a guide-book has it, "comme il [Louis XIV., to wit] a mis sa chemise" at his previous petit lever. A notable fact, in all truth. And if one were a little late, and the door were shut, he knocked not, but scratched discreetly on it, till some usher or porter opened unto him. You could also see him, if you were in luck and in time, dining alone at a small table in his own room, though the crush was often so great that the will had to go for the deed. But at supper, happily, there was little difficulty, and then you got the rest of the Royal family thrown in, as it were, all seated at one table. Or you might catch a glance of him, Louis, wheeled about the park in what we, later, knew as a Bath-chair; the Parisian "vinaigrette," which Furetière said the eccentric Abbé Malotru invented. Or you might observe the monarch, on the eve of the great Church feasts, "touching, not alone for the evil, but for other maladies. The chief physician put his hand on the patient's head, and the King made a sign of the cross on the cheek, saying, "The King touches thee, God cure thee." But after came the grand almoner with the better part, giving a piece of money to each of the subordinate actors in this show—the ruck of supers, in fact-who were strongly suspected of being mainly composed of gangs of mumpers, for the same faces were seen over and over again.

At Court you carried no cane, and wore neither overcoat nor cloak; and you never saluted, even when—O joy!
—majesty or royalty glared hard at you; but stood bolt upright, and took it "at

attention." Madly exciting as all this must have been to good people all of every sort, there were perhaps not a few then, as now, who would have taken more pains to get a word with M. le Comte d'Artagnan, lieutenant-general commanding the company of the Mousquetaires Gris. It is curious to note, too, that M. le Comte de Montsoreau was grand-provost of the household. The gray musketeers were so called from their gray horses, and the Mousquetaires Noirs had their name for a similar reason. Each of these companies mustered, all told, some hundred and sixty men, with seven officers, the senior of whom was a captain-lieutenant—the origin, doubtless, of the double ranks in our own household troops. There were also the four companies of the Bodyguards, whose successors made such a sorry figure there at Versailles on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789; the hundred "granite" Swiss, with their captain-colonel, all-except the absent captain-colonel-grandly massacred to the last man on the 10th of August, 1792, when a patriot onlooker, then known as Citizen Napoleon Buonaparte, said they'd have beat if they only had a commander. Nor would the tourist overlook Lauzun's fivescore gentlemenin-ordinary, who went by the reputable old title of "Becs de Corbin de la Vieille Bande," because of their ravenbeak halberds; nor the four lieutenants and fifty mollifiable guards of the doors, under their capitaine de la porte, who had succeeded centuries before to one of the duties of that ancient of vanished days, Li Roys des Ribaus. - Saturday Review.

THE ORIGINAL MUNCHAUSEN.

BY & BARING-GOULD.

In 1785 appeared "Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his Marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia." This book was published in London, and was written by one R. E. Raspe, born in 1737, who had been professor and librarian and custodian of the medals, coins, and engraved gems at Cassel.

His antecedents were not good. He had bolted from Cassel with the coins and gems, and had sold them in London. Not daring to return to his native land he remained in England, picking up a precarious living from literature. Ten years after his arrival he produced the book which will rank with

Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver, as one of the three books of imaginary travels

secure of immortality.

Raspe was no original genius like Defoe and Swift; he borrowed from Lucian's "Veritable History," a satirical work written to ridicule the fables told by classic poets and historians; from household German folk-tales; and from the "Deliciæ Academicæ" of Lange, published at Heilbronn in 1665.

The sources from which Raspe drew might be pointed out, but this is not our intention. Raspe took his material from any accessible quarter, and the merit of the book, such as it is, consists in its arrangement. That it was intended as a sneer at poor Bruce, the African traveller to the sources of the Nile, helped to

give it popularity.

Our object in this paper is to point out the original from whom Raspe took

The Münchhausens are a family of importance and widely spread. Tradition says that it was near extinction, the only representative being a monk, to whom accordingly the Pope gave a dispensation to marry, and that thenceforth the name was changed from Hausen to Münchhausen. But this is quite unfounded. The original seat of the family was in Thuringia; in the thir-teenth century it separated into two branches, the so-called white and black branches, from the tinctures of their arms. It owned large estates in Thuringia and in Hanover, in the latter as many as thirteen manors. Gerlach Adolf, Baron Münchhausen, who died in 1770, was prime minister in Hanover from 1765 to his death; he was married to a daughter of the great house of Schulenburg. His father had been master of the horse and chamberlain to the Great Elector in Prussia.

At the time that Raspe lived there was a Baron Carl Friedrich Jerome Münchhausen living on his estate at Bodenwerder, in Hanover, and as he had in his youth been in the Russian service as a cavalry officer, it has been supposed that Raspe thought of him

and took his name. But there is no evidence that this baron was more given to exaggeration than other old soldiers and huntsmen. Moreover, it is questionable whether Raspe ever met, or even heard of, this baron.

There was, however, another man who called himself by the title, and who obtained a widespread notoriety. He lived before Raspe's date, but his story was such that it was not speedily forgotten. He was well known as a typical boaster, and we cannot doubt that this man, whose extravagant pretensions and tragic fate made him to be long talked about, was the real original who furnished Raspe with the name and title of his hero.

The history of this man is sufficiently

curious to be given.

In the spring of the year 1702, there appeared in Halberstadt a handsome, well-dressed stranger, with distinguished manners, who called himself Baron Carl Friedrich Münchhausen. He came there, he said, to claim some estates that belonged to his family, but which had been leased, and the leases were about to expire. He gave out that he belonged to that branch of the family which was settled in Courland, near Golding. His father, Lieutenant-Colonel Münchhausen, was dead, and the supervision of the family property had devolved on himself. He had travelled much, and had met with surprising adventures.

Through his lawyer he made the acquaintance of a middle-aged spinster named Anne Margaret Heintz, daughter and heiress of a councillor lately deceased. As she was well dowered her hand was sought by several impecunious gentlemen, but when the Baron appeared as a suitor, he was preferred, and a few weeks of acquaintance led to

marriage.

Both parties were content: the lady, because her husband had given her a title; the gentleman, because he was at the time embarrassed for money, and his bride was ready to let him sell one or two of her houses in Halberstadt to provide the funds he needed.

The Baron treated her with kindness and courtesy, and dazzled her vain mind with the pictures he drew of the wealth that would eventually come to him, and of the distinguished acquaintances that

Another son, a brother of Gerlach, was Baron Philip Adolphus Münchhausen, Hanoverian prime minister in London 1641; d. 1663. Horace Walpole mentions him.

he had made, and friends that he had retained. He had property, he informed her, at Bremen, in Hamburg, at Verden, in the duchy of Mecklenburg, and in Jeverland, as well as the leased estates near Halberstadt, and his patrimony in Courland. Besides all this, he was engaged in a lawsuit with the Count of Schauenburg for the sum of nearly £4,000.

The Baron and Baroness lived as though they were already in receipt of the revenues of estates which were all, curiously enough, in dispute, and could only be recovered by actions at law; and to pay for this extravagance, more of the Baroness's property had to be sold.

In order to expedite legal proceedings the Baron now proposed to visit the north of Germany with his wife; she saw no objection, and they went together to Hamburg, where the Baron assumed the blue ribbon of the Garter, which had been conferred on him by Queen Anne, for his distinguished services in delicate diplomatic transactions with the Imperial and other courts. At the same time he donned a diamond cross of some unspecified order of knighthood which had been conferred on him by the Emperor.

Having engaged a lawyer at Hamburg the Baron went with his wife to Verden, and then to Bremen, where he also engaged advocates to enforce his claims. The lawyer at Verden was so impressed by the manners and prospects of his client, that he entreated him to take his son, a boy of thirteen, with him as his page. The Baron graciously consented.

In May 1703, the travellers arrived at Jever, where the Drost, or high sheriff, was a Münchhausen. In the neighborhood was property belonging to the Courland Münchhausens, and on this the Baron attempted to raise mortgages. The tenants received him with respect, not doubting for an instant that the stately noble with ribbon and star was their lord; the notaries doubted quite as little. Only the money-lenders desired delay and inspection of the title-deeds.

As in duty bound, directly on their arrival, the Baron and Baroness called on their relatives the Drost Münchhau-

sen and his wife, and claimed a kinship, which could be proved by pedigree, and which established a certain cousinship. It does not seem that the sheriff doubted that his visitor was what he pretended, and received him accordingly. Entertainments were given, and the Baron and Baroness were introduced to the best society of the neighborhood. The cousinship, it was true, was distant, for the Courland Munchhausens were a branch somewhat remote, but a stout, well-endowed branch, not to be disregarded. The Baron talked a great deal about his travels. He had been to the Holy Land, had been in Greece, in Dalmatia, had met with extraordinary adventures among savages, had explored Egypt to Nubia-it was hard to say where he had not been. He was asked if he had learned among the savage tribes of Africa any lessons in the Black Art. He frankly admitted that he had, and offered to perform some experiments, but the company were frightened, and declined. One day the Baron informed Madame von Münchhausen that his first wife had been a daughter of Major-General von Werder, and that his wife had died in childbirth. he told a romantic story of a second engagement to a young lady in Ratisbon. His rival had been Count Trauttmansdorf, and they had fought a duel for the hand of the lady, in which he had shot the count dead. Thereupon he, the Baron, had been arrested and had been sentenced to death. The scaffold had been raised, he was led forth to execution, when suddenly fire broke out in the town, creating such a diversion, that he leaped from the scaffold and escaped. The young lady died of excitement, and left him a handsome income.

Madame von Münchhausen was puzzled, as it happened that she knew the von Werders, and next day when the Baron called, she told him that his story perplexed her, as Major-General von Werder had but one daughter, who was married to a gentleman named Haseler, in Saxony. The Baron turned crimson, stuttered, and finally admitted that his story had been rodomontade, that he had never been married before he took his present wife.

One would have supposed that this would have opened the eyes of the

neighborhood to the character of the man, and provoked inquiries. But it did not. People laughed and said he was a boaster, and that perhaps his travels were as fictitious as his matrimonial adventures, but it did not occur to them that he was not the Baron Münchhausen he gave himself out to be.

Another thing was suspicious. As it chanced, there lived in Jever a furrier named Ohr, who was a Courlander, and actually a native of Golding, where was the seat of the branch of the Münchhausens of which the Baron was head. Moreover, Ohr had often worked in the house of the late Baron at Golding. It was, however, five-and-twenty years since he had left the place. The Baron visited this man, talked to him, and asked him to write out a certificate that he was the Baron Münchhausen he gave himself out to be. Ohr at once addressed him in the Courland Sclavonic tongue, and found that his visitor could not understand him. Ohr declined to write the testimonial. He knew that the late Baron Münchhausen of Golding had several children, but he could not be sure that his visitor was one, or if he was one, that he was the Carl Friedrich he asserted himself to be. Ohr naturally talked about this extraordinary proceeding of the Baron, and some mistrust was aroused, yet not sufficient to provoke inquiries.

The Baron had now a secretary, a Monsieur Folte, who corresponded with his agents. His claim upon the Count of Schauenburg was taken before the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, and the answer was addressed to him as Imperial Marshal the Baron Münchhausen. He showed this answer everywhere, and when asked if he were also a marshal in the imperial service, he replied that he had acted in that capacity, not exactly fieldmarshal, but marshal of the imperial household, and he added that the imperial General von Starenberg was his This announcement near relative. gained him more regard than before. His wife, who looked up to him with adoring devotion, was wild with delight at hearing this new item concerning her husband's past history.

In June 1703 the Baroness wrote home to Halberstadt to tell her acquaintance there how happy she was, how

well received she and her husband had been, what good progress his business was making. She told how he wore his blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, given him by her Majesty, the Queen of England, and his star or cross which he had received from his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, and so on.

On June 3, 1703, Monsieur Folte dined with the Baron and his lady in their apartments. After dinner, at which the Baron was silent, he said, "Folte, I am out of spirits; let us make an evening of it, and get roaringly drunk!"

Folte declined the invitation; he had work to do at home, letters to answer, and at 10 P.M. he retired to his lodgings. As he left, he saw that a maid was busy cleaning and arranging a reception-room in which carpenters had been engaged that day. The Baroness had desired that the cleaning might be postponed till the morrow but the Baron insisted on its being finished that night. The girl continued her work till midnight, and then, tired out, lay down in the kitchen to sleep.

Suddenly, about one o'clock in the morning, cries were heard in the street of "Murder! Thieves! Help! Help! I am robbed! My wife is murdered! The maid was roused, so also was the serving boy; and the Baron appeared in his dressing-gown, profoundly agitated. Folte was sent for, windows opened, and citizens waked by the cries asked what was the matter. Monsieur Folte appeared half-dressed, with a drawn sword. Some of the neighbors hastily clothed themselves and entered the house. They found the Baron wringing his hands in despair by the bedside of his wife, who had been shot through The Baroness was still the head. breathing, but was unconscious and unable to speak, and died in a few minutes. The bullet was found under her head embedded in the pillow. There was no sign of a struggle. The coverlet was smooth; the poor woman lay in the bed as one who had fallen quietly asleep. She had evidently been shot while asleep. The back-door of the house was open, and near it was the Baron's box, in which he kept his valuables, broken open, and robbed of its contents.

The story told by the Baron was as follows: He had gone to bed about eleven, and had immediately fallen asleep. All at once he had woke, hearing a noise in the room that adjoined. He had called out to ask who was there, whereupon five or six men had rushed in at the door. He sprang from his bed, whereupon one of them had fired. He pursued them as they retreated, and they fled out of the house by the backdoor. Thereupon he returned to the bed, saw that his wife had been shot, and roused the servants and the street. Under one of the windows was a barrow, the window had been opened from outside, and the Baron had discovered dirt on the sill, as if a man's foot had rested on it.

The magistrates and police acted with promptitude. The gates of the town were closed and the place surrounded with soldiers. Every part of the premises where the murder had been committed was closely examined; every tavern and suspicious house in the town was searched. Not a trace of the burglars could be found. On the 6th the town magistrate communicated with the Duke of Anhalt-Zerbst the sovereign, that grave suspicion rested on the Baron of having murdered his wife. No one had seen the supposed burglars except himself. In the room was found a gun which had been recently discharged, and which belonged to the Baron; the latter when questioned varied in his statements. The arrest of the Baron on the charge of murder was ordered, and he was required to give a full account of himself. He said he was the son of John von Münchhausen at Golding, in Courland; that his mother's maiden name was Von Tork, that he was forty years old, had travelled in Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany; that he had been in the Swedish army and had been created baron by the King of Sweden for his distinguished services. Then he had served in the Gyldenstern regiment in Holstein-that was the broad outline of his story.

His papers were now examined, and among them were found letters addressed to "Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, lord of Neundorf and Hausminden." Was he a Baron Scharrenschild and not a Münchhau-

sen? That was the question now agitated.

The examining magistrate asked the Baron about his Order of the Garter and the cross he had received from the Emperor. He admitted that he had not been given the Order of the Garter by the Queen of England, and that his star or cross had not been received from the King of Sweden. After a little pressing he allowed that he got it from a lady whose father had been a knight of either a Swedish or an imperial order, he was not certain which.

He was further questioned relative to the letter addressed to him as Imperial Marshal from the authorities at Saxe-Coburg. He allowed that he never had been a marshal, and that the letter was written by his near relative, the Baroness Sternburg, as a hoax for his wife. On being further pressed, he reluctantly admitted that he was himself, in reality, the Baron Sternburg, and that he had assumed the name of Münchhausen. As for his travels, he had never been in Palestine or Greece or Egypt, or been among the savages of the Mountains of the Moon, near the sources of the Nile.

For a long time the magistrates of Jever were in doubt as to who the man really was. Of his guilt they had little doubt. He was embarrassed for money, and he had made his wife draw out a will constituting him her sole heir in the event of her death.

While the Jever magistrates were still in perplexity, on August 17, there appeared before them a woman named Katherine Herckels, who claimed to be the legitimate wife of the prisoner. She was the widow of a Captain Robbig, in Brunswick, who had been left money by her father a goldsmith, and by her husband. Baron Münchhausen had courted her, and flattered by having a nobleman for a suitor, she had married him in 1699. In 1701 she became mother of a son by him, and he took advantage of her confinement not only to make away with most of her capital, but also to disappear himself.

It further transpired that this poor woman was not his legitimate wife, for the Baron, under the name of Scharrenschild, had been already married to another. But of this the Court only knew by rumor. It now resolved to apply to

the magistrates of Golding. But already the Baron had made an attempt to forestall them, and poison the springs of information. He wrote a letter to his "Heart's dearest mother," Madame Münchhausen, at Golding, to request her to send him her formal attestation that he was her son; that he had been created a baron by the king of Sweden; that his name was Carl Friedrich Münchhausen; and that his brother-in-law was Fabian of Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild. He informed her that he had accidentally shot a lady, and that it was necessary, to secure his discharge, that she should send the desired attestations.

The answer came, but quite other from what he desired, and with it came information from the magistrates of Golding. The Baron had some years ago appeared at Golding under the name of Fabian Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, and had boasted of his estates in the neighborhood of Ratisbon. He said he had already been married to a Hungarian Countess Altesse, who was dead, leaving him a little daughter, whom he brought with him. Struck by his manner, and relying on his assurances, the Münchhausens had allowed him to enter their house, propose to and marry one of the daughters. After the marriage the Baron sponged on his mother-in-law, got into debt, and finally deserted his wife. His letters to this deserted wife, full of unctuous piety and affection were producedwritten by him at the very time he was marrying other women for their little properties. He had written to his stepmother, to endeavor to wring out of her a false attestation that he was her son and not her stepson.

In February 1704, the Baron was put to the torture to extract a confession, but though he confessed, he would not admit that the murder was premeditated. He had quarrelled with his wife about a pet dog, which slept on the mat at the door, and disturbed him when

asleep. He had intended to shoot the dog and had accidentally killed his wife. On examination this explanation was proved to be false. His wife had not had such a dog. Then he confessed that he had shot her in a fit of drunkenness; but the servants gave evidence that the Baron was not drunk on the night in question.

Sentence was pronounced against him that he should be broken on the wheel, but the Prince of Anhalt-Zerbst commuted the sentence to execution with the sword. Then he made another attempt to save himself. He wrote to the Duke of Anhalt that he had discovered a gold mine on his estates, that was rich in promise, and that he would reveal its position if his life were accorded him. The Duke, however, had no trust in his promises, and ordered that the law should take its course. On Saturday, August 30, 1704, the wretched impostor was executed, under the name of Fabian von Sternburg, Baron Scharrenschild, but it was never discovered who he really was, whence he came, and what were his antecedents before he appeared at Golding under that name and title. The daughter he had brought with him was left to the care of his wife, who was a Münchhausen.

Such is the curious and tragic story of Baron Münchhausen, a story that was talked about throughout Germany, and was not readily forgotten. Any impostor who appeared in a place without credentials, who gave himself out to be a baron, and talked of his wonderful travels, the duels he had fought, his adventures among savages, was said to be another Baron Münchhausen; and we cannot but think that this is what induced Raspe to adopt the name. It will be observed that both the impostor Baron and the real Baron, who was Raspe's contemporary, were Carl Friedrich. In Raspe's tale the Christian name is not, however, given. - Gentleman's Magazine.

SKETCHES OF INDIAN LIFE.

I. THE WOMEN.

ONE cannot live long in India, or at least in the Bengal Presidency, without being struck by the fact that one never sees any native women above the rank of the laboring class. It emphasizes in a curious way the difference between Eastern and Western customs. You see handsome carriages driving in the parks, and you instinctively expect to see ladies in them; but the occupants are invariably men-almost invariably fat men-sleek rotundity being looked on favorably as a visible sign of wealth and dignity. You are invited to a magnificent fête at the house of a native gentleman, where you are received by your host and his sons and his uncles and his male kinsmen of all degrees; but there is absolutely no sign of the existence of any women. Nor must you commit so grave a breach of decorum as to allude to a man's wife or daughters. He ignores them, and expects you to have the courtesy to do the same.

In course of time the custom loses its strangeness, and you practically forget that among the upper classes in India men are not the only sex. Many Englishwomen on first going to India think as I did, that this shall not be so with them, and that they will bridge over the gulf between themselves and the women of the country. In their kindly enthusiasm they blame their own countrywomen for not having done so in times past. But they will not have been many months in the country before the impalpable network of custom will have drawn its meshes round them. The abstract wish will still remain, but their enthusiasm will have toned down into a tacit recognition of the manifold difficulties surrounding any attempt to alter the existing state of things-difficulties of no superficial or transient character, but having their root in deep-lying principles which color the whole life and mode of thought of oriental nations.

Some few native ladies, it is true, would willingly receive a visit from an English lady, though they could never return it on account of the absence of

all sufficient arrangements for securing privacy in an English house. It would not be possible for a highborn lady to come among people who have so little sense of common decency as not even to set aside any part of their house for the exclusive use of women. She might expose herself to the untold horror and degradation of being seen by some man; and it is difficult to convey to an English mind all that such a catastrophe would be to her. The acquaintance would have therefore to be cultivated entirely on one side; and the love of the lopsided does not flourish in many natures, nor is it of robust or enduring growth. A further and very practical barrier-though in this case only indirectly of oriental origin-exists in the fact that an Englishwoman can rarely speak Hindustani except within narrow limitations. Very few men, even, who every day of their life are speaking Hindustani, can talk fluently or well on any subject outside their profession. A man's business is either to preach or to doctor, or to superintend railway coolies, or to drill soldiers. A woman's business, as a rule, is to give orders to her servants and discuss household matters. Each learns the vocabulary-often a curiously limited one-necessary for his or her requirements, but as to any general conversation on abstract subjects few indeed would be equal to it. Not only would they need a widely extended vocabulary, but if they were speaking to any one of rank or position they would have to address him in the third person singular instead of the second person plural, to which alone they had hitherto been accustomed. Not to do so would be as great a solecism in good manners as in French it would be to tu-toyer a French dignitary on your first introduction to him.

Even between native and English gentlemen social intercourse in the western acceptation of the words hardly exists. It is almost entirely confined to official visits of a ceremonious nature. When a native gives a dinner to his English friends he does not sit at table with them; they dine by themselves, and only see their host later when they

sit together while watching a nautch or some fireworks. General conversation or discussion is therefore never heard; nor is there any literature save for advanced scholars who have mastered the Persian character, and who read for the purposes of study. All these circumstances make it far more difficult to acquire a good knowledge of Hindustani than it is to learn any European language.

I had not been long in India when a native lady who owned large estates sent to beg my husband to pay her a visit, as she was anxious that he should take charge of her property, which was much embarrassed, and wished to discuss the matter with him. We dismounted from our elephants in the courtyard of her house, and were conducted by a magnificent major-domo and a crowd of smaller satellites to a carpeted veranda where chairs were placed ready for us-The steward then approached, holding in the palms of his joined hands some gold coins, which we touched instead of royally taking, as was the generous custom in less prudish days. But no lady was to be seen, and I was amazed and even startled to hear my husband, still looking straight before him, begin speaking as if he saw some one.

It gave me quite a shock, but as he showed no other sign of sudden insanity, I looked around for some explanation, and then discovered that our chairs were placed near a kind of screen called a chik, made of thin strips of bamboo, which completely prevents any one from outside seeing in, although a person within the room can see out; and behind this sheltering mantle of invisibility sat the lady and her women. The conversation was long, and almost wholly unintelligible to me, but I gathered that my husband, having reason to be displeased with the lady's conduct, declined to accept her hospitality in any way, which, judging from certain eloquent sounds that issued from behind the screen, drew from her tears and lamentation.

The only time I ever penetrated into the zenána apartments of any native house was once in Lucknow, when the ex-king of Oudh's brother begged me to go and see his wives. The Nawabs of Oudh are, however, anything but typical

specimens of Hindustani gentlemen. They are terribly lax in their opinions, and are very properly looked upon shyly in consequence by their stricter co-religionists. They will even sit at table and break bread with the infidels, stipulating only that no flesh of the unclean animal shall under any guise be offered to them.

The Nawab took me himself into the zenána, and there left me with the chief Begum and several other women, whether attendants or younger wives I could not tell. They were much interested in my garments, the cut of which no doubt seemed to them as ridiculous then as it will seem to me myself twenty years later. They themselves were clothed in all the variety of color and of draped folds permitted in Eastern dress, the fashion alone of which is as unchangeable as are the fashions of Nature, who, though she abhorreth uniformity, yet departeth not from her an-

cient patterns. The women touched me and stroked me with childish curiosity, asking endless naïve questions about everything. The conversation was conducted but lamely on my part, owing to my deficient knowledge of the language, which often compelled me to say rather what I was able to say than what I should have wished to say. Knowing how often from this cause I have had to forego my most telling arguments, and change or entirely suppress some apropos remark I should have wished to make, I have been struck with astonishment when reading books of travel to see how well, and even eloquently, the writers have been able to express themselves in conversation with the natives of divers strange and foreign countries in which the, had only passed a few months. So painfully, indeed, have I at times suffered from this paralyzing inability to express my thoughts that I have often felt personal sympathy with a dog, whose eyes seemed to show his intense desire to express his feelings and his grief at being dumb. "Poor fellow!" I have said; "yes, I know it is hard. I have felt it."

After we had been talking some time the Begum said,

"Ah, you English ladies are very happy. Your husband has but one wife." I fear, that I supposed immemorial cusbut one of many wives.

With a pathetic gesture she said sadly, "But custom cannot alter our hearts! and they are like yours-they can love and they can suffer. Could you be happy if you saw your husband give his love to another wife?"

I own it surprised me that she should feel it in this way, and should at heart rebel against the universal lot of Mahomedan women. We are apt to forget the truth of the dictum that "there's a deal of human nature in us all," and that it makes the whole world kin. We think too often that those who do not complain do not suffer or wish for any change. It seems so natural for a cockatoo to have a chain on his foot, and sit all his life on a brass stand that we forget how his instinct must stir within him and make him long to spread his wings and swoop through space with a merry chattering flock of other cockatoos, and take a mate and rear a brood of noisy youngsters. Oh, no! he is quite happy, and wants none of these things. Has he not plenty of sugar? and is not his mistress devoted to him? Happy Poll! Why should we talk of rebellious nature and thwarted instincts? Thy lot is a common one; does that not content thee?

EDUCATION.

Some years ago I was at a station in Oudh when the Inspector-General of Schools came on his annual tour of inspection, and his wife invited me to accompany them to the Zenána School. She always went with her husband on such occasions, as owing to the way the examination has to be conducted he would otherwise be liable to be grievously imposed upon.

The school was situated in the heart of the native town, and the drive through the bazaar and crowded streets was full of interest. Till you are in the East you cannot realize the necessity of a 'forerunner" to clear the way for a great man. There is no pavement or side-path for foot people to walk on, and they scatter all over the road, which palm trees, and plantains, and

I replied, with more thought at the thronging it thickly, so that it would be moment of politeness than of sincerity, impossible to move quickly unless the way were cleared. Your syces theretom would reconcile a woman to being fore, or a mounted Sepoy orderly, speed ahead in front of your carriage shouting without ceasing-"O wayfarer! O merchant! escape from the road! O seller of cloth, escape! Make the road clear, O people! The great Sahib is coming! Make his way clear !' -- thus clearing a passage through the crowd, which closes again the moment you have passed.

Children are often lifted bodily out of the way, while absent-minded persons who have their thoughts in the clouds and their heads in a blanket are apt to find themselves of a sudden sitting by the roadside and wondering how they came there.

The moving panorama of the native streets is full of color and variety: you see men of all types—the gaunt ascetic, with scanty loin-cloth, and head fantastically crowned with snaky coils of sunburnt faded hair; the well-to-do merchant in stately white robes and resplendent head-covering, sauntering along under the shade of an umbrella, while his laden coolies stagger under the weight of goodly bales, and are clothed with their own glistening black skins as with a garment. You see monkeys and goats, and buffaloes with their shapeless carcases looking like distended black bags, with boot-betraying knobs sticking out here and there; and now and then an elephant striding solemnly through the crowd, and a string of contemptuous-eyed camels laden with forage; and bullock carts, moving slowly along on their clumsy wheels-one of which is always nearly off, and goes wobbling round with a great groaning noise; and little bamboo carts with a bright scarlet awning and tasselled fringe, drawn by one miserable little pony decked with red and yellow trappings, holding four sleek natives, all packed on a space about a yard square.

The carriage stopped at a dilapidated arched gateway in a high blank wall, which after some slight delay was opened cautiously just wide enough for us to pass through on foot. We had to wind through narrow mysterious passages shut in by white walls on either side, over

oranges nodded their sunny heads. Then through a garden of cypress and orange trees, till we came in sight of an old native building having a courtyard in front of it. Here in the courtyard, under the shadow of an ancient tamarind, were chairs placed, for the foot of man might penetrate no farther. So the inspector and the native schoolmaster sat meekly down, with an implied apology for being men visible in their manner, while an old toothless woman came and silently drew aside a heavy curtain to admit the inspector's wife and myself to the inner precincts.

We entered a large and lofty room where the light was subdued by a thick quilted curtain hung across the graceful Moorish archways opening on to the court. Here were assembled about forty women and girls and babies, all well dressed, and in rainbow hues, with great gold rings in their noses and all round their ears, and with jingling strings of silver coins and bells round

ankles and arms and necks.

As we entered they all rose from the ground with a rustle like a flock of pigeons, and greeted us silently with the beautiful and dignified Eastern salaam, which we duly returned with Western stiffness and awkwardness, though with the best of intentions, after which we took our seats in silence on the only two chairs in the room. Then with a soft tinkling rustle all subsided once more on to the floor, some of the girls sitting at our feet as devoutly as though we were Gamaliels, where they stared at us reverently and unflinchingly for an hour. The schoolmistress was a handsome woman, and handsomely dressed, having white stockings on her feet, though of course no shoes. She seemed to be about thirty, and had a daughter there, a girl of fifteen or sixteen, who in her own person epitomized (as we presently discovered) the knowledge of the whole school.

As soon as the rustle had subsided the inspector began the examination, which was conducted at the top of his voice from the courtyard beyond the curtain. The effect was droll in the extreme. The first class was summoned, and consisted of ten women, some old, gray, and toothless, the only quite young one being the mistress's daugh-

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ter. The inspector then told them all to take a copy of a certain book and open it in such and such a place. This involved much delay, most of them muttering audibly that they could not read in that place. However, at last all had found it, and the inspector called on 'Fatima Begum' to begin reading. Fatima was a very old creature, with great gold spectacles on the tip of her nose, and with her head and face swathed up in her chudder. She mumbled out a few lines, going evidently by the sound without a thought of the sense, and corrected often by the inspectoras often, probably, as he could catch what she said. Still she might be said to read-in a fashion.

Then "Hosaini Begum" was told to read, but Hosaini pleaded that she could not read, and stoutly maintained it in spite of the mistress's enraged looks. Had we not been present there would have been no difficulty, the mistress or her daughter would have read in Hosaini's stead, and it would have been impossible for the inspector to detect the

imposition.

Some others were called, but besides the girl there were only Fatima and one other who could pretend to read at all, and I do not think they understood what they read. Then they were all told to take their slates and write, but the girl alone could write at all. Two others could form a single letter, but were not quite sure what letter it was, and a third copied it very fairly over their shoulders; but we detected her, and putting her apart she had to confess that " writing did not come to her." After this summing was ordered, but no one but the girl even attempted those mysteries. And then the examination was over, for none but the first class were even supposed to be able to do anything.

How the inspector can keep up any heart is more than I can understand. He says it was exactly the same last year. The mistress says it is because no pupil stays more than six weeks, or at longest a few months; she then gets tired, and says that "learning will not come to her;" or she gets married; or if married, as most of them are at twelve years old, family cares keep her at home—and so, for one reason or another,

they will not stay. All this makes a schoolmistress's work a veritable toil of

Sisyphus.

The real clew to the difficulty lies, I think, in the native character, in the utter absence of any desire or longing for a higher or fuller life, in the utter absence of any activity of mind. I was expatiating to one of our servants on the blessings of active occupation. "It would kill one of us," I said, "to sit idle all day, with nothing to do but to chew pân."

"No, that is what we like. If a man amasses 300 rupees, look you, he takes a servant, and then he can sit all

day and chew pan."

"But a monkey could do that equally well," I urged. "How is your life better, then, than the monkeys?"

"Oh, God knows! They eat differ-

ent things to what we do.'

You cannot rouse these people out of their apathetic content, and content may be as fatal an evil as opium-eating, so thoroughly does it drug the mind. Ignorance is a comparatively easy enemy to conquer, but content is well-nigh invincible. It made the Laodiceans of old believe themselves to be rich and in need of nothing, not knowing that they were wretched and miserable, and poor and blind and naked.

Content with things as they are is a hopeless bar toward any attempt to make things what they might be, and the first step necessary toward rousing the natives of India from their mental apathy must be to excite in them a feeling of discontent with their present condition. It would be a huge lever to set in motion, and would be somewhat like setting fire to a train of gunpowder without knowing exactly where the mine was situated. One of the first results of its successful action might quite possibly be to blow us out of India.

Education is doubtless a powerful agent, though I fancy we can little foresee how the giant will use his strength when he is full-grown and has cast away

leading-strings.

Education among men is even now spreading in India rapidly, but at present not in a direction favorable, as it was confidently hoped it would be, to the Christian religion. Most of the young native gentlemen who have re-

ceived a good education either in England or India are now Freethinkers of a very advanced type, equally abhorrent to their parents and to our missionaries.

Freethinking and a tendency to drive high-wheeled dogcarts seem in India to have some occult connection. If you see a native gentleman driving a dashing tandem you may safely put down his religious convictions as being neither of the Fish, Flesh, Fowl, nor Good Red Herring persuasion, and you will rarely be wrong. If on the other hand you see him scrumped up on a little bamboo tray on two wheels, and drawn by a pair of bullocks, you may be sure he is a good Hindu or a faithful Mussalmán, with a mind as yet untroubled by the twin brethren Education and Discontent.

III.

INDIAN SERVANTS.

From the days of Zimri, the king's servant, even unto the present day, servants have always been important factors in the sum of human happiness. There are few persons who are not practically aware of this, though they seldom go further and feel that they owe any gratitude to the servants on whom so much of their comfort and pleasure depends.

Most Anglo-Indians, if asked whether they had found their native servants to be more of a comfort or a vexation or a source of amusement, would be puzzled as to which to answer, and their answers would be mainly dependent on their individual temperament. Some people have the happy property of attracting to themselves good servants, as oyster-shells attract lime; others pos-sess a kind of centrifugal force, which in course of time peoples their surrounding neighborhood with quondam servants as if with meteorites; while few have the power of deriving amusement from incidents in which the element of absurdity is nicely counterpoised by the more perceptible element of annoyance.

Indian servants are in many respects like children in their helplessness, their naïveté, their timidity, their readiness to be pleased, their foolishness, their proneness to falsehood, their strong personal attachment. Even in their total lack of any sense of humor they

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resemble children. No Englishman could hear English spoken in the comically barbarous way in which Hindustani is commonly spoken by the British soldier without betraying amusement. But the Indian face remains darkly impassive. Not the faintest twitch be-

tokens any lurking laughter.

Their love, too, of giving and receiving high-sounding titles is childish in its prodigality. Humble-minded as they are, and with deep-rooted respect for all differences of rank, it arises from no vulgar wish to appear other than what they are, and in its exaggerated indulgence savors even of sarcasm. A tailor and a cook both enjoy the privilege of being addressed by the exalted title of "Kalipha" or Emperor. The watercarrier is always "Iemadar," or Captain, and the bearer is "Sirdar," signifying chief among men, while, as a crowning irony, the sweeper, who ranks but little higher than the dogs he looks after, is invariably called "Mehter," or Prince.

The necessity of keeping a great number of servants, often wondered at by dwellers at home, is caused chiefly by the waste of time involved by caste prejudices. Instead of having one dinnerhour for all, and one man to cook for all there are few who are not obliged to cook for themselves. The table-servants cannot eat with the grooms, nor they with the coachman, nor he with the sweeper. So each man has twice a day to light his own little fire, draw water from the well, and cook his own bowl of rice—a proceeding which wastes no small amount of time. One servant we had was of the caste of oil-sellers, and he told us there was not one of our twenty-four other servants with whom he could eat bread, i.e., if the other cooked the food, and only one who could eat with him if he cooked. We asked him if this distinction had not its drawbacks? He merely replied that it was custom-what could he do?

He himself was the humble recipient of four thin rupees a month, shared doubtless by a wife and many dusky youngsters, and yet he would cheerfully have submitted to be whipped to death rather than eat anything that had been placed on our table. It is strange how uncomplainingly men wear the iron fet-

ters forged by the great goddess Custom. They may ridicule her with their lips, but they obey her in their lives, in curious contrast to the many zealots who worship with their lips a God whose precepts they persistently ignore.

The table-servants are men of infinite resources. Nothing daunts them. If you do not like the way a vegetable marrow is cooked your man will say, "Your Majesty has but to give the order and to-morrow it shall be made into French beans!" If they tell you there is beefsteak for dinner, you ask quite as a matter of course, "What it is made of," when the answer will frequently be "Of mutton, as no beef was to be procured." The want of beef was a misfortune, but it could not be allowed to affect the menu.

We were sometimes entertained at dinner by native gentlemen, on which occasions the table was spread with our own linen, plate, and china, and we were waited on by our own servants, who also had cooked the dinner. The host provided the materials, no doubt consulting our men as to what would be required, who gave a list which must, I fear, have conveyed an appalling idea of our carnivorous powers. We were told that for one of these entertainments our host had killed a sheep, a goose, a duck, and six fowls for our behoof, besides sending a lavish amount of tinned salmon, oysters, and vegetables.

The dinner being a ceremonious one, although only my husband and myself sat down to it, the traditional number of courses was religiously adhered to, quite regardless of the distressful consequences to ourselves. When the game couse was placed with much ceremony on the table we were struck by something unusual in the look of the partridges, seeing which our head servant told us in a solemn whisper that they were chickens "but dressed as par-

tridges."

The exigencies of a state dinner necessitated a game course—there was no precedent to the contrary—and no game being procurable these innocents had been offered up as victims on the altar of the great goddess Custom.

The lengths to which her worship leads some of her more witless votaries was amusingly illustrated on one occahead man had gone on a few days' holiday-probably to bury his grandmother, a relative whose habit it seems to be to die a thousand deaths, so often was attendance at her funeral obsequies advanced as the reason for asking leaveand we were left to the tender mercies of an underling whose intelligence was equal to that of most owls. At dinner the first night we inquired what there was for the second course. "A crow," he replied, with bland alacrity, but, seeing our horror-struck faces, added hastily, "At least, not a crow, but a long-tailed bird your honor shot." We then discovered that he had proposed serving up a large hornbill for the game course. Frank Buckland would have delighted in that man.

While he was in our service I had a large packet of fresh lavender sent out to me from home, together with a famous recipe for making pot-pourri. I diligently collected rose-leaves gathered at dewy dawn and sent to Lucknow for orris root and all the necessary spices, which had then to be pounded up with half a pound of salt. All being ready I gave my precious spices to him of hornbill fame-alack the day !- and told him to do the pounding. He asked what salt he was to use-Lahore salt or black salt or hill salt. I did not think it could matter which, as the recipe said Bay salt, and that was not to be had. The ill-starred wight suggested black salt. So be it, I replied.

When he brought back the mixture I stirred it in with my home-suggestive lavender and fragrant rose-leaves, and, joyfully anticipant, covered up the jar. When evening came I planned a pleasing surprise for my husband, and, suddenly uncovering the jar, held it triumphantly to his nose. His face was strongly expressive—but not of joy. I had seen that expression on the face of a boy who was blowing a swan's egg that had failed to hatch. Then it had seemed appropriate and descriptive. Now it seemed out of all harmony with lavender and spices, till a passing whiff from the jar reached me and I recognized the truthful eloquence of my husband's face. If the roses had been changed to rotten eggs and the spices to sulphur, no more exquisitely abom-

sion when we were out in camp. Our inable stench could have been the re-

The khidmatgar on being questioned showed no surprise. He recognized the perfume of the black salt at once, and volunteered the information that nothing could do away with it; "this salt's fragrance is such that an ounce of it would scent fifty pounds of anything." I could have slain him and buried him in the pot-pourri.

The servants are, on the whole, honest, according to their lights. Their lights, it is true, allow them some latitude—in the direction of calico for tailors—in other professional directions for others. But in this matter who shall first throw a stone? India is not the only country where dishonesty, clad decently in liberally interpreted perquisites, is allowed to walk abroad unchallenged and assume the virtuous mien of fair-faced honesty.

Actual theft is very rare; and when it is borne in mind how easy of entrance the house is on all sides, how difficult it would be to fix a theft on any one of the numerous servants, and how many unconsidered trifles of great value to these people lie scattered in every room, this says much for the natural honesty of the servants.

I remember once missing a favorite brooch, the loss of which annoyed me much. Pay day was drawing near and we announced that no pay whatsoever would be forthcoming until the brooch was found. So potent was this threat that it had only worked a few hours when the scales fell from the eyes of all, and I was called to come and see my brooch lying in a most conspicuous spot which had several times been swept. No one winked, as far as I know.

That same brooch disappeared once again, this time the day before the departure of an ayah I had dismissed. Nothing was said to show that we suspected her till she was on the point of starting, when a search was made among her things. No brooch was found, which made us look rather blank, and her air of injured innocence swelled to tragic proportions. Just then one of the servants observed that she carried in her hand some chupatties, about which she seemed curiously solicitous. These

he took from her amid tears and protests, and, concealed in the clammy folds of a conniving chupattie, we found my missing brooch. The servants' delight was boundless; they flocked round us with beaming faces, saying they had not eaten bread all day by reason of the suspicion which rested on the household. In that they are like children; any grief or anxiety makes them refuse to eat.

It is difficult to introduce any new thing among a people so conservative as the Hindustanis. We had a wheelbarrow made, thinking to save labor, but it was not an encouraging success. We never allow sufficiently for the ingenuity of the natives. An Englishman, after loading his barrow, would never have thought of putting it on his head, but they thought of it at once. An Englishman would not have thought of getting another man to help wheel the barrow, one taking one handle and one the other. But the idea struck them immediately. It did not answer well, resulting in frantic wobblings and a convulsive overthrow. Still the idea was theirs; we never should have hit on it.

Their best points are brought out in times of emergency or specially hard work, when their willingness and forgetfulness of self are very striking. When there is any hard marching to be done in the camp season the servants are often on the march for many nights together, starting off with tents and baggage just as their masters are turning into bed. But you never hear a word of complaint. Your khidmatgar will perhaps tell you at breakfast with a smile that having been a pitch-dark night the carts had followed what they supposed to be the track until they found themselves on the bank of a river with no discoverable ford; how that they had to light a candle and explore the bank till they found a bridge, and thus they had only arrived at the camping ground two hours before your honors. All

this in a cheerful tone of somewhat amused narration that would lead no one to suppose that he had himself been one of the explorers by candlelight.

Or your cowman will tell you that in the gray dawn, while passing through the last jungle, a wolf came out and seized the youngest calf, nearly making off with it before he could come to the rescue.

They have undoubtedly many fine and amiable qualities, combined with a gentleness and quiet dignity of manner curiously lacking very often in their English masters. Many Englishmen, more especially men in the army, invariably speak to their native servants in a bullying brutal manner, and on the smallest provocation abuse them with all the violence of an ill-governed temper. They think that to hold a low opinion of "niggers," as they comprehensively term all colored races, and to treat them like dogs, is a mark of their own superiority. They little guess how contrary an effect is produced in the minds of those who are more susceptible to the broad principles of good breeding.

There were many of our servants I felt genuine regret at leaving. When the day came for us to bid farewell to India there was a crowd gathered at the railway station to see us off, and it took some time to make our way through them and wish them all good-by. At length we had worked our way to our carriage, and I was thinking with some relief that this rather trying scene was over, when suddenly one of our servants burst through the crowd and to my consternation threw himself at my feet with tears and sobs.

The guard considerately blew his whistle at this juncture, and in another moment we steamed slowly out of the station on our way back to Western civilization and all its doubtful advantages.

—Cornhill Magazine.

ORTHODOX.

BY DOROTHEA GERARD, JOINT AUTHOR OF "REATA," "THE WATERS OF HER-CULES," ETC.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VII.

Toward evening Ortenegg, according to his daily habit, rode over to the convent, and I accompanied him at his request. He was bent on showing me Salome in the new setting, in which she shone, as he assured me, with such enhanced brightness. The road we had to follow was a rough country-road, usually deserted, but enlivened to-day by solitary figures and small groups, trudging patiently along through the dust. The odd thing was that they were all Jews, and that their faces were all turned the same way that ours were, that is, toward the convent. From bypaths and side-lanes they came, singly and by twos and threes. They could be seen from afar off wending their way across the stubble-fields, and all falling into the same track. As we distanced them one by one, a humble greeting was murmured and a glance of hound-like submissiveness was cast up toward us, as the dusty wayfarer flattened himself into the hedge in order to leave free our passage.

The nearer we got to our destination the more numerous, as well as the more dusty, did the wayfarers become. As we turned the last corner of the steep road which wound up to the conventgate, we came upon a whole group of them. In the middle of the group stood a cart full of straw, whose starvedlooking horses were browsing on the grass by the wayside. There must have been about twenty or thirty Jews as-sembled round this cart, and they had evidently come from far, for not only were their kaftans white with dust, but many of them were sitting exhausted on the ground. Others leaned on their sticks and fanned themselves with their colored handkerchiefs. Some stood with lowered heads, their gloomy eyes fixed on the ground before them, while some again were gently rocking their bodies to and fro and murmuring some prayer in

a monotonous undertone. They were all waiting for something. As we emerged round the corner of the road it immediately became obvious that it was for us they had been waiting. The monotonous prayer died away, and the group fell back on both sides to let us pass. Glancing from side to side I seemed to see some familiar faces. Was not that Benjamin Silberstein, the Goratyn grocer? Surely those women were the same two old Jewesses whom I had seen in the Marmorstein lodging-Rebecca Kazles and Esther Enteres? Did that marvellously hooked nose not belong to Moritz Wurzel, likewise of Goratyn? Was it the dust between this and Goratyn that had stained them so white, and were they come on a pilgrimage or as a deputation?

Ortenegg threw a glance of helpless inquiry toward me, but a shrug was all the answer I could give. In the first instant I had thought that the cart which stood there was laden with nothing but straw, but as we got alongside of it the straw rustled and a white head appeared. An old Jew was lying at full length in the cart-it was Berisch Marmorstein. He dragged himself into a sitting posture and looked piteously at Ortenegg. Ortenegg flushed scarlet. There was not a word said while we dismounted. I took charge of the horses, and leading them round to the yard saw them as properly stabled as circumstances would allow. It was fully ten minutes before I could return to the convent-gate. The greater number of the Jews were still assembled here, but Berisch was no longer in the cart. It was to the convent-garden that I was led, which lay in the quadrangle formed by the four wings of the building. An open passage supported by stone columns ran round all four sides of the square. It formed a sort of Way of the Cross, apparently, for representations of Christ's passion were painted on the whitewash of the wall. There were no trees in this enclosed garden, but the building gave as much shade as was required-more in fact than was required. for the hollyhocks and asters and snapdragons that filled the square in choking profusion seemed to want color a little. A grizzly old watchdog nodded drowsily at me from out of a wooden kennel; some pigeons strutted in the sunshine on the roof.

At one side of the quadrangle there was a group assembled, or rather two groups, which stood a little apart, eyeing each other curiously and mistrustfully—a group of nuns and a group of Jews. Between the two groups stood Ortenegg. A thin elderly nun, with an austere and yet not a disagreeable expression, had come forward some steps upon the gravel. In the background, under the shadow of the covered passage, stood a knot of younger nuns, huddled together somewhat like a troop of startled birds, casting glances of alarm at the strangers and fingering the rosaries at their belts as though they believed themselves in the presence of the evil one himself. Some wooden benches pushed into a sort of half-circle, and littered with pieces of needlework evidently hastily dropped, stood alongside. An altar-cloth, obviously under repair, had slipped to the ground; a strip of lace hung from a table; beside

it a book lay open upon its face. A little to one side of the garden-path there grew a clump of yellow holly-hocks, and beside it stood Salome, shrinking so close up against it that the flowers almost touched her hair. She was dressed very precisely and carefully in a plain black dress. Her clasped hands hung down before her; the linen cloth she had been hemming was still held between them, and her thimble glittered upon her finger. As far as her lowered head would let me judge, her face was very pale. The Jews who had penetrated in here were about half a dozen in number. Rebecca Kazles and Esther Enteres were among them. Berisch Marmorstein headed the group, though he seemed scarcely able to stand. He was speaking as I approached. In the glimpse I had had of his face as it peered out of the straw I had gathered the vague impression that he was altered, but it was only now that I could

judge of this distinctly. In this old Jew, with the halting voice, with the trembling hand and the wild disordered white beard, it was scarcely possible to recognize that majestic sorcerer who had faced us with so stately a presence in his cavern of bones but a few weeks ago. He seemed in this short time to have lost his erectness, and with one hand he steadied himself upon the shoulder of his son David who stood beside him. It was as though the blow had broken him.

"See, I speak quietly, with slow words, with words well weighed," he was saying as I approached. "Indeed there was anger at first in my soul, there was great anger. It was because of this anger that I let seven days go past, for I wanted to be measured in my speech, to come before you humbly, quietly, and to speak such words as might find the road to your heart. And in truth it is but a little thing that I ask. Ask? No, it is not even that I ask for it, for do I not know myself in your power? I plead only, I entreat that you may listen to an old man's prayer—his very humble prayer."

"I cannot let her leave the convent," said Ortenegg, sullenly; "she is well cared for here,

And in her father's house has my daughter ever been otherwise than well cared for?" said Berisch, in that new tone of meekness which was so strange in him. "Have I not always been more a slave than a master to my children? Say, brethren, is it so?'

"The best, the most tender of fathers," cried Esther Enteres, flourishing the handkerchief with which she had been mopping her damp forehead. "Oh, that my eyes should have lived to see him robbed of his child !"

Ortenegg colored slightly and bit his

"I never would have robbed you of your child," he said, quickly, " if you had not refused her to me when first I spoke.

"Oh, say you so?" said Berisch, eagerly. "See here," and leaving go his hold upon his son's shoulder he made a step forward. "I deny not that you have much reason, much seeming reason, for your doubts. Yes, it is true, I would have kept her from you if I could. It is true that to hear my daughter abjure the faith of her fathers is to me bitterer than death. I deny it not. I would have crossed your plans if I could, it is true, but I could not. It was in vain that I struggled against you, and it is in submission that I bow to your will, for you are the conqueror." His head sank upon his breast, and he seemed to totter for a moment. David sprang to his side and supported him with his arm. The Jews in the background groaned in chorus. But Berisch recovered himself quickly. "My prayer is only this," he said, raising his head again; "let me lead back my child with me, and I will hold her for you in trust until she be your

"You can visit your daughter," said Ortenegg, who was beginning to look troubled. "You can assure yourself with your own eyes that she is happy. Mother Lucilla will give permission"—and he looked toward the elderly nun.

"Rather than that you should yield to his request, the permission shall be given," said Mother Lucilla; "but be warned, Count Ortenegg, and do not go further in your concessions. They are a nation of serpents."

"This is all I can do," said Ortenegg, turning again to Berisch; "are

you content? "If that be your will, I must content myself. But you, Sir Count?" and for one moment the vivid light came back to his black eyes, the blackness of which grief seemed to have dimmed; "how will you be content? Will it content you to hear the whispers that will pass? You are a noble gentleman and I the least of the people; but for this-just for this—can you be content when it is said of you, 'She was refused him; for all his riches and his high birth this lowborn girl was denied to him; in darkness and in night he was forced to steal her from her home, to carry her off in secrecy, as though it were a deed of shame.' Oh, Sir Count, better surely that what has to be done should be done openly and unscreened before the eyes of the world, in the light of day! Better surely that, humble though her father's house be, you should receive

your bride freely at its door as a voluntary gift, rather than that you should hold her as you now hold her, by virtue of a successful strategem."

of a successful stratagem." I had placed myself so that, unobserved, I could study Ortenegg's face. The great moderation of the old lew's words was evidently making its impression; but it was the last argument which had touched the most vulnerable point. I could see it in an instant by the twitch of Ortenegg's black brows. I remembered how he had said to me on the evening of Salome's flight from her father's house, "It is not my way of doing things—it is hateful—but there is no help for it." I thought of how, but the day before, he had expressed the wish for some sort of understanding being established with her relations; and I began to perceive the possibility of his yielding to Berisch's request. Together with this perception all sorts of strange thoughts came into my head. I glanced at Salome, wondering whether any of these thoughts were shared by her, but she was standing now with her face averted. She had pulled one of the vellow hollyhock flowers from the clump beside her and was slowly tearing it to pieces. She uttered no word during the discussion, and in her attitude I thought I read something of that senseless fear that had numbed her that day that Berisch had questioned her before us and she had denied her wish to become Christian.

"Do you mean," said Ortenegg, speaking with some excitement, "do you mean that you withdraw all your former objections—that you freely consent to your daughter's marriage with me?"

"I freely consent," said Berisch, without hesitation.

"And whence comes this rapid change in your sentiments?" asked Mother Lucilla, suspiciously.

"My sentiments, venerable lady, have remained what they were," replied Berisch, straightening himself a little. "It is the circumstances that have changed. When first this gentleman did me the honor to aspire to my daughter's hand, she was under my roof and my protection. She has since left both, and has thus proclaimed to the world that he is more to her than all family ties.

Her name is in all mouths-coupled with his. Bethink yourself: do you not see that I am helpless-that all I can hope to save is my daughter's fair fame? It is for this that I have conquered myself so far as to plead for the permission to conduct her back under my roof, and thus to silence the tongues of the slanderers, who else will ever talk lightly of her flight. Is my prayer granted, noble Count?"

" I must think over it. I cannot give you any answer to-day," said Ortenegg, hastily. "Come back again some other

day.'

The old man's hands wandered to his temples. "Some other day!" he repeated. "I am seventy-two years of age. The road is long and weary. With pain and with groans I have dragged myself from my sick bed to traverse it, only to be told at the end that I may come back another day. Come, my son; come, my brethren. There is no

mercy for us here."

"Wait a minute," said Ortenegg, as Berisch with a tottering movement half turned to go. "There is no need for us to part in bitterness. I have something else to say, and it is just as well that I have the opportunity of saying it to-day. Your friends can witness my words; " and Ortenegg then in plain terms stated his intention of settling a yearly sum on Salome's father, dating from the day of his marriage with her. The sum named was one which to a Hebrew bone-dealer meant a fortune, but Berisch showed no excitement.

"It is most gracious of the noble gentleman to provide for old Berisch," he said, in a meek voice. As he raised his eyes for an instant it struck me as strange that there should not be even a passing gleam of satisfaction in them;

they were vacant and haggard.

It is no more than my duty, seeing that you will be the father of my wife,

said Ortenegg.

"Ay, to be sure—the father of your wife."

"And," continued Ortenegg, "I further wish you to know that I intend to settle all the fortune I can freely dispose of upon your daughter. She will be well provided for. You need not be afraid to trust your child to me. Salome will be well watched over, well cared

for," he urged, almost deprecatingly. "Ay, ay, well taken care of, well pro-

vided for," agreed Berisch.

"She will not only command a very handsome fortune,' put in Mother Lucilla, "she will also bear a very high title. You should thank Heaven on your knees for the good fortune that has come to you."

"A very handsome fortune and a very high title," agreed Berisch, with his inscrutable face; "yes, it is so.

Mother Lucilla seemed inclined to dilate on this side of the question, but Ortenegg stopped her by a gesture.

"I wish you to say whether you consider my proposals fair, Berisch Mar-morstein."

"Very fair, noble Count."

"That is well, then. We are no longer antagonists, since you have given your consent to my wish. I am glad of this consent. You know that I was not dependent upon it, but I prefer marrying your daughter with your consent

rather than without it.

"Who will believe in this consent?" said Berisch, quickly raising his head. "Who will believe in it, if you keep her here?" Then, before Ortenegg had time to answer, "Ah, Sir Count!" he cried, and his former emotion rushed back upon him, "it would be but for a few days. Are a few days so long that you would grudge them to a father who is to be cut off from his child for the rest of the years he has to live on the earth?"

"A few days are long enough to instil many doubts into a young mind,

said Mother Lucilla, severely.

" May the God above us strike me to dust," cried Berisch, with sudden passion, "if any such thought be in my mind! Him I call to witness. To Him do I appeal. Before His face do I swear that the girl, child of my own though she be, shall be held by me as a loan from you only-not to be meddled or tampered with by any word of mine. If I speak not the truth, may I never know rest on my pillow nor peace in my grave; if I deal not honestly by you, may the curse of the Almighty pursue me, may my flesh rot from my bones and my dust be cast to the winds, and may my lot fall upon my sons and their descendants forever!"

one breath, almost in one voice, speaking on one identical impulse. Thus may their forefathers, eighteen centuries ago, have cried, "His blood be upon

us and upon our children l'

Ortenegg was shaken. The sudden fire of Berisch's speech had carried him from off the ground on which he had believed himself firmly entrenched. As he uttered his fearful imprecations, his withered hand striking his breast, his eyes transfixed in the far-off gaze of one who is looking on visions, the old Jew's words did indeed carry an irresistible conviction with them. Even Mother Lucilla stood silent. The nuns under the shadow of the cloistered passage had stopped fingering their rosaries by this time, and in the interest of the moment had instinctively drawn a little nearer. The sound of a dismal wail coming from the spot where we had left the waiting Jews outside floated toward us over the With my eyes fixed convent-walls. upon a withered aster at my feet I listened intently for Ortenegg's next words. I knew instinctively that he was looking toward me, that in the emotion and uncertainty of this crisis he was seeking to consult me by a glance. It was not so much a question that that glance would contain-for he was convinced, or all but convinced, by the Jew-rather it was a confirmation that he was asking for, the final seal to put upon his resolve. But not to save my life would I have relinquished my study of the withered aster. Consequences of an immeasurable height and depth might be hanging upon the mere question of whether our eyes did or did not meet at this moment, and I was determined to be no adviser.

And the next thing that happened was that, before any one could foresee the movement, the old Jew sank down upon his knees and clutched piteously

at Ortenegg's cloak.

"Do not deny me," he moaned. "Let me lead back my child to my house. Do not bring this shame upon my white hairs; do not bring this grief upon my people. Hark! Do you not hear the voices of the brethren that have toiled out with me, joining their lamentations with mine? Even now

"So be it!" echoed the tailor David. they are beseeching the Most High to "So be it!" re-echoed the Jews in soften your heart. Let me lead back ne breath, almost in one voice, speak-my child. See! I raise toward you those hands which have reared and fed her and worked for her, that fondled her when she was a babe and blessed her as a woman. See! my son, her brother, kneels beside me," for David by this time was likewise on his knees, though he had gone down far more circumspectly and with a much greater regard for his trousers than the old man had displayed.

At her father's movement Salome had started, clasping her hands for an instant over her face. She made a step forward, and her lips moved, but before she had spoken a word Berisch's

voice was heard again.

"See!" he cried; "my daughter herself would implore you. I read it in her eyes. Say, my child, will you re-

turn to your father's arms?

Salome looked wildly at her kneeling father, then at Ortenegg, then back again at her father, as though her eyes were moving against her will. She was struggling to speak, and yet could not. She made another effort, and then her lips trembled into an uncertain smile.

As Berisch fell on his knees Ortenegg had stepped back with a gesture of mingled consternation and distaste. A man on his knees is always more or less of a distressing spectacle; when the man is white-haired, and when it is before you that he kneels, no doubt the sight becomes little short of unbearable. His resistance had been at its last gasp already, and now as he saw the two old Tewesses getting out their handkerchiefs, and became aware that the groaning chorus were throwing critical glances at their knees and at the gravel path, his courage gave way. Taking Salome by the hand, he led, almost pushed her

'Take her with you," he said, hoarsely, "and remember what you have

"Would it not be wiser, Count Ortenegg, suggested Mother Lucilla, "if we had some piece of writing to take our stand upon in case of accidents? An agreement might be drawn up and signed-

'I never do things by halves," interrupted Ortenegg, impatiently. "If I did not believe that her father was speaking the truth, I should not let her go with him. That is enough; no

paper is necessary."

A shriek of joy had broken from the Jews, and Esther Enteres and Rebecca Kazles fell into each other's arms. So great was the reaction from depression to exhilaration that I thought it safer to withdraw a little behind the nearest clump of hollyhocks, for fear of coming in for some stray embrace. A messen-ger had already darted off to carry the news to the waiting assemblage outside, and in the next instant the joyful howl of many voices rose up and rent the air. Berisch had staggered to his feet and stood now with his hands stretched toward his daughter, while his fingers were closing and unclosing nervously, as though he could not await the moment when he should lay his arms around her.

"Go with him, Salome," said Ortenegg, gently. "In a very few days we shall meet again. In the mean time, farewell!" And then, in the face of us all, and somewhat to the confusion of the fluttering young nuns, he took her in his arms and kissed her on the

line.

"Farewell!" said Salome, almost in-

audibly.

In her great brown eyes, as she raised them to his, there shone something that Ortenegg could not read aright, for want of the clew, but which to me looked like despair.

He turned once more to Berisch.

"Take her now, and remember that you hold her for me—in trust. You all are witnesses," and he looked toward the other Jews.

"We are witnesses!" came back the

shrill reply.

"For you—in trust," repeated the old Jew, and stooping he raised the hem of Ortenegg's cloak and pressed his lips upon it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE last act of this short drama need not be long in the telling. Ortenegg, delighted to be rid of his rôle of oppressor, returned home in an almost triumphant mood.

"Confess that you have been mistaken," he said to me several times that

evening; "confess that your opinion of the Jews has hitherto been a false and an unjust one. Could anything have been more moderate, more sensible, more conciliating than old Berisch's words? Where is this deadly hatred, this unforgiving fanaticism of which you have told me so much?"

But I held my tongue and neither

confessed nor denied.

Thursday had been the day on which Salome left the convent. It had been settled that Berisch was to keep Ortenegg daily informed of her well-being. The desired message came on Friday, and it was all that a message should be. Ortenegg's mood remained triumphant. On Saturday he was a shade less triumphant. The appointed message did not come from Goratyn, but he attributed this to the Schabes and was scarcely uneasy. Besides, he was going to ride over himself next day, and would be able to convince himself that Salome was feeling happy and being kindly treated. The thought that her impending baptism might make her the subject of taunts and harsh speeches, not from her tender old father, of course, but from neighbors and acquaintances, disturbed him occasionally.

Sunday came, but with it came also the discovery that Ortenegg had been given the inspection for the day. This meant that he could not leave the precincts of the military station. Neither did any message come. There was no Schabes to explain this second silence, and though Ortenegg still kept up a show of great confidence, yet a certain restlessness was observable about him.

restlessness was observable about him.
"She must be ill," he said to me.
"Did it not strike you that she looked

very pale on Thursday?'
"Yes," I agreed, "she looked very pale."

On Monday the same silence; on Tuesday the same. On both these days we were in the saddle from morning till night, so an expedition to Goratyn was not to be dreamed of. Ortenegg's anxiety—an anxiety which had no precise form and to which he could give no name—began to grow acute. It was a lucky thing, certainly, that his prospects in life were not limited to the success of his career, for during these two days of sham battles and strategical manocu-

vrings he committed blunders enough to undermine his military reputation forever. Lost in day-dreams, even the trumpet-signal would fail to rouse him, and in the preoccupation of his thoughts he would lead his soldiers headlong into the very jaws of a fortunately unbloody death. On Tuesday afternoon he gave five florins to a Jewish factor, and promised him five more if he would go direct to Goratyn and bring him news of Salome. The factor took the five florins and went, but he did not come back, though Ortenegg sat up till midnight awaiting him, and the second five florins remained unclaimed.

"I shall ride over to morrow, whatever happens," said Ortenegg. "If it cannot be managed in the day, I shall

go in the night,'

It was not quite so bad as that, however. A friendly shower of rain which shortened our manœuvring, and a little hurrying over the rest of our business, enabled us to start about the middle of the afternoon; for I accompanied Ortenegg as a matter of course. To reach Goratyn would take us four hours' hard riding, and in order to show a little mercy to our horses, who had been considerably overworked of late, we had decided to make a short halt on the way. Accordingly we drew rein in the village of Klotow. There was a shabby little inn here, kept by the unavoidable Jew. As we rode up to the door the landlord was standing on the step talk-ing to another Jew. They both turned their heads at our approach, and it may have been fancy, but it seemed to me that they both slightly started. The landlord advanced to take our horses,

"Feed them well," said Ortenegg; "they have a long road before them. "The gentlemen are on their road to

Goratyn? asked the Jew.

" Yes."

Here I looked up just in time to see that the two Jews exchanged a lightninglike glance, but not a word was said. Ortenegg and I entered the inn, and while the horses were being baited we tried to blunt the keenest edge of our hunger with hard-boiled eggs and stale bread, for neither of us had had time for such a secondary matter as dinner. The eggs took a long time to boil; at any rate they were a long time in ap-

pearing. While we were disposing of them as expeditiously as was reasonably possible, the landlord stood a little distance off and watched us.

"The gentlemen are in a great hurry to get to Goratyn?" he began presently, with an insinuating point of interroga-

"Yes," said said Ortenegg, shortly, "Will you see that the horses are led round? It is time for us to be off

"Will the gentlemen not first partake of another plate of eggs?" asked the

landlord, without moving.

"Certainly not. You have just heard that we are in a hurry. There is no time to spare. We have to be back in Marnopol to-night, or at any rate before daybreak.

Five o'clock is the hour at which the regiment leaves its quarters, is it not?" asked the landlord, gently, still

without moving.

"Yes," said Ortenegg, somewhat surprised. "Will you fetch the horses, please?"

"Immediately, Count Ortenegg, immediately," and he left the room.

Ortenegg stared at me. "How does he know my name? I never set eyes on the man before. And what odds is it to him at what hour we leave the camp?"

"Every Jew always knows everything that he wants to know," was my reply.

We were still sitting at the dirty wooden table, contemplating the empty egg-shells on our plates, when the sound of galloping hoofs was heard, and a riderless horse passed the window. In the same instant the landlord returned. He was wringing his hands.

"Oh, gentlemen!" he whimpered; "oh, noble and gracious gentlemen! However am I to tell you what has

happened?"

You needn't tell us," said Orten-"One of the horses egg, starting up. has run away.

It was Ortenegg's horse that had got loose, it appeared, and was now cheerfully galloping back toward Marnopol.

"He won't stop till he is at his stabledoor," said Ortenegg, grimly. "I am sorry for you, Zultowski, but you will just have to lend me To Ona to ride to Goratyn on, and as to how you are to get back to Marnopol you will have to shift for yourself."

We had followed the landlord out into the yard where two or three Jews were standing about. An inquiry had been made as to how the horse had broken loose, and a stable-lad, suspected of negligence, had had his ears boxed by the indignant landlord; but the fact remained that Ortenegg and I were a dozen miles from either Marnopol or Goratyn, and that we had one horse between us. Naturally I put To Ona at Ortenegg's disposal. That was plainly my duty, though the rest of my fate might remain somewhat vague. Orders were given for the mare to be brought There was a delay of several minutes, and then, as To Ona was led out of the stables, Ortenegg and I simultaneously uttered an exclamation-the beast was dead-lame.

At this point Ortenegg lost his temper. What he said to the landlord and the stable-boy may have been a satisfaction to his irritated nerves, but the satisfaction was a barren one at best, for the stable-boy simply opened his mouth and looked impenetrably stupid, while the landlord cringed like a dog and wriggled like a worm and gabbled forth a torrent of self-defence which was deafening but not at all to the point. How could he know how the horse had got lamed? He had not seen the horse from the moment the noble gentlemen had dismounted till this minute. How did it come that the horse had been quite sound half an hour ago and that now it hobbled like a sick sheep? He didn't know. He couldn't possibly know. Perhaps it had trodden on some sharp stone or on some nail-such things often happened. At any rate he could give no explanation. He was as confounded as could be the noble gentlemen themselves, and so were the bystanding Jews. He was quite innocent-everybody was quite innocentbut the horse was lame.

While he was gabbling on in this strain, and while Ortenegg was raging at everybody in turn, I was doing the only practical thing under the circumstances—examining To Ona's injured foot. There was not a trace of an injury to be seen. The sole of the hoof was perfectly intact, ergo she could not

have trodden on any sharp point. There was no bruise, no wound; the foot was to all appearances perfectly sound, and yet she seemed unable even to put it to the ground. The fact was a riddle, but all the same it was a fact, as a few experiments convinced me.

"Is there anything in the shape of a carriage in the place?" asked Ortenegg, when his first anger had spent itself and he had recognized the futility of any further investigation. "If I cannot get to Goratyn on horseback to-day, I must get there some other way."

"We have no carriage at all here," said the landlord, despondently.

"Absalom Nelken!" exclaimed Ortenegg at that moment, and he stepped up to a Jew who was standing a little apart tying knots in the lash of a long whip. "If you are here there must be a carriage."

Absalom Nelken was the Jew who hired out carriages at Goratyn. Both Ortenegg and I knew him well by sight.

"I should be most happy to serve you, Herr Lieutenant," answered Absalom, "but my carriage is engaged." "But my business is urgent. If you

can take me only as far as Goratyn, I shall find other means of getting back."
"I am sorry, but I cannot take you, Herr Lieutenant; my engagement is

strict."
"I will give you twice the usual fare if you take me."

"It is no use."

"I will give you three times the usual

"It is no use, Herr Lieutenant."
"Is there any one else here who possesses anything that goes upon wheels?"
asked Ortenegg, turning to the other
Jews; but they silently shook their

heads.
"I will pay him anything he asks for it," urged Ortenegg, "for I must absolutely reach Goratyn to-night."

But I looked round at the unmoved yet watchful faces around us, and the conviction came over me that Ortenegg would absolutely not reach Goratyn that night—that he was not meant to reach

It was long before he confessed himself beaten. He spent an hour in tramping round the place in search of a conveyance, but all the conveyances were in the hands of Jews, and, by some curious coincidence, all the Jews had such urgent business on hand that, despite their voluble regrets at not being able to serve the Herr Lieutenant, they positively could not spare their carts. Absalom Nelken alone, being repeatedly pressed, held out what was the nearest approach to a hope. He hurried off to fulfil his former engagement, promising to return for us with fresh horses the moment that he was at liberty. I felt certain that he would not return, but he did. He came back to fetch us at three in the morning, exactly in time to take us straight back to Marnopol.

Ortenegg and I—who, meanwhile, had tried to kill time by eating two more meals of hard-boiled eggs and stale bread, and had vainly endeavored to get a little sleep upon the wooden benches of the eating-room—just saved our distance, for the men were mounting as we reached our quarters.

Strictly speaking, there was no time on this day either for the ride to Goratyn, but Ortenegg was not to be stopped any longer by any obstacle short of an impossibility. At the conclusion of the manœuvres he did not dismount, but merely stopped at his quarters to change his tatartka for his cap.

Are you coming with me?" he asked, somewhat ungraciously, and I said "Yes," though I had the impression that this time he would almost have preferred being by himself. I don't exactly know what I expected. I only know that, though I had not washed my hands for twenty-four hours, and had not been out of my clothes for thirtysix, though I was hoarse with dust and shouting and had a secret hankering after a clean collar, yet I could not have taken it on my conscience to let him go alone. Ortenegg was quite as dusty as I was and considerably hoarser, but he did not seem to be aware that he had not slept.

There was no question to day of a halt. As we rode through Klotow our landlord of yesterday stood at the door of the inn. This time he did not start at the sight of us, but bowed very respectfully and smiled very suavely as we trotted past. I was riding another horse to-day: To Ona, who had been fetched home in the mean time, was still as com-

pletely and as mysteriously lame as yesterday.

During the first half of the ride I struggled valiantly to keep the conversation afloat, but the nearer we got to Goratyn the more pointless did my remarks become and the flatter did they fall. The ride ended in dead silence. We were still in August, and yet it was an autumn day, for autumn comes early in Poland. Not that it was either dull or cold. On the contrary, the sun was shining brightly and the sky was cloudless, but it was no longer a summer sun, and the blue overhead was no longer the blue of a summer sky. There was a certain crispness in the air and a certain keen clearness about the distant view which were distinctly au-The road by which we aptumnal. proached Goratyn was the same that we had followed coming from Goratyn on the afternoon of that carnival-day when we had met Surchen with her cowhide in the snow-the same day that Ortenegg had first seen Salome. The beechwoods were still in full leaf, but patches of red and yellow had broken out here and there. The wild cherry-trees that grew between the stones in the "house of the living''-as the Jews have a curious fancy for calling their buryinggrounds-were beginning to strew their leaves upon the graves, and round the stone cross which stood at the head of the hill the swallows were wheeling and twittering, busy with travelling plans, no doubt.

We descended the steep hill into the As we crossed the market-place I could not help being aware that we were being a good deal observed, perhaps because the regiment was known to be at Marnopol, or perhaps only because we were so marvellously unwashed. It was by the Jews exclusively that we were observed. Scarcely had we emerged upon the Plats when every shopdoor appeared to become filled by the figure of its proprietor. We were looked at curiously, furtively, inquiringly, and almost a little fearfully. tenegg seemed aware of it. During the whole of the ride he had been silent with the gloomy silence of a man who is weighed down by some presentiment of evil. The tobacconist, Moritz Wurzel, was standing on his doorstep. Ortenegg

bought all his cigars from him and had never passed the door before without being obsequiously grinned at, but to-day Moritz Wurzel, on discovering that Ortenegg was glancing in his direction, seemed to be overcome by some unaccountable embarrassment. Instead of grinning he coughed, and then became deeply interested in something upon the sleeve of his kaftan. A few steps further on the ample form of Rebecca Kazles bulged out of the shadow of the hotel gateway. She was watching us round the angle of the wall, but as we approached she drew back and bustled away into the yard behind.

Ortenegg looked at me.

"Zultowski," he said, in a whisper, something has happened."

It was the first confession of his secret fears, and he seemed to have spoken

almost against his will.

Yes, something had happened. There was no tangible proof of it, only a floating suggestion, too subtle to be defined. Wild ideas of mysterious disappearances, of deep dungeons, of poison, of strangulation, arose in my mind. An uncomfortable sensation took possession of me. Was it remorse? Had I committed a murder in that moment when I avoided meeting Ortenegg's eyes this day last week in the convent-garden? Poison? Ah, no! they had not been merciful enough for that, as the history of that afternoon will soon prove.

At the door of that beehive building which I had entered twice before, we dismounted. There was no one in the outer storehouse. It seemed to me, in the first instant, that there was no one in the inner one either. A slight movement of one of the hides on the wall I took to be caused by the draught, but Ortenegg's senses were more on the alert than mine. Just as I was going to pass on, he made two rapid steps forward, and, from out of a dark corner, dragged David Marmorstein, by the collar of his kaftan, into the light of day. His suspense had taken refuge in passion.

"What are you hiding for?" he burst out. "What are you all hiding for? What is the matter? What have you done? Where is Salome?"

"Not here," gasped David Marmorstein, shaking in Ortenegg's grasp.
"Where is she, then?" "I-I don't know. She is not here."

Ortenegg, with his bloodshot eyes, his eyelid's reddened by the glare of the sun and the want of sleep, his dust-choked voice and shaggy mustache, was certainly a somewhat startling apparition. The sight seemed to have robbed David of all moral as well as physical courage.

age.
"Wretch!" said Ortenegg, "you do know. Speak the truth. Is she ill?"

"No, she is not ill."
"Is she—dead?"

" No."

"Where is she, then?"

"Not here," whimpered David, wriggling to free himself. "The noble gentleman had better go upstairs; Surchen is there—Surchen will tell him."

Ortenegg stared for a minute longer at the terrified David; then, with a gesture of infinite contempt, released the kaftan collar and turned upon his heel.

He mounted the first few steps of the staircase very quickly; then his pace relaxed. The nearer we got to the attic door the more did his steps drag. A sort of heavy reluctance had taken the place of his passion of a minute ago.

"Herein?" said a shrill voice as he knocked at the door. Opening it we found ourselves face to face with Surchen, the only occupant of the room. Surchen did not shrink at sight of us as David had shrunk; she stared at us steadily across the square wooden table at which she was sitting.

The tailor's bobbins and pincushions had been pushed to one side, and before Surchen there lay upon the boards of the table a luminous heap of something that shone like gold, only that there was a touch of red in the yellow. What could it be? Some new sort of silken thread, perhaps, that was to be wound upon the bobbins. It was as soft and as bright as silk, and it flowed over the edge of the table and waved gently in the current of air which the opening of the door had brought with it. When we got close to the table I saw what it was. It was neither gold nor silk, but it was human hair-a woman's red-gold hair-fallen very lately beneath the scissors, for it still had upon it all the gloss of life. Half of it lay in a tangled mass; the other half had been put in order, and was now being plaited up by Surchen's nimble

"Where is Salome?" I asked, as Ortenegg did not speak. He seemed unable to do so. With wide-open eyes he stood staring at that coil of hair on the table, as though it had been some glittering golden snake that was about

to rise and strike him.

"You have come too late," said Surchen, sullenly, and she looked toward Ortenegg. '' Just twenty-four hours too late. It serves you right. Did I not send word to you that you should not let her go? Gott und die Welt! And two Sechsers to pay for the messenger! And how Väterle found out that I had sent the note I do not know. And if it were not that they had kept me locked up so tight all these days-

"Whose hair is that?" asked Ortenegg, abruptly pointing to the heap upon the table. There was a look of panic

upon his face.

'That is-," began Surchen, and then she stopped and glanced up at Ortenegg with a wicked glance in her

eyes.
"That," she said, very deliberately,
"is Frau Blauweiss's hair."

"Who is Frau Blauweiss?"

"The wife of Lämmle Blauweiss." "You are not speaking the truth," said Ortenegg. "I know that hair. It

is Salome's.

Surchen, who had resumed the plaiting of the hair, merely gave an impudent shrug of her shoulders.

Can you deny it?" asked Ortenegg.

" Deny what?

That that hair you are plaiting up is the hair of your sister, Salome Marmorstein?

"You are quite mistaken," said Surchen, with her nose in the air. "This is not Salome Marmorstein's hair."

The scared look on Ortenegg's face turned to bewilderment. He walked a little nearer to the table.

"I am not mistaken," that is your sister's hair." he said;

"Did I ever say it was not my sister's hair?

"Yes, you did; you declared that it was Frau Blauweiss's hair.

And so it is the hair of Frau Blau-

Surchen tittered with enjoyment. To

torture Ortenegg seemed to afford her a kittenish satisfaction.

"Will you explain, please, what this means?" he said, and though his voice was not loud, Surchen looked into nis face and evidently came to the conclusion that it would not be safe to carry the torture further.

It means," she said, returning to her sulks, "that there is no more Salome Marmorstein, only a Salome Blauweiss. They are the same person."

".The same person?" repeated Or-

tenegg, stupidly.

Yes, Frau Blauweiss is Salome. She was married yesterday to Lämmle Blauweiss."

I looked at my comrade apprehensively. There was still that same stupid wonder upon his face-no keen surprise -no start of astonishment. Did he not understand, or did he not believe?

"Did you say-married?" he asked

at last, slowly.

"Married yesterday in the Synagogue

before the Rabbi.

"I don't believe you," said Ortenegg, very quietly. "It is a trick. You are trying to hide her from me. Perhaps she is even in the next room. Salome !" he called out, raising his voice and then holding his breath to listen. But there was no movement and no reply. He strode past the table and opened the two other doors of the room. One of them opened into a smaller atticroom, the other into a store-closet, littered with miscellaneous articles. Surchen made no attempt to prevent him.

You will find a great many broken chairs in there," she remarked, " and a few chipped teacups, but you won't find

Salome.

Ortenegg shut the doors again and returned to the table.

"What made you say that about Lämmle Blauweiss?" he began. "You must have had some reason. Was it to frighten me?'

To frighten you?" repeated Surchen, scornfully. "And what profit would your fright be to me, pray? I don't see what Geschäft I should make in frightening you. You asked a question and I answered it; that is all.

"But that cannot be all. What you tell me is not possible.

Instead of answering at once Surchen

laid down the plait of hair, and, turning up the edge of her jacket-bodice, unfastened a slip of paper which was pinned on to the hem.

You have seen Salome's writing be-

fore, have you not?"

Yes.

" Is this paper written by her?"

Ortenegg took the paper in his hand and looked at it.

"Yes," he said again.

"Read it. It is for you. I was to give it to you. Perhaps that will make

you believe.

There was a silence of several minutes. Ortenegg stood so still that the paper did not even rustle in his hand. There were only three lines to read, but it took him a long time. When he had finished, his expression was quite changed. He looked up with dazed eyes.

"Where is your father?" he asked. " I should like to speak to him.

"Vaterle has gone to Romozany to buy skins. He will not be home till tomorrow.

"But he was at home yesterday, and he allowed this thing to happen?

"He didn't allow it to happen, he made it happen. Salome knelt down before him and asked him to kill her rather than give her to Lammle Blauweiss, but Väterle only shook his kaftan in order to shake off her hands, and when he walked to the door she was dragged after him because she would not let go, and she fell over on her face and made her forehead bleed."

"Then your father doesn't believe in God?' said Ortenegg, still looking

down at the paper in his hand.

"Oh, yes, he believes in God-a great deal," answered Surchen, with a pretty shrug. "Why did you think he didn't?"

Because if he believed in God he must know that he has called Him falsely to witness. How can he ever pray to Him again?"

Surchen burst out laughing.

"Never pray to Him again! Why, I never heard Väterle pray more devoutly than yesterday. He spoke such a beautiful blessing over Salome before she went to the Synagogue that I was the only person in the room who hadn't tears in my eyes.'

"But he swore to me by his soul's NEW SERIES.-VOL. XLVIII., No. 6

salvation that he would hold her for me in trust.

"And you believed him?" was Surchen's curt commentary.

"But his tears, his oaths, his prayers?"

Surchen looked at him with an air of

pitying superiority.

"It is no wonder that we make such Geschäfte among the Christians," she observed at last, "when it needs but such a thinly-limed twig to make a bird sit fast.

"Then do you mean that it was all a

comedy?'

"It doesn't matter what you call it

"And you say his name is Lämmle Blauweiss?' asked Ortenegg in the same mechanical tone, while his eyes followed the movement of Surchen's fingers among the hair with a sort of dreamy fascination.

"Yes."

"Who is Lämmle Blauweiss?"

"One of our neighbors in this Surchen explained. house," deals in old clothes chiefly, but he does not mind if other old things come in his way, such as furniture or books or old ironwork, or in fact anything. Väterle says that he has a great talent for business, and he never loses a minute of time.

"Yes, I remember now," said Or-tenegg. "I saw him once—in this He looked slowly round the room, then returned to watching Sur-

chen's fingers.

He spoke so quietly that I felt frightened out of my wits. It would have been infinitely more reassuring to see him break down outright. There was that in his eyes and in the set of his features which made me almost fear for his reason.

"And this morning," chattered on Surchen, "they went off to his people for a fortnight, to be out of the way, as Väterle said—Lämmle Blauweiss and Salome.'

"Lämmle Blauweiss and Salome!" Ortenegg broke into a helpless laugh, as though the juxtaposition of the two names struck him only in the light of a ghastly joke. "And this man, this Lämmle Blauweiss, is as strict a Jew as your father?

"Gott und die Welt! That he is! Quite one of the Orthodox, or Väterle would never have chosen him for Salome; though, to be sure, when a husband has to be chosen in such a hurry, one has to take what there is, and Lämmle Blauweiss was the nearest at hand."

Ortenegg did not seem to be listening any longer. He had taken up some of the hair upon the table and was looking at it narrowly, feeling it critically between his fingers, as though to make sure of what it was. He shuddered, and for an instant shut his eyes, then laid it slowly down again and turned to me.

"Had we not better be going back now, Zultowski? I think there is nothing more to be done here."

But Surchen had caught the glimmer of an opportunity that was not to be lost. Bowed though she was for the moment by the one great failure, her spirit was much too elastic to be broken. At this moment, when she saw the man on whom such hopes had been built about to pass out of the room and at the same time out of her circle of vision forever, Surchen's business instincts rose triumphantly to the surface. It was not in her nature to cry permanently over spilled milk, however rich in quality it might be or spilled out of however large a jug. Because one big Geschäft had failed, that was no reason for neglecting more modest opportunities. Her glance had followed Ortenegg's movement as he laid down the strand of hair. As he lifted the latch of the door there was a hand upon his arm.

"Take it with you, Herr Lieutenant," she said. "You would like to take it with you, would you not? Väterle need not know. How much will you give me for it?" and, her face all alight with this inspiration, an eager sparkle in her brilliant brown eyes, an insinuating smile upon her soft, red lips, Surchen held toward him the tress of Salome's hair, not forgetting either to hold it so that the light should play most becomingly along its golden threads.

Ortenegg looked at her vacantly and passed out.

"Herr Lieutenant, name your own price, Herr Lieutenant!" was called after us in accents of heartrending entreaty. I kept close to Ortenegg all the way down the staircase. He did not speak until we were crossing the yard.

until we were crossing the yard.
"So that is over," he said at last.
His voice was still quite calm, but he seemed to pronounce the words with difficulty.

"Perhaps it is not true," I feebly suggested, quite against my own conviction.

Ortenegg was still holding the piece of paper which Surchen had given him crumpled up in his hand. He held it out toward me.

out toward me.
"It is true," he said. "I feel that
it is true. Read that."

There was no beginning to the scrawled note, and there was no signature beyond "S." It ran as follows:—

"Surchen will tell you that I could not help myself. I am not worthy of you. I am a coward. Forgive me if I have spoiled your life. I hope I shall not live very long."

"I saw the man once," Ortenegg mused aloud. "He had an old skirt in one hand and a birdcage in the other, and when they asked him to hold a candle he said 'Keine Zeit,' and hurried out. They said that he never had any time. Why," and he almost managed to smile, "he will never have time even to look at her, Zultowski."

I could not answer. I was praying inwardly that his self-control might give way, for I knew that the later the breakdown came the worse it would be.

"But it was good acting," said Ortenegg, standing still in the middle of the street, his bloodshot eyes fixed in a wide-open stare on the paving-stones at his feet. "It was very good acting. What a fool I have been! "In trust' he said, and I believed him. I believed him, when I should have believed my dream. She has gone back into the dark, Zultowski. She has gone back into the dark—forever."

He broke off suddenly and staggered against my arm. Before I could support him he was lying insensible upon the pavement.

Three weeks later Ortenegg was convalescent. He had gone through an acute nervous fever. The inquiries I had made in the mean time resulted, as

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I never doubted they would, in a com- The discovery was a mere matter of plete confirmation of Surchen's state- chance. ment. Lämmle Blauweiss and Salome Marmorstein were legally married tenegg never pronounced Salome's Whether Berisch Marmorstein had in name. Once only he touched upon what any way brought himself within reach of the law by his broken promise I do not know. Possibly Ortenegg might have had grounds for a legal complaint. Of course none was made. What would have been the good? Salome Blauweiss could never again become Salome Marmorstein. Berisch knew very well what he was doing. I had not seen Salome again, and I have not come across her since; but, occasionally, during sleepless nights when my fancy is unpleasantly active, I am tormented by the question as to whether Frau Blauweiss wears a thread or a satin wig in place of her auburn hair. As to Herr Blauweiss I have never, to my knowledge, set eyes upon him. I know him only as the invisible and hurried individual whom Berisch Marmorstein apostrophized from out of the storehouse door on the day of his refusal of Ortenegg's suit. I think of him exclusively as the incarnation of the only two words which I ever heard from his unseen lips, "Keine

I must not forget to mention that one day during the first week of Ortenegg's illness one of my stable-men, while rubbing down To Ona, discovered the cause of her lameness. A horse-hair had been tied tightly round her leg, just been sufficient to paralyze the muscles. forefathers.

After he had regained his senses Or-

had passed.
"Zultowski," he said to me, one evening, as he sat in the armchair beside the stove, for the evenings were cool already, "I have been puzzling my head, and I cannot come to any conclusion. Is it that Berisch Marmorstein is a very bad man, or is it only that he is a very good Jew?"

"He is Orthodox," I answered. "That is the only key I can give you to the puzzle. Do you remember our talk last winter and what I told you?"

" About the weapons they use? The poisoned arrows? Yes, I remember."
He was silent for a little. Presently he said, "I have been struck by one of these arrows. I wonder, he added, dreamily, I wonder, Zultowski, whether the wound will ever heal."

If ever it did heal, it was in the shadow of the monastery that healing came, for that wounded heart is now covered by a monk's habit. As soon as his strength was sufficiently restored, Ortenegg went home on leave. I never saw him again. Three months later he resigned his commission, and before a year had passed I got the news that Rudolph von Ortenegg, the last of his name, had entered upon his novitiate in the Dominican monastery which stands above the fetlock, and the hair care-fully combed over it. The strain had forest where stands the castle of his

BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

MILTON AND BEETHOVEN.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

the state of the same and the Language and artists and the same and th

MILTON sits musing in the porch,

The bright blue sky above him,
But cannot see the light of Heaven, Or smiles of those who love him;—
But though the utter darkness hides
The earthly from his vision,

He sees the bowers of Paradise, And splendors of the Elysian; He learns from angels at his side Creation's awful story, And looks upon them face to face, Undazzled by their glory !

II. Which are to the following Labor.

Beethoven, Music's great High Priest,
Whose heaven-born fancies capture
The tangled skeins of Harmony The tangled skeins of Harmony And weave them into rapture, Hears not the voice of human kind Nor sound of life and motion;
Nor tempests on the echoing hills Nor moan of restless ocean;—
And yet in silence of his mind Can hear the throb and thunder, Of jubilant hymns and solemn chants, And lays of Love and Wonder!

III.

Thus though relentless Fate may close The gateways of our senses, Immortal Spirit overleaps
Their barriers and defences. And with celestial recompense For harm and loss diurnal, Yields greater joys than flesh affords, In foretastes of the Eternal! To blind old Milton's rayless orbs A light divine is given, And deaf Beethoven hears the hymns And harmonies of Heaven!

-Temple Bar.

FRENCH JOURNALISM.

FROM 1852 TO 1888.

BY Y. BLAZE DE BURY.

the 2nd of December, 1853, suddenly burst forth among the quiet of 1851, alarmists were fast merging into dupes. Neftzer the stiff, unmelting Huguenot (later on till after 1870 Mr. Neftzer edited the Temps, which became then and is still the property of Monsieur licans now proceed to declare that what Adrien Hebrard, a senator), in 1852, Neftzer who wrote in the Presse was Neftzer who wrote in the Presse was * See leading article Presse, 10th May, 1852. decidedly waxing presidential. "Since Bibliothèque Nationale: Paris.

Pure skies precede storms. When the distribution of the eagles * had been announced for the 10th May, writes Neftzer, "not one day passed but that every one foresaw the proclamation of the Empire and the abolition of the Republic for that very same 10th May. Shall not the affrighted Repub-

has not taken place on that day, is simply postponed to the 15th August? Let these unquiet spirits hold fast to the promise of the President' (naïve Neftzer). "Let every one have confidence, for we shall preserve the Republic." *

Armand Bertin, editor of the Debats, writes (5th January '52): "1852 has no such lamentable origins as 1799 (another dupe), 1852 | springs from 1848 -1852 originates not from 1793 but from inefficacious, useless 1848, among whose leaders certainly were some bad men, but to no effect, since time cut short their enterprises. Besides which, 1848 died a death of street debauchery! With this origin, far better than that of 1799, the Decennial Presidency of 1852 has not the same duties to perform. Its only paramount duty being to maintain social and administrative order, both of which have already borne the brunt of two governments: that of the Empire, and of Constitutional Monarchy." "Two forms," continues Armand Bertin, "of ruling France are now impossible—feudalism, or anarchy. Hence our sincere adhesion to the constitution which the President will shortly promulgate.

Again, a dupe is sharp John Lemoine who in a following page proclaims the opening in France of an era of frater-nity. "Thanks now to the expansion of the press, the human voice is never silent; † let but events follow their natural course, and through publicity united humanity shall form a vast ring of loving brotherhood." Fourth dupe, but not least, comes Montalembert, who introducing political professions of faith in his inaugural discourse at the Academy, blazons forth his liberalism. "Believe not & that the sad experience of the failures of '89, acquired so painfully by us, -believe not that this experience has stifled the impulses which

have ever possessed all noble souls. What French heart in '89 did not feel the wish of regenerating France, and of radically destroying intolerable abuses? Who could be so unpatriotic as to deny the expediency of the advent of the middle class to power—an advent prepared by history, and also the direct outcome of education and culture?" It may be that the fifteen months' apparent good faith on the President's part had received some men among those mentioned; that these same men were sick of the present state of things is unquestionable.

France had since '89 known no tranquillity but the thirty years represented by the Restoration, and the Monarchy of July. Some of the men who, in 1852, proclaimed their confidence in Louis Napoleon, had been born under the "Terror." Boys under the close of the Empire, men at the revolution of 1830, they craved for rest; heedless of eighteen Brumaires, of Strasbourgs and Boulognes, if they now slumbered wrapped in the Bonapartist flag it was from sheer exhaustion of spirit; exhaustion and slumbers both of such intensity, that even the "coup d'état" of and December 1852, failed at once to arouse them. 1793; the Empire; 1830,three evils, each of which evils alone would have devoured the strength of many a country, following each other in so short a space as forty years, had brought France to that lethargic state in which blows are felt, but not resorted to on the spot. The worn-out, exhausted body requires an interval of repose before it rises from its prostration, and, only after reflection, seizes the dimensions of the circumstance that at first had laid it prone. When the real France of 1853 was able to measure the crime of which it had been the victim, opposition was constituted; still the delay had undoubtedly been mischievous; when the awakening came the capacity to react was incomplete, for the practical means of reaction failed. France, during its short, still too long, lethargy had been disarmed. French energy wanted to assert itself it met banishment or imprisonment. Means of defence were few, methods were none; there remained only abstention, the perfidy of wit, or stabbing by

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^{*} Presidential discourse, 29th May, 1852. † Débats du 5 Janvier, 1852. Bibliothèque Nationale : Paris.

[‡] Grâce à cette voix universelle de la presse qui traduit à l'instant la pensée de millions d'hommes, on n'a qu'à laisser faire l'avenir d'humanité former à la chaîne en se tenant la main."—Les Débats, 5 Janvier. Bibliothèque Nationale: Paris.

[§] La Presse, 6 Février, 1852. Bibliothèque Nationale : Paris.

stealth. No better example of the abstentionist campaign, by which the opposition press' was now to fight the Government it first believed in, can be found than the way in which the Journal des Débats gives notice of the Emperor's marriage, 26th January 1853; no ultra-royalist, or even Blanc d'Espagne organ in our days, having to relate the doings of the "Président de la République," could evince more hidden acrimonious ill-will. The number of the Débats, at the date of the Emperor's marriage, simply states the order of the ceremony; as to the bride, her origin, or any particulars about her, it is mute. Still, silence being only a negative protestation, the Débats has vigorously underlined here the meaning of its abstention by opening its columns to the account given by foreign journals. Not to deprive the readers of biographical information as to the new Empress, the Débats simply fills the space of this special number with quotations from the Times, the Daily News, Daily Telegraph, etc. Silence again, or exaggerated Anglomania resorted to fitfully, and only according to the occasion, by John Lemoine, are the shields under whose cover the Imperial Government must now be assailed. Overexcited, anti-Bonapartist John Lemoine advises the imitation of England, who expects her statesmen to work for her courageously, but, above, all, with wisdom and common sense." Further on the same champion seeks to hurt Napoleon through his friend Cob-A certain degree 1 of foolishness may be met with laughter, but if persisted in, irritates and exasperates; such is the farce which a set of men, entitling themselves 'grave men,' have been enacting lately at Manchester, selling Mr. Cobden's dull heavy speech at the entrance, as though it were some concert programme, or some odorous The person aimed at in the bouquet.' above lines was not, we need scarcely say, the one named by John Lemoine. At a period when Rochefort writes, and

all France knows, that "any member of the 'opposition' may at any moment wake up on board ship for Lambessa" * all open expression of thought is impossible; for the reason that it inevitably leads, not only to the suppression of the exponent, but also to the suppression of the organ venturesome enough to have published it. To be forever watching events, so as to extract from them the poison wherewith to barb the arrow, while the bowman himself remains unscathed, such had become, after 1853, the occupation of all men whose ardent desire, and indeed, whose mission was to enlighten their country upon the injuries inflicted upon her.

On the 4th of January 1853, the Moniteur Universel published a list of all the public bodies who had attended at the Tuileries " New Year reception." The Bar of Paris had been mentioned among the number; Berryer, Bâtonnier of this corps, as being the faithful friend of the Comte de Chambord, was supposed to have led the way. Now in 1835 Berryer, who was about sixty, was a man whose situation was of a nature to defy any journalistic misrepresentation; to defend himself, therefore, against the accusation of intriguing with "L'homme des Tuileries," though a matter of indifference to Berryer himself, was of extreme moment to the "opposition." No sooner had he read the Moniteur than, requesting the hospitality of the Débats, Berryer issues a sort of manifesto, and writes thus: The Moniteur of the 4th January, has mentioned the 'Counsel of the Parisian Bar' as having been present at the Tuileries on the 1st of January ;- the Moniteur has grossly erred, the 'Counsel of the Parisian Bar' is not a body of 'functionaries,' still less an administrative body; it would in no case have presented itself to the Tuileries. As a matter of fact, the 'Counsel' did not do it, neither would they have done it under any circumstances.

" (Signed) BERRYER."

The narrower the outlets for opposition, the stronger the outbursts of it.

^{*} Name given to the party of the Spanish Bourbons.

[†] Débats du 3 Janvier, 1853. Bibliothèque Nationale : Paris.

^{- ‡} Les Débats du 6 Février, 1853. Bibliothèque Nationale : Paris.

^{*} La Lanterne, 1868. Bibliothèque Nationale : Paris.

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And, indeed, as the word "opposition" proves, there existed in these days but two parties; -un-French France was Bonapartist, French France was entirely in the ranks of opposition. All the brains of France, all the brilliancy of her wit, all her working men, save Mérimée, were in opposition. All adventurers or shady characters were on the other side. The Legislature was in truth composed only of government nominees; writers in the public press were pretty well reduced to silence. There being therefore no freedom in the public sphere, salon life became a force;—the Academy, and literature, pamphleteering, and, through pamphleteers, the Boulevards, now really formed the ring alluded to by John Lemoine; and out of compression had been born union-a union, indeed, to be remarked, when the domineering editor of the Revue des Deux Mondes (the household organ of the Orleans princes) had actually been heard to eulogize the bitter brilliant wit of a Rochefort! For the moment, another most remarkable fact was that the Olympian contempt, the supercilious and frigidly suppressive style, with which academical France had been used to receive mention of any mere Boulevard celebrity, was dropped. Salons, institute, foyers de théâtre, feuilletonistes, all fraternized together. Comradeship being indispensable in opposition, friends had to be secured on all sides; so that everybody had to read everybody else-in truth no sinecure! In this way did it come to pass that even intolerant clericals were seen unctuously chuckling over the pitiless flagellations of unorthodox M. de Girardin. In the year 1867 four consecutive suppressions were the apparent cause of the sail to Millaud by M. de Girardin of La Presse, but silent only a few months. In 1868 the old lion had begun roaring again in the Liberté, and to such purpose that he was again threatened by acts of arbitrary authority. In the beginning of 1869 the unclassical displays of fireworks of such men as Aurélien Scholl or Rochefort were appreciated by the same society that applauded and bowed down before the homilies of Bishop Dupanloup. And the Scotch fractious-

ness " of a Montalembert himself would take pleasure in fanning rebellious flames, provided they singed the enemy at the Tuileries. M. de Persigny's three alternatives | had now long been accepted. That the political bourgeoisie of the Thiers-Dufaure description was not to be seduced into Imperialism; that the mighty spirits of the Quinet-Michelet temper would ever cease to remain unswervingly, rigorously French (French of the dogmatic reformation type) was more than certain. Year after year the only recruits secured by the Empire were among the sons of those very fathers whom Napoleon I. was wont to designate as "born to serve." Simplicity of habits, elegant severity in dress, 1 extreme restraint, almost monastic, in the conversation of unmarried women-those were the true characters of French manners-under the reign of Louis-Philippe; both he and his family were imbued by education with the principles and ways of the pre-

revolutionary French civilization. Real France is one; its portrait painters (not the Court official painters), prove it. Clouet, Porbus, Philippe de Champagne, Chardin, Largillière, In-gres, Flandrin, paint French women; Mignard, Vanloo, Rigaud, Boucher, Nattier, Greuze, David, Gros, Winterhalter, paint women of the world; this assertion is borne out by proof. Place, side by side, Philippe de Champagne's "Mère Arnaud," Largillière's "Por-trait of his Wife," "Une Dame Bourgeoise" by Chardin, any lady by Ingres, and any lady by Hippolyte Flandrin, the type will remain one and the samecapped in the rigid "Guimpe" of Port Royal, or closed, as are most female faces of Ingres or Flandrin, in the two sharp dry lines of the "bandeaux plats;"—the French "Dame Bour-

^{*} M. de Montalembert's mother was a Miss

Forbes.

† "What will you do with intelligent
France?" had been M. de Montalembert's
question to M. de Persigny after the comp
d'étal. "We will govern with, without, or
against it, just as she chooses," had been the
answer.

[†] The late Duchesse de Fuynes would habitually say, "Les femmes françaises ne porteront plus la laine le matin; c'est bien mauvaise signe,"

geoise" of the Louis-Philippe period, and the same lady under Louis XIII., are the same person. Prudent, discreet, austere, narrow-minded, patient, and responsible—a severe Christian and a consoler-a woman kept in moral drill through frequent religious practice in stiff, outward drill by worship of convenances, a person of regulations and order, a person who, in even the least disciplined ranks of society, remains implacably opposed to every attempt at an intermixture of classes, or an overthrow of any prejudice, -a society in which fitness and proportion had ever kept watch over the caprices of mere taste. Such a society was necessarily hostile to everything coming under the present denomination of "Fast."

Great French ladies of the past, who, under the regency, or Louis XV., had frequented Mmes. Quinault and Comtat, had never been supposed to recoil from the licentiousness of the "supper-room conversation," for this conversation (it should be remembered) had been carried on in absolutely perfect French,

not in International slang! "Internationalism" was, to French eyes, the social fault not to be forgiven the Second Empire. A Court in which none spoke French without an accenta Court that almost needed the accent-uated mimicry of a "Hortense Schneider" in order to seize the points of her jokes-a Court where, who knows? but so exquisite an artist as Mérimée may have found his "inferno" in the obligation of casting his Voltairean subileties before the deaf ears of doll-like beauties! Fandangos, cachuchas, reels, czardas on one side of the bridge; on the other, la bonne compagnie, French-France, and the Institute; this was the state of things when Mérimée, who belonged to both sides, lived, among the dancers. For such a conjunction the courteous protests of politer France were not loud enough. The wit of a Forcade, cruel as it was, failed to lacerate certain thick skins. The relations of the Revue des Deux Mondes, like those of the Journal des Débats, were all "academical." The public thor-

Sham liberty walked abroad, and incomprehensible fusion of opinions and creeds was apparently so nearly achieved that the salons of Imperialist ministers were frequented by the very pontiffs of constitutionalism, under the sham ministry-liberal ministry-sanctioned by M. Darn. Names such as those of Rémusat, St. Marc Girardin, Guizot, were loudly thrown into the crowd by wondering "huissiers" of numerous former regimes. Cunning little plots, invented by Napoleon III. and his prefet de police, M. Piètri, were got up now and again to frighten capital into the notion that the strong machinery alone of Imperialism prevented the explosion of anarchy. It was the knowledge of all these underhand doings that brought on the violent recriminations of the cheap press, and produced in the end the tumultuous and general outburst of popular indignation. When in January Prince Pierre Bonaparte committed the gratuitous crime of shooting down Victor Noir, the work of inflaming the public mind was already completed by the cheap journalism.

In June 1868 Rochefort had published his first Lanterne. "Foreign correspondents led my director M. de Villemessant," writes Rochefort, to fear for the Figaro's very life should he continue to have recourse to my pen. Compelled all at once by the attraction of the abyas, I wrote to the home min-

oughfares remained unconquered. The Pays, the Moniteur, the Patrie, the Constitutionnel, since 1867 under Robert Mitchell's direction, those were the "Tuileries organs;" and also Paris Journal, edited in 1867 by Henri de Pene, "hero" of two duels in the same day; the Gaulois, 1868, under M. Tarbé and De Pene. 1868 and '69 opened the era preceding '70. These two years were not only fertile in the establishment of cheap journalism—Figaro, the Lanterne, Nain Jaune, Gazette de Paris, Grand Journal, etc.,—but these years (1868-69) also thronged with events and circumstances at once natural and unexpected. Now began the strange scenes of social and political confusion in which two years later the Empire ended.

^{*} Two most celebrated actresses of the eighteenth century; both illustrious for their wit, the second having left most perfectly written "Memoirs."

^{*} This statement is to be found at the Bibliothèque Nationale Figaro, 1867.

ister asking leave of becoming myself the editor of a political paper—my petition consisted of one string of laudatory formulas. To have done with me once for all, thought I, the minister's best plan would obviously be to grant my request. Scarcely, however, had I posted my letter than I was seized by fright.

the 'Porte St. Martin,' a man brilliant and witty; when, later, I created the figaro, mindful of the qualities that had struck me in him, I offered him the Chroniques. 'But, my dear friend, I should be dead before I had produced the first three lines; my only knowledge of a pen is signing Free-orders.' 'You

"If the minister is as 'cute as his friends make him out to be, he will surely answer 'yes.'"

"Happily, though M. Pinard was sharp—but not so clever as he was supposed to be—and he tritely refused to

countenance my project."

Being now formally forbidden to establish his "paper," Rochefort went to Brussels, where he at once began publishing the Lanterne—defending it as well, sword in band, by three successive duels—one with Pce. Murat, another with M. Baroche, the last with M. de Cassagnac. Now at this time the Figaro had already passed through twelve years of prosperity. When in 1855 M. de Villemessant brought it out, he was already forty-six years of age, and had been a dealer in most things, save as he says himself, in Latin and in success.*

Born near Blois in peculiar circumstances, alluded to by Marceline in Beaumarchais' play, at twenty M. de Villemessant had founded a Journal de Modes; in 1848, two other foundations, the Sylphide and the Lampion; in 1845, the Bouche de fer, in 1850, the Chronique de Paris, in '55, the Figaro; preserving at the same time, from '55 to '65 the directorship of La Gazette de Paris, Le Grand Journal, L' Autographe, La Gazette des Abonnés. "I resolved" (says M. de Villemessant, in the first pages of his memoirs) " to deliver the Figaro as far as possible from the absurd political controversies which never convert any one. And I also resolved to restore to the reader his Nouvelles à la Main 1 and Echos de Paris. Now at the time that I was editing the Sylphide I became acquainted with Villemot, a secretary of

and witty; when, later, I created the Figaro, mindful of the qualities that had struck me in him, I offered him the Chroniques. 'But, my dear friend, I should be dead before I had produced the first three lines; my only knowledge of a pen is signing Free-orders.' You will make a furore,' was my reply, ' the day that you simply agree to write as you speak. 'Hm!' grunted Villemot, 'there is a difficulty, for I speak through my nose.' After hesitation, refusal, and re-hesitation, Villemot wrote his first chronique. Big salaries were then unknown; we agreed upon twenty francs for each causerie,* and when at the end of the month our chroniqueur had to carry home his eighty francs in pieces of five francs, our editors used to stand in a row on either side, and beating an imaginary drum, drone out, 'Ce diable de Villemot est asses riche!'

On the 28th May, 1867, just at the beginning of the exhibition, M. de Villemessant's Figaro announced itself for the first time with the second title, "a literary and political journal," and rich enough in wit was this first number, as the following quotations from Wolff and Rochefort will sufficiently show.

"On this festive day, † friend Figaro," writes Albert Wolff, "thou hast become a grave citizen; thou whom I remember so careless, and so gay. Accept my compli-ments, and let us now, arm in arm, enter on the theatre of politics which has hitherto been closed to us. After having taken our seats we will both proceed to speak the truth, for it little enough matters to us after all by whom the play may have been written. Being personally devoid of any political creed, I have asked myself in which scale I shall lay my pen, as it now hopes to influence the balance of Till the present day I had European affairs. never felt the slightest wish to govern my fellow-men, or any call to undertake the regeneration of others. Now all is changed, and within the last eight days I am aware that the demon of pride is overmastering me! A ring at the door, and I immediately conclude a minister comes to ask my advice! When a letter is handed to me, my heart beats, and I think, Here is a king who craves the benefit of a few words from me! Still, the days passed by, without the imaginary appeals from sovereigns and statesmen," etc., etc.

"Hard days indeed," writes Rochefort, when a luckless journalist cannot say

* Memoires d'un journaliste.

† In the last act of the Marriage of Figure Marceline, who is mother of the witty Barber, tells the Bohemian tale of his infancy.

‡ A locution from the eighteenth century, when written gossip would be handed in the street.

^{*} Memoirs of a journalist.

[†] Figare du 21 Mai, 1867. Bibliothèque Nationale : Paris.

being accused of subversive opinions in politics!' However, owing, it may be, to the opportune elimination of Rochefort, the Figaro has lived on to prosper as it is doing now under the present rule of its able director, M. Magnard. As to the Temps and the Debats, majestic in their format, and blessed with such eminent editors as Scherer, Sarcey, Baron Jacques de Reinach,* they sit among the "peers," immutable in their grandeur as the Roman Senators!

After the war of 1870, with the new Republic some of the polemical authorities of 1830 all at once came again to the fore. Nevertheless, time having done its work, the St. Marc Girardin leaders were not any more in harmony-the hour was that of the literary sharp-shooters of journalism, men of impulse, such as About, and the writers of his school. Strange, indeed, was this reappearance of the vicille garde, Falloux, Thiers, Remusat, and youngest of all, Emile de Girardin, who, born in the days of insurrection, was never thoroughly at home save in revolutionary contests,-1832, 1848, 1876, were his triumphant periods. Catastrophes to him were the stone wherein the lightning flashed. The fall of the Parliamentary Monarchy had witnessed the first outbreak of his tiper strength. The fall of the reaction of 1876 saw the last and most enduring effort of his grand energy. † At twentyfour, young Edmond About had, about 1851, signalized himself to the literary world by his volume on "Modern Greece," but less attached than many others to his political creed. About, after a few years, accepted invitations at Compiègne, for which he was far more severely blamed than needful. Shortly after the war he became proprietor and chief editor of the 19ème Siècle. About's

that a Royal Highness is yellow-com- Republicanism was most sincere; his plexioned and short-legged without articles, though brilliant with the pungency of Voltaire-like wit, were always qualified by the just appreciation of the possible, and the inborn commonsense of the French bourgeois. The fighting temperament of an Émile de Girardin entirely differed from the keen Horatian-Rabelaisian one of About. A satirist he most undoubtedly was, but neither of the cruel nor of the logical kind. He drove nothing to extremes, belonging essentially to the scoffers of the Bonvivant type.

Unlimited liberty after 1870 had broken the strict bonds of union, the previous unity of opposition had disappeared with that of despotism-the result whereof was the splitting up of opinion in countless fragments, each represented by its special organs-Le Français, Orleanistic-Monarchical under the political influence of the Duc de Broglie, with occasional literary contributors of the highest notoriety, such as Comte Gaston de Ludre, writer of an admirable essay on Carlyle in the Correspondant, and of divers literary studies, highly valued by the best critics; perhaps the last homme d'esprit since the Vicomte Alexis de St. Priest; Le Soleil, purely Orleanistic, Director Hervé, lately risen to the glories of the Académie Française, L'Union, Le Journal de Paris, pure Legitimist, honest and persevering, but lacking the august dowdiness of the Gazette de France.

On the opposite extreme (always since 1872) the Istice colors of its editor Clémenceau-deeper red still, anarchieal, Le Mot d'Ordre, and La Lanterne, with which Rochefort has nothing more to do, M. Meyer being its present editor.

Two papers only during this new period after 1870 had an acquired weight and a position such (though in another political group) as the Temps. Those two papers were the (198me Siècle) and La République Française, still-whereas, losing About its director, the 19th Siècle lost all-the République Française, first created at the war, under the triumvirate of Gambetta, Spiiller, Alain Targé, has on the contrary considerably risen since three years ago it became the property of its present young editor.

M. Joseph Reinach, who has the

† During the eight months of this elec-tioneering period Girardin never one day failed the public; his leaders were those of youth as well as of talent, and he was then eighty-one.

^{*} Baron Jacques de Reinach holds among French financial writers the rank of a Bagehot. His financial articles in the Journal des Débats are "Gospel," and indeed are not only the word of truth impatiently expected by the technical reader, but an absolute literary delight to any French worshipper of pithy and beautiful language.

true journalist's temperament, resuscitated for the Republique Française the palmy days of La Presse. No one since M. de Girardin at his debut had shown such impetuosity of attack, combined with such perfect correctness of form. No young political writer has been adopted by the experienced "leaders" of public opinion with the perfect equality that has been vouchsafed to M. Joseph Reinach. He reminds one of those men of ardent faith who sprang to life at the dawn of "constitutional' liberty in France, and who sincerely believed in the influence of published words. As a matter of fact, however, the extraordinary abuse of mere political theorizing, rarely leading to any practical result, has discouraged many an able Frenchman from really working out a political career; for, after all, to the politician, who is no mere babbler, the proof of his own thought hangs to the act born of it. When the editor of a paper could, as did M. Bertin, bring to a government a solid working majority, there was a result. When an individual like Girardin could impress himself upon the national mind strongly enough to sway a general election, as he really did in 1876, here again the act effectually answers the word. Discussion is but a breath, and not even actual fighting convinces or converts; its only results being the damage or suppression of the individual combatants. Life is not always evoked by the same elements-it is convertible. "1789" had been the age of the legal thinkers; 1830, following on the Restoration, was that of the "legal talkers;" with 1848 ended the age of "avocats."

The inspiration of the present age is scientific. Physiology, above all, during the last twenty years, in its connection with psychology, has lain at the bottom of men's judgments: properly an age of medical philosophers, the physicians have replaced the avocats (the leading witness, M. Clémenceau). It is now the reign, all but exclusively, of anatomists, therefore of critics and

æsthetes. No one in our days is likely to compose the Pastoral Symphonie, and few will adequately enjoy it. But a large majority of contemporary critics will explain not only Beethoven's masterpiece, but the vibrative faculties of the nervous system whereby the listeners' faculties are enabled to appreciate it. Methods by which the "divine afflatus" is explained and regulated, and the unattainable gifts of the artistic nature are labelled like apothecaries' prescriptions; these are the chief ends pursued. The creed is distinctly set forth—that by the adoption of certain processes, the receptive faculties of the human mind shall be so awakened, that they shall infallibly rise to the comprehension and sense of all absolute Beauty. According to this creed, any student of psychological - physiology who, gazing at the famous Christ of Rembrandt, should seek to dissect which exact portion of his own brain is moved by the instinct of admiration, would run the risk of losing the faculty of wonder. The mere mechanical process of selfdissection will have killed the emotion. The unconscious materialism of such a mental process (for it is unconscious) withers up, naturally, all artistic emotion, and the disciples of this strange physiological school fail to see that this very emotion, in art, plays toward the Beautiful the same part played by love toward pleasure: hallowing it. day when pure enthusiasm shall have ceased to precipitate the pulsations of the heart, may be one of conquest for science. But how about nature and inspiration! The "mind diseased" may indeed be cured of its feverish ills and uncritical imaginings, but may not the sentient, suffering being, at the same time, have been, in the words of Eothen, cured of Life ?- Time.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—With the exception of some necessary modifications, this literally-rendered essay has been printed in the English as sent. To have transformed its racy Anglo-French would be to have rewritten the article entirely.]

SOME LITERARY IDOLATRIES.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

Mr. GEORGE SAINTSBURY'S prose style, often admirably racy and vigorous, is of all prose styles about the least likely to remind one of Landor's; but after reading, with much interest, though with frequent dissent, Mr. Saintsbury's volume on Elizabethan literature, its subject leads us incidentally to think of the great modern writer who scornfully dismissed Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries as the mushrooms that sprang up about the roots of the oak of Arden. How is Landor's extreme and undisguised disparagement of the "old dramatists' to be accounted for? It will not do to set it down to the mere prejudice of a "bigoted classicist." Theoretically his classical prepossessions may have approached the verge of bigotry, but practically they did not hinder him from heartily appreciating much that was at variance with his severe ideals. His "paganism" and "atheism" were no bar to the justness of his estimate of Dante. His delight in symmetry, grace, and formal finish did not interfere with a genuine admiration of Mr. Browning. From Webster and Dekkar-who, according to Mr. Swinburne, were "gulfs or estuaries of the sea which is Shakespeare"—he would have turned in disgust; but on that sea itself, in its tranquil or its stormy moods, he was never weary of setting sail. Whence, then, his violent aversion from that tragic fraternity whom a modern school of criticism proclaims as kinsmen of Shakespeare not far removed in blood? Undoubtedly, if he had been questioned as to the real grounds of his heresy, he would have replied in effect that the Elizabethan playwrights, those especially whom it is now the fashion to cry up on the score of peculiarly poetic endowment, painted such a lurid and chaotic world as he for one cared not to set foot in. "Let drama," he might have said, "show me men and women in great situations, heroically doing and enduring; but deliver me from the society of Ford's enamored brother and sister, and spare me

the spectacle of Webster's tortured Duchess."

"Webster," one can fancy him exclaiming, "Webster, an arm of the sea which is Shakespeare! Rather a sunless Acheron, with the wailing ghosts huddled upon its banks."

Before Lamb's time the contumely which had overwhelmed the extra-Shakesperian drama of Elizabeth and Tames was checkered by a half-conventional respect for Ben Jonson, Massinger, and the dual personality of Beaumont and Fletcher. Jonson, with his firm foothold in classic learning and his solid constructive power; Massinger, with his lucid, equable, restrained, orderly manner, never rising to greatness, but seldom degenerating into fustian or puffed into bombast, were naturally spared the doom which had overtaken the more erratic and fiery of their brethren. After the Restoration, Beaumont and Fletcher's plays seem to have been, in point of popularity, the chief salvage from the general wreck of the Elizabethan period. Dryden is so good as to inform us that these authors "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better' than Shakespeare; and he proceeds to observe that the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection. Their plays,' he says, "are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gayety in their comedies and pathos in their more serious plays which suits generally with all men's humors. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs." And so, having survived the fame of most of their compeers, these graceful collaborators continued intermittently to keep the stage, and at the end of the last century their names at least remained vaguely great upon men's lips. But with the present century came a race of critics who announced with much originality

and power that the most potent spirits of the old drama were not Jonson with his laborious art, nor Massinger with his surefooted style, nor Beaumont and Fletcher with their decorative fancy and lyrical grace, but Marlowe of the "mighty line," and Webster of the sombre imagination, and Dekkar and Middleton and Tourneur and Ford.

The most exquisitely gifted of these critics, Charles Lamb, was fired with all the zeal of a discoverer. In many instances he absurdly exaggerated the fertility and beauty of his new-found land. but much must be pardoned to the pioneer. With adventurers who first look down into an unmapped world from a "peak in Darien," the immediate impulse is to gaze and marvel rather than accurately observe. To Lamb and Hazlitt the work of the forgotten dramatists was a region of indescribable glamour and enchantment; and no wonder, for of them and their immediate associates we may say that

> They were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea.

And some of their verdicts are not likely to be annulled or much modified. Marlowe is a case in point. As the real founder, though not precisely the initiator, both of English tragedy and English blank verse—as being thus in a certain sense the father of our poetry more truly than even Chaucer, for Chaucer's direct influence upon Shakespeare and Milton is not great, while Marlowe's unquestionably is-the immense importance of his position can scarcely be overstated. And it is not merely a relative or historical importance either. Judged upon their absolute merits as poetry, such passages as those in which Faustus addresses the apparition of Helen, disclose by their magnificence of hyperbole a power of style belonging to the great poets alone. His imagination is of wide sweep, with an adventurous, intrepid, and untamable wing. Violent, sinister, rebellious, unblessed, he has something of the grandeur of a fallen angel about him, and in the dayspring of our drama he is Lucifer, son of the morning. We need not go the absurd lengths to which Leigh Hunt's enthusiasm carried that genial, and only too impressionable critic, as when, in his

Imagination and Fancy, a sort of poetic Baedeker or Tourist's Guide to Parnassus, he discovered the prototype of Milton's passages of glorified nomenclature in the following not very remarkable lines from the Jew of Malta:

Mine Argosies from Alexandria, Laden with spice and fruits, now under sail, Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore, To Malta, through our Mediterranean Sea.

But in spite of admirers given to admiring in the wrong place, in spite also of a later school of incontinent critics whom the tradition of Marlowe's aggressive impiety and general gracelessness seems to attract quite as much as the real power of his genius, and for whom that "hunger and thirst after unrighteousness," which his work exhibits is presumably one of his principal charms in spite of such impediments to judicious recognition, his unique eminence is now fully perceived and acknowledged. Let us be grateful to that group of ardent explorers who brushed the thick dust of two centuries from the pages of our first great dramatic poet; but having tendered them our gratitude for real and brilliant service performed, let us see whether we have not also somewhat against them. Concerning Lamb especially, let us inquire whether he did not, by extravagance of literary partisanship, impede the cause of true criticism in one direction while promoting it in another. Let us consider whether that absence of all just sense of proportion which distinguishes a contemporary school of criticism-a school whose loudest, most voluble apostles are capable of naming Villon in the same breath with Dante-is not lineally traceable to the imperfect equipoise of zeal and discretion which could permit Lamb to speak of Ford, for instance, as belonging to "the first order of poets."

Yes. In the notes intermingled with his selections, Lamb assures us that "Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds." Possibly this was how and where Ford sought for sublimity; whether he found it is another matter. Lamb's panegytic has special reference to the last scene of

"I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this." This is indeed, according to Milton, to "describe high passions and high actions . . . The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Cavalry and the Cross." The bad taste of this last allusion is quite inexcusable, for in the play itself the suggestion of Calvary and the Cross is absolutely undiscoverable; but the general pitch of the notes of praise is what we are here concerned with. Mr. Swinburne follows Lamb, remarking that, " of all last scenes on any stage, the last scene of this play is the most overwhelming in its unity of outward effect and inward impression.

Of course, readers of Mr. Swinburne's prose are aware that any poem or play, or any passage from a poem or play by one of his demigods, is always for the time being, while he is discussing it, the greatest and fairest, most precious and supreme, that the whole range of literature discloses: a thing above praise or price, and without fleck or flaw. But in this particular case we have Mr. Swinburne's familiar ecstasies paralleled by Lamb's. Let us turn to the scene in question, the subject of all this measureless eulogy. One need not give it in full, a survey of its drift will suffice.

During a dance in the royal palace of Sparta, tidings are successively brought to the Princess Calantha of the sudden deaths of her brother, her father, and her betrothed. At the delivery of each fatal message she betrays no emotion or concern whatever, but, to the amazement of all present, commands that the music and dancing proceed without pause. At the conclusion, however, of the night's festivities, she suddenly collapses and dies, after explaining (for she appears to have thought that an explanation was fairly demanded) that she had not been really unmoved after all, but that the triple news of death had "struck home, and here." She fails, however, to account for her assumed indifference in any satisfactory way, for we are merely expected to admire it as a display of transcendent Spartan etiquette, an exhibition conveying very little spiritual edification. Of course it is "effec-

The Broken Heart, of which he says: tive," provided that we are willing to accept, as a legitimate means toward effect, the grossest, and most outrageous violation of artistic verisimilitude. In respect of this ridiculously overpraised scene from a fairly well written, but rather mechanical, play, it is refreshing to read the following words of moderation and good sense from Hazlitt: "The passions may silence the voice of humanity, but it is, I think, equally against probability and decorum to make both the passions and the voice of humanity give way to a mere form of outward behavior. Such a suppression of the strongest and most uncontrollable feelings can only be justified from necessity, for some great purpose, which is not the case in Ford's play: or it must be done for the effect and eclat of the thing, which is not fortitude but affectation.

The work of Ford's, which his admirers now call his masterpiece, is not, however, the Broken Heart, but the play with the disagreeable title and the still more disagreeable subject. The crime of incest was the not infrequent theme of the great tragic poets of antiquity, but they at least are guiltless of the charge of throwing over it a sentimental glamour such as pervades this production of Ford's. 'Tis Pity She's a Whore is certainly a work of accomplished literary skill, but its very air of artistic finish enhances its moral repulsiveness; for Ford, unlike most of his Elizabethan brethren, was ever a deliberate, cool, calculating literary workman, and while he is weaving this story of abnormal passion and investing it with all the grace and charm at his command, it is manifest that he is nowise carried away by the imaginative contemplation of it himself, but is all the while curiously studying the monstrous growth of his own diseased fancy in a cold anatomical fashion that rouses our moral repugnance in direct proportion as it excites our æsthetic admiration. He is always the craftsman, possessing a faculty of self-criticism rare among his compeers of that age. He has no fine frenzies, but a soberly disposed modern reader will hardly quarrel with him on that score, for frenzies, fine and otherwise, are quite plentiful enough in the works of Ford's contemporaries to be

readily spared in his own. Unlike much of theirs, his verse is clean-cut and compact, but without special force or nerve, and entirely wanting in felicity and magic. Neither passages nor lines live in the reader's recollection. Regarding his human delineations, Mr. Swinburne says that Ford "was rather a sculptor of character than a painter, and this looks like an admirable critical distinction until we perceive that it is only a cleverly illusory way of saying, what is the plain fact, that Ford's dramatis personæ are discriminated in a very broad, general, elementary fashion, without subtlety of portraiture.

Another name which has been exalted to a corresponding pinnacle of disproportionate admiration is that of Webster. But here it may be well to pause and satisfy an imaginary querist. "Why," asks such a one, "why take these expressions of disproportionate admiration so seriously? Sensible people are not really imposed upon by them. It is perceived that certain critics find it convenient to use the writings of some of the least sane among the Elizabethan playwrights as occasions for characteristic gush and thin frothy ecstasies. These extravagant raptures are generally recognized as the jargon of professional criticism, and the lay reader is not taken Exactly so. But, one may ask, is the lay reader, with respect to some literary questions, to enjoy a monopoly of common sense? Shall sobriety of judgment be confined to those who raise no voice in public protest against the chorus of windy rhapsodists? May not the critic also say a temperate word? If the somewhat fallen fortunes of common sense are yet to be retrieved, it is important that a dejected cause be not committed wholly into the hands of the

It may also be added that the ecstatic school of criticism, the school whose manner is, not to carefully judge and balance, but eternally

To wonder with a foolish face of praise,"

has already its influence upon immature minds. If young persons, whose critical faculty lags behind their capacity for enthusiasm, find the crudities of the minor Elizabethan dramatists constantly spoken of in terms applicable to the

master-strokes of Lear, what wonder if the result be a permanent confusion in their minds of the essential differences between master-strokes and crudities? And one never knows whither the pernicious influence may extend or where it will stop. In the earlier part of this century Thomas Lovell Beddoes wrote his Death's Jest Book, or the Fool's Tragedy, a drama whose spirit is Elizabethanism run mad. It appears to be the work of a man equally enamored of the beauties and deformities of Webster. On the whole it is a wild phantasmagoria, yet with glimpses of a disordered grace, a distempered power, which have rescued it from complete oblivion. It has been said, by those who meant unmixed praise, that Death's Jest Book reads like a veritable Elizabethan product, and those also from whose point of view such a verdict implies more qualified commendation will not dispute the pronouncement. In Beddoes we have an example of a lost talent, led astray by clever mistaken guides and brilliant false models. We could point to a living writer in whom a far finer natural gift than Beddoes possessed is in like danger of being distorted or overlaid by the same unfortunate influences; but from modern pupils of the old dramatists, turn we rather to the old dramatists themselves. More especially let us turn to Webster, always keeping in view Mr. Swinburne's picturesque characterization of him as "a gulf or estuary of the sea which is Shakespeare, ing in mind also these words of Hazlitt: 'His White Devil and Duchess of Malfi upon the whole perhaps come the nearest to Shakespeare of anything we have on record." Let us briefly consider the propriety of the criticism which brackets the name of John Webster with the greatest name in literature.

And, firstly, as to external traits of style. Coming in the immediate wake of the great master, Webster had, of course—as was inevitable with a man of his epoch—studied under Shakespeare, so to speak, and though he cannot be said to have "caught his great language," yet something like an echo of the master's utterance may be heard at times in the pupil's speech. Even this, however, is apt to be delusive, being really in part ascribable to that general

vocabulary among the Elizabethan decay oppresses the tenebrous air. This dramatists whereby, in a measure, all the contemporaries of Shakespeare seem to deliver themselves with somewhat of his accent and air. Then, too, Webster abounds with direct verbal reminiscences of Shakespeare. Plagiarisms I suppose they may be called, but, in truth, they are but petty larcenies of a kind having no deep dye of turpitude. Dryden says of Ben Jonson, referring to his spoliations of the classics, "there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in Sejanus and Catiline. But he has done his robberies so openly that we may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him." This imperial mode of appropriation is not, however, Webster's manner. In fact, his numerous little filchings from Shakespeare are of the sneaking sort; far less like heroical spoils of conquest than furtive nibblings at the vast stores of an inexhaustible granary. But, in conjunction with broader evidences of style, they help to show the extent of Shakespeare's literary influence upon Webster. It was a literary influence almost solely, a moral influence hardly at all. Shakespeare could teach something of dramatic art to his immediate successors, but his large and lucid vision of life was an incommunicable private prerogative. Their habitual attitude of mind in presence of the deeper issues of existence bears no essential resemblance to his. Shakespeare now and again resigned himself to a temporary sojourn in some desert tract of thought or feeling. In Measure for Measure, for instance, he seems to have foregone his habitual healthfulness of view. But cynicism, disgust, and despair were brief and casual refuges of his spirit. These moods are the permanent and congenial dwelling-places of minds like Webster's. In the presence of Shakespeare we feel ourselves in communication with an inexhaustible reservoir of vitality. Life passes into us from every pore of his mind. We turn to Webster and it is like exchanging the breath of morn for the exhalations of the charnel. An unwholesome

community of tone and likeness of chill goes out from him. An odor of poet's morbid imagination affects us like that touch of the dead man's hand in one of the hideous scenes of his own most famous play.

That play is The Duchess of Malfi. Its heroine, the Duchess, a young widow, has recently married her steward Antonio. Her powerful brothers, Duke Ferdinand and the Cardinal, through the agency of their spy and bravo, Bosola, become aware of her mésalliance, and, enraged at the discovery, proceed to put in motion an elaborately infernal machinery of punishment. She is incarcerated in her palace. Duke Ferdinand visits her in a darkened chamber and extends to her at parting a dead man's hand in lieu of his own. Horrified, she calls for lights, which, being brought, disclose the effigies of her husband and children, appearing as if murdered, and devised so ingeniously,

> By Vincentio Lauriola, The curious master in that quality,

as to deceive her with the semblance of nature. From this point onward the horrors are dispensed with profuse liberality. Duke Ferdinand, apparently solicitous above all things that his sister should not suffer ennui in her durance, entertains her with a company of madmen purposely released from Bedlam. One of them sings a rousing catch, beginning cheerfully thus :-

> O let us howl some heavy note, Some deadly dogged howl.

They dance; the performance, according to the stage-direction, being accompanied "with music answerable there-unto." The precise character of the "music answerable thereunto" cannot now be determined, even by the most inductive and synthetic criticism; but perhaps we may hazard a conjecture that it dimly foreshadowed the more extreme developments of post-Wagnerism. The Bedlamites having retired, Bosola enters. Bosola is a kind of human gangrene infecting the whole body of the play. His putrid fancy is ingeniously loathsome, and leaves a trace of slime upon all objects which it traverses; though it may here be remarked parenthetically that Webster exhibits in general a singular fondness for illustrations

drawn from disease and corruption. In the circuit of his imagery the most frequent halting-places are the mad-house, the lazar-house, and the charnel-house. But, as was observed above, Bosola enters to the Duchess, announcing that he has come to make her tomb. Afterward executioners appear, "with a coffin, cords, and a bell." Finally the Duchess, her woman Cariola, and her children are strangled on the stage. The play, however, still drags its festering length through another act, in the course of which several more or less unpleasant persons are suitably " removed," until the reader, satiated with such gruesome fare, is left to digest, if he can, his ghoulish banquet.

And these gross melodramatic horrors, irredeemable by any touch of saving imagination—these are the poetic elements which Lamb, admiring in them what he calls "their remoteness from the conceptions of ordinary vengeance,' seriously, and with all the curious brilliance of his style, discusses as if such things really belonged to the domain of pure and noble art. Remote from ordinary conceptions these may be, but remote by any essential superiority of elevation they assuredly are not. Horrors that are stale and commonplace are, of course, recognized at once for the cheap and vulgar stuff that they are; but horrors that are strange and bizarre do not of necessity belong to any intrinsically higher level of art; both are properly of the same class, inasmuch as they propose to themselves the excitation of the same order of emotions. And the truth is, with regard to Webster and his group, that these men had no sober vision of things. Theirs is a world that reels in a "disastrous twilight" of lust and blood. We rise from Shakespeare enlarged and illumined. Webster is felt as a contracting and blurring influence. Like his own Duchess of Malfi, when she exclaims:

The heavens o'er my head seem made of molten brass,

we are oppressed by a sense of the world as being a narrow prison-house and the heavens its ignoble cope. The pity and terror here are not such as purify. Life seems a chance medley, a rendezvous of bewildered phantoms; virtue in this

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disordered world is merely wasted, honor bears not issue, nobleness dies unto itself. It is not our contention that Webster is unworthy the attention of the student; and he has his half-a-dozen memorable passages by which he will live the maimed and fragmentary life of poets who are exhibited in the shape of a few bottled specimens. What we protest against is the false criticism which would elevate him and his group to the rank almost of the masters who feed man's spirit, just as we should protest against the putting forward of a similar claim in behalf of such a writer, for instance, as Edgar Poe. Poe was a literary artist of much power; the objects viewed through his poetic lens are seen with a sombreness of body and prismatic brilliancy of outline which are not the shadow and light of nature, yet have their peculiar fascination; but the authentic masters are masters in virtue largely of their incalculable gift of elucidating the difficult world, not of exhibiting it in a fantastic stage-light. And after all, the highest beauty in art is, perhaps, a transcendent propriety. The touches which allure us by strangeness, or which "surprise by a fine excess, belong at best to the second order of The highest, rarest, and greatness. most marvellous of all are those which simply compel us to feel that they are supremely fit and right.

It is the perversity of some of Webster's admirers which alone makes it worth while to advert at all to the larger aspects and spirit of work whose larger aspects and spirit cannot permanently engage the interest or attract the sympathy of mankind. Mr. Gosse, for example, in the lecture on Webster which he has reproduced in his volume of Seventeenth Century Studies-and which the present writer has not at hand to quote -deprecates, with lofty seriousness, any disposition to exhibit his author in extracts, and treats him as if he were one of those profound masters whom we are to approach with "a bowed mind," and study religiously in their totality. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Webster was just one of those hugely unequal writers who occasionally, by a kind of divine accident, reach a height of momentary impressiveness, which the generally uninspired character of their work only projects into more luminous relief. After a tedious march through the arid and monotonous desert, suddenly, before the tired traveller's gaze,

Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill, The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

But as to his work considered in the mass, the plain truth is that it does not belong to good and helpful literature. Crude, formless, violent, disturbing, such work will ever chiefly attract minds which fix upon disorder and luridness as things to be desired. Such a play as The White Devil, or, Vittoria Corrembona-with its confused plot and ridiculous incidents, its superfluously clumsy murders, that really offend the sensibilities of the connoisseur, and its one fine scene--has no spirit or tendency that needs to be studied or analyzed at all. The spirit and tendency of such work, and of work like the Duchess of Malfi, should simply be noted for what they are, and straightway with all diligence eschewed. No feature of that spirit is more constant than a kind of debased fatalism, expressing itself in such words as those of Bosola,

We are merely the stars' tennis balls, struck and bandied Which way please them—

words whose imagery is sufficiently confused, but their sentiment characteristic. This must not be confounded with the fatalism of Greek tragedy, from which a certain tonic and astringent philosophy of life may be extracted. Webster's is rather a fatalism having its root in a conception of existence as essentially anarchic. In reading him we lose for the time all sensation of an ordered governance of things. Life seems a treacherous phantasm or lawless dream, in which human shapes chase one another like fortuitous shadows across an insubstantial arena. The ethical infertility of such a presentation of the world is manifest enough, but how shortsighted and shallow the criticism which professes to see any kinship between Shakespeare and a type of mind so defective in sanity of vision, so unable to see life steadily and see it whole,' poor in humor, so remote from healthful nature, so out of touch with genial reality! "A gulf or estuary of the sea

which is Shakespeare!" The image is in every way infelicitous, conveying as it does a suggestion of open sunlight and bracing briny air which is utterly foreign to Webster's talent. His art is no breezy inlet of any ocean, but rather a subterranean chamber where the breath and light of morning never penetrate. In the palace of life he seems to inhabit, by preference, some mouldy dungeon, peopled with spectral memories, and odorous of death.

At the date of the appearance of Lamb's Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare, exaggerated eulogy of those poets may in some sort be said to have been a simple act of justice. It was but paying them, with perhaps a high rate of interest, the arrears of honor accumulated during a century and a half of detraction or oblivion. But matters being thus balanced, is it not time for criticism to settle itself to a normal level? It may seem curious, two hundred and fifty years after a group of writers has passed away, that any need should arise for seriously disputing inordinate claims advanced on their behalf; but so long as literary history is what it always has been-a record of revolutions and counter-revolutions, of reactions and restorations—the necessity of periodical revisionary judgments will recur. The splendid Elizabethan age of literature met the appropriate fate of a spendthrift. Prodigal of its wealth and vigor, and wasting its substance in emotional and intellectual riotous living, it had reached a fantastic senility in the school of the Concettists ere it finally sank into that unhonored grave, which a flippant generation may haste to desecrate and to dance upon. After an interval of transition, there arose the strong, brilliant, self-assertive age of clear sense and apt expression, the age which ban-ished romance and mystery, and which, after a protracted reign, was itself deposed by the returning exiles. The close of the eighteenth century witnessed a poetic revival, and then a small band of enthusiasts cleared away the overgrowth of brambles from that neglected grave of the magnificent spendthrift, and built in their stead a monument of praise and homage. But the monument has been carried towering up and up, till it has reached a fatal height, like most Babels. Let us imagine a like destiny overtaking our own age. We are accustomed to think of our own age as so various and multiform, that its very diversity must needs insure at least a partial survival of its credit to after times. But let us suppose that posterity, looking at salient features only, and seeing in the present period a unity and homogeneity concealed from our view; seeing also with unsympathetic eyes, revolts altogether from the nineteenth century, somewhat as our fathers revolted from the eighteenth. Imagine the Victorian age ignominiously dethroned, with all manner of hustlings and indignities. From being roughly handled it is next pushed aside and disregarded-" posterity" at first descrying and then forgetting us. At last, however, the twentyfirst century dawns, and the critics of that era, looking about them for something to exercise their brilliance upon, discover the greatness of the Victorian age of Literature.

The splendors of the firmament of Time May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;

and our glory bursts forth afresh with a lustre as dazzling as the former gloom was deep. First of all comes the resurrection of our really eminent men. Lord Tennyson, Mr. Matthew Arnold, are reinstated as great poets, and simply get their own again. But the spasm of appreciation does not end here. It is found that our age was not merely a constellation, but a very galaxy of blazing genius. A wholesale revival of the rank and file of present-day versifiers sets in. Everybody is exhumed and more or less canonized. "The Victorian Era," writes a twenty-first century critic, rising in the true historical manner from special data to a generalized survey, " was not only an age of intellectual giants, it was an age when the average mental stature of mankind exceeded infinitely that of our petty day. Imagination was then a thing of almost universal diffusion, and a natural culture, so to speak, was the common inheritance of the Victorian men. Their poetry was great because it was the spontaneous expression of life. The singer in those days did not, as now, address himself merely to an esoteric

circle; the people, the whole of humanity, were his audience. The ill-paid office clerk, as he walked home with his comrades of the desk, argued with delicate discrimination upon the comparative importance of this poet and that, The green-grocer, as he leaned across his counter, discussed with eager interest the mediæval color of Rossetti's verse, or the ethics of Poems and Bal-In this strain the critic of the future goes on, and this is no very grotesquely exaggerated parody of the tone which it is now the fashion to adopt toward the Elizabethan playwrights. It is asserted that they were great because their work was in truth a page torn out at random, though perchance with ragged edges, from the teeming book of life. But the notorious facts are, that these playwrights really saw little of the most typical English society of their time. They were equally ignorant of the courtly phase of existence which some of them amused their audiences by attempting to depict, and of the broad, hearty, healthy, homely English life of hall and grange, and cot, real and comely in those days, as in the days that produced Adam Bede. The literary Bohemia of London was emphatically their world, and it was an unscientific frontier that separated Bohemia from Alsatia. Nor would the peaceful domestic idyl have had much charm for the play-goers of that generation. They craved more fiery stimulants, more inebriating draughts, and their tastes were met in a rough and ready style by a group of dramatists whose field was the grotesque, the extravagant, the monstrous, and whose artistic methods we should condemn in any modern writer as vulgar sensationalism.

The catholicity upon which modern criticism plumes itself has its drawbacks. There is even something of safety in a rigid faith and a narrow code. A critical creed like that of the last century, with its articles pretty clearly formulated, has advantages which our greater elasticity of judgment cannot boast. In estimating an artist, literary or other, we have pushed too far the principle of accepting the "defects of his qualities," until we are in some danger of losing our quickness to discriminate the two. Thus we see in many quarters a toler-

ance of aggressive eccentricity, an acquiescence in rampant individualism, a spirit whose tendency is through license to chaos. Severity of design, chastity of form, precision of speech, seem less and less cared for. The latter-day poet, to be considered great, must write in this manner:

Because our talk was of the cloud control And moontrack of the journeying face of Fate, Her tremulous kisses faltered at love's gate And her eyes dreamed against a distant goal.

This is not burlesque, it is Rossetti. And the lovers of unreality in verse are no less enamored of it in prose fiction. Critics, whose influence, if it be commensurate with their loudness and volubility, must be considerable, set up a hysterical production like Wuthering Heights as a mark for unrestrained admiration. But while the unhealth, the insanity, of such a book as Wuthering Heights is at least partially redeemed by the breath of wild nature that blows through it from moor to sky, the unhealth, the insanity, of writings like Ford's and Webster's is untempered by any such medicinal air. And herein is shown the vast distance of such men from Shakespeare. His out-of-doorness is felt by every one. The others stifle you within murderous walls. And it is, perhaps, not altogether fanciful to surmise that this very characteristic of their art may have had something to do with the secret of its special fascination for Charles Lamb. External nature, it is notorious, had no hold upon him; that exquisite genius was anything but at home under the open sky. The world as seen by a picturesque torchlight rather than by candid sunlight attracted his gaze. And it was a torchlighted world, a world of alternate deep shadow and vivid glare, of Rembrandtesque chiaroscuro, that he found in the minor

Elizabethan drama. As its great discoverer and interpreter and exhibitor he came to feel almost a sense of proprietorship in it, and to love everything it contained with the partiality one feels for one's own. Everything that smacked of Elizabethanism was dear to him. Its mannerisms, its affectations, its extravagances, its horrors, were sacred in his eyes. Its worst literary methods were regarded by him fondly. could speak, for instance, of the frequent joint-authorship of Elizabethan plays as "the noble practice of those times. Of course the mere personal relation of the collaborators may often have had in it much of the nobleness of beautiful friendship; but as to its artistic outcome, no practice could be more fatal to integrity of imaginative conception.

Enough, however, has perhaps been said. Let us take leave of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries and immediate successors with a hearty recognition of one great merit common to them all. They are not gulfs or estuaries of his ocean, but they stand toward him in one very serviceable relation, they are his finest imaginable foils. If we live under the shadow of the Andes, a time comes when their immensity ceases to be a perpetual astonishment to us. But if Skiddaw and Helvellyn could suddenly be placed in the foreground, we should experience a renewed sensation of the vastness of Chimborazo and Cotopaxi. If any reader is so unfortunate as to find that a prolonged familiarity with Shakespeare begets at last a somewhat blunted sensibility to the master's supreme power, a remedy is at hand by which his palate may recover its gust. Let him try a course of Webster and Dekkar, Randolph and Tourneur, Middleton and Heywood and Ford.-National Review.

THE GREAT MISSIONARY FAILURE.

BY CANON ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE stormy controversy which followed upon the reading of a certain paper at the last Church Congress has thrown considerable light upon the results and methods of missionary work.

It has called forth papers of permanent value from lay experts, including eminent Indian civilians and African travellers, while from the champions of the great missionary societies we have learned much as to their plans and pros-

Two main questions have been dis-

1. Have we reason to be satisfied with the results of missionary enterprise? 2. If not, what are the causes of the

failure, and how can they be remedied? There is no question as to the magnitude of the efforts that are being made. Upward of a million sterling is annually raised in this country for Protestant missions, and probably another million in America and on the Continent of Europe. About six thousand European and American missionaries and some thirty thousand native agents are employed. Clearly there is no lack of men or means. With all this effort is it probable that the world will become Christian?

The terrible Malthusian theorem has in the first place to be faced. Is the natural rate of increase among the heathen greater or less than the number of conversions? Unfortunately the lower races multiply faster than those higher in the scale. Negroes, Chinese, Hindus, and Japanese are extremely prolific. It would probably be a low calculation to take the annual increase of the population of the heathen world at twelve per thousand, a ratio which is less than the known rate of increase either in England or in Bengal.

Now since by the most recent estimates the population of China is 382 millions, of India 254 millions, of Africa 206 millions, of Japan 38 millions, and of Ceylon, Persia, Afghanistan, Corea, and the Burmese Peninsula 42 millions, it will be seen that, leaving out Tibet, Borneo, and other regions of which the population is unknown, the non-Christian population of Asia and Africa is upward of 920 millions, so that the annual increase by excess of births over deaths must exceed 11 millions.

Dr. Maclear, the Principal of a Training College for missionaries, who is perhaps the greatest living authority on the subject, estimates the annual increase of native Christians due to missionary efforts at 60,000. If this estimate is approximately correct, it would take the societies 183 years to overtake the increase of the non-Christian population

Christian we have every year 183 additional heathens or Moslems.

In spite of all the efforts that are made there are upward of 10 millions more heathens and Mahommedans in the world than there were a year ago. The missionary societies say we are advancing, and so we are. But in spite of our advance, instead of overtaking the work, the work is overtaking us. It is like the tortoise racing with a railway train; the longer the race continues the further the tortoise is left behind.

Dr. Maclear's estimate may be tested by the returns of some of the societies. The expenditure of the Church Missionary Society is given in the balance sheet at £238,157 198. 7d., but a sum of £48,604 58. 8d. locally raised is not brought into the account, and there is a large expenditure, both at home and abroad, which is also omitted, probably bringing the total up to £300,000. This society is therefore by far the largest and the most successful in existence, and the results of its operations are tabulated in a form which makes them more easily available for statistical purposes than those of other societies. We may, therefore, take it as a representative society, doing a third or a fourth of the work done by all the societies of this country.

The number of "native Christian adherents" in the regions above named was 147,575 in 1887. The increase by birth, at 12 per thousand, would be 1,771, and there were 2,771 adult baptisms in the ensuing year, against which must be set off a decrease of 1,805 adherents in certain missions (due probably to relapses to heathenism or conversion to Islam), leaving a net increase of 966 adults, which added to the calculated increase by births gives an increase of 2,737 on the year.

But the native Christian adherents were 147,585 in 1887 and 150,796 in 1888, showing an increase of 3,211. Compared with 2,737, the calculated increase, this seems to show either that the increase by births should be taken at 15 per thousand, or that nominal adherence is increasing, or that a number of children are reckoned as adherents who relapse into heathenism when they leave school. To be on the safe side, in a single year. For every additional let us take the annual increase of native

Christians due to the labors of the Church Missionary Society at 4,000; whence it would appear, that if the increase of the heathen by birth is 11 millions a year, it would take the society 2,750 years to overtake the additions made by birth in a single year to the non-Christian population; while if the population remained stationary, and all the converts remained steadfast, it would take more than 330,000 years to convert the world, or nearly a million years if the relapses are taken into account.

The chief efforts of the Church Missionary Society are devoted to India. Here the number of "native Christian adherents" is stated as 104,165 in 1887 and 106,751 in 1888, giving an increase of 2,586. At this rate it would take the society nearly a hundred thousand years to convert India.

But the Church Missionary Society is only one agency among many. According to General Haig, the spokesman of the societies, the annual increase of native Protestant Christians in India due to the labors of thirty-five Societies is 19,311, and the increase of Roman Catholics is 21,272, or 40,583 in all. But for every additional Christian there are about 12 additional Moslems and 52 additional heathens. It would take all the agencies put together sixty-four years to overtake the increase of the non-Christian people in a single year.

It must be remembered that more than half of the whole converts of the Church Missionary Society are in one or two districts in the extreme South of India. If these were to be excluded the results would be still more discouraging. Vast districts are practically untouched. Thus in Baroda, with a population of 2, 185,000, nearly double that of Wales, the number of Christians, in-cluding Europeans and Eurasians, is stated to be 170. In the Bombay Presidency 92.7 per cent. of the native Christians are said to be Roman Catholics. In Travancore, after seventy years' labor, only 3.3 per cent. of the native Christians are claimed by the Church of England and 90 per cent. by the Church of Rome.

China is perhaps the most disheartening case. The population is reckoned at 382,000,000. The annual increase by the excess of births over deaths

would be about 4,580,000. Last year the Church Missionary Society baptized 167 adults. At this rate it would take the Church Missionary Society twentyseven thousand years to overtake the gain to heathenism in a single year. If the population were stationary it would take more than 1,680,000 years to convert the Chinese Empire. If the progress is slow the expenditure is lavish. Last year in Ceylon 424 agents of the Church Missionary Society spent £11,-003 15s. 7d. in making 190 adult converts out of a population of nearly three millions, but the relapses were more numerous than the converts, as there was a decrease of 143 in the native Christian adherents. In China, 247 agents of the same society spent £14,-875 3s. in making 167 converts out of a population of 382,000,000. In North-ern India (Bengal, Bombay, and the North-West Provinces) 715 agents made 173 converts at a cost of £34, 186 28. 5d. And many converts are paid. In Hong Kong there are 94 communicants and 35 paid native agents. In Egypt and Arabia there are 10 communicants and 7 paid native agents. In Yoruba, after forty years of labor, not 5 per cent. of the people are converted, human sacrifices are not discontinued, while the native Christian adherents decreased last year by 885.

It is plain that the failure does not arise from a niggardly expenditure. But there can be no doubt that vast sums of money, and the still more precious lives of hosts of devoted laborers, are thrown away in the prosecution of hopeless enterprises. In the missions to Egypt, Persia, Palestine, and Arabia, where there are no heathen, the Church Missionary Society employs one hundred and nineteen agents, and has spent £23,-545 4s. 7d. in the last two years. The net results are nil. In Egypt, last year, there were two "inquirers," one a Negro and the other an Egyptian, but the inquiries did not lead to any further results. In Arabia a sick robber who was doctored by a missionary promised to abstain from robbing for ten days. In Palestine, the one Moslem convert of last year, a weak-minded orphan girl who required constant guidance, and for whom the prayers of all English Christians were invoked, has gone over to Rome and is now immured in a nunnery. In Persia we are told that "a great and wondrous door has been opened for the gospel," but no converts are mentioned, and the door seems to consist of a Persian who reads the Bible, which is one of his own sacred books. I have several correspondents among the Persian Moslems, and they constantly quote the Bible, with which they seem to be almost as familiar as with the Koran.

It is plain that these futile missions should be given up. A few Eastern Christians may be perverted, but the missionaries make no way among the Mahommedans. To extort from Sunday-school children their hoarded pence for the ostensible object of converting "the poor heathen," and to spend nearly £12,000 a year in fruitless missions to lands where there are no heathen, seems to me to be almost a crime, the crime of obtaining money under false pretences. Last year, when I called attention to this waste of resources that might better be applied elsewhere, say in Southern India or Santalia, where the results are encouraging, Dr. Bruce, the chief offender, answered me by a cry for larger sums to be expended in his resultless enterprise.

So much for quantity, and now what is the quality of the converts. Mr. Johnston, the well-known African traveller, who is our Vice-Consul in the Cameroons, says, "In many important districts where the missionaries have been at work for twenty years, they can scarcely number, in honest statistics, twenty sincere converts. In other parts, where large numbers of nominal Christians exist, their religion is discredited by numbering among its adherents all the drunkards, liars, rogues, and unclean livers in the colony. In the oldest of our West African possessions all the unrepentant Magdalenes of the chief city are professing Christians, and the most notorious one in the place boasts that she "never missed going to church on a communion Sunday.

Three years ago, in a nominally Christian village, a quarrel broke out, and not a few were killed. The victors cooked and eat the bodies of the slain. As a punishment, the native pastor announced that they were "suspended from church privileges." Can-

nibalism is punished by temporary exclusion from the Holy Communion! Of the native pastors Mr. Johnston says, 'With a few very rare exceptions those native African pastors, teachers, and catechists whom I have met have been all, more or less, bad men. They attempted to veil an unbridled immorality with an unblushing hypocrisy and a profane display of 'mouth' religion, which to an honest mind seemed even more disgusting than the immorality itself.' In the Times I publicly challenged a contradiction of Mr. Johnston's statements, but none has been forthcoming. These are the reports of lay travellers. Occasionally we get similar testimony from missionaries themselves. Hall, a missionary of the Church Missionary Society in Bengal, writes of one village, "Alas! I must confess that neither reader nor schoolmaster have much influence with the people. Both are in the habit of drinking; the schoolmaster has been dismissed for bad conduct. Drunkenness, quarrelling, and fighting are of frequent occurrence. Of another village he says, "Alas! I have the same story to tell. There are serious complaints against the schoolmaster. I cannot put my hand on one man in our village and say he is truly converted." Of a third village he says, "The people here are openly bad. No wonder that in Bengal, as in Western Africa, decreases are reported in the native Christian adherents. "Doubtless," Mr. Hall adds, "this report will be thought a dismal one, and I know from experience it is not likely to be popular. Reports that cannot speak of success and growth, and anecdotes of conversion, are not taking to the public mind."

The converts are few, and many of them of bad quality. It is best to face boldly the fact that missions as now conducted are less successful than we could wish. Why do they fail? I will first take the apologies offered by the missionaries and then give the explanations of lay observers.

In their last annual report the committee of the Church Missionary Society say their failure to convert Mahommedans is because the baleful sway of Islam shuts the heart against the gospel. It would be as logical for Moslems to com-

plain that they have not converted Europe because the baleful sway of Christianity shuts the heart against Islam. Such a pitiful platitude means, if it means anything, that the Moslems do not become Christians because they like their own religion best. And why do they like it best? Let Dr. Legge, a missionary of thirty-four years standing, speak. He thinks that we shall fail to make converts so long as Christianity presents itself infected with the bitter internal animosities of Christian sects, and associated in the minds of the natives with the drunkenness, the profligacy, and the gigantic social evil conspicuous among Christian nations. Bishop Steere thought that the two greatest hindrances to success were the squabbles of missionaries among themselves and the rivalry of the societies-there are two hundred and twenty-four of them -- who tout for converts.

This internal animosity of Christian sects is well illustrated by the report of Mr. Squires, the local secretary of the Church Missionary Society in the Bombay Presidency, who states that "one of the greatest hindrances to missionary effort' is the existence of so many Christians who do not belong to any of the Protestant societies. Strange to say, the existence of so many Christians is a great hindrance to the spread of Christianity! Mr. Squires, with his 97 assistants, baptized last year 36 adults and 92 children, at a cost of £9,441 78. id., and the converts made by his society, after sixty-six years of labor, do not amount to 2,000, while the devoted Roman priests are converting, educating, and consoling thousands upon thousands, at a nominal cost, which comes, not from any wealthy society, but mainly from the converts themselves. No wonder Mr. Squires is jealous of his successful rivals.

This unwise rivalry of the societies is illustrated by the detailed reports of many of the missionaries. Thus Mr. Hall complains that one of his "inquirers" has been "decoyed" and baptized by a missionary of another society. "Inquirers" take advantage of this rivalry for converts, and put themselves up to auction. Mr. Bell writes that an "inquirer," to whom, pending the inquire, he was paying a salary of £1 a

month, struck for higher pay and went off to a rival missionary to "inquire."

In another case an unusually acute missionary found that one of his inquirers had been pursuing the lucrative profession of going round to mission after mission and getting repeatedly baptized. Of course, after every fresh baptism, he reappears in the missionary statistics as a fresh convert. Dr. Bruce has complained that we do not succeed because the sums spent on missions are insufficient. It would rather seem that the floods of money which are poured out are the cause of much of the weakness of the missions.

It is curious to note that the most costly missions are frequently the least successful, while, on the other hand, those on which the smallest sums are spent show the best results.

It is not always easy to compare the results with the expenditure, as in the reports of several societies the tabulation of results does not apply to the same geographical areas as the tabulation of expenditure. Two missions, one prosperous and the other ineffective, are sometimes lumped together in the accounts so as to bring out a delusive Thus about twogeneral average. thirds of the native Christian adherents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the vast regions of Bengal and the North-West Provinces are to be found among the Kols who inhabit the small hill district of Chota Nagpore, which is an almost invisible speck on an ordinary map, but it is impossible to ascertain from the published accounts whether the eleven fresh converts who have been added to the 772 native Christians in the North-West Provinces have cost less or more than the 298 converts added to the 12,746 native Christians in Chota Nagpore.

It is the same with the reports of the Church Missionary Society. The expenditure on the 56.648 native Christians in Tinnevelly is lumped with the expenditure on the 2,561 native Christians in Madras.

But where materials are supplied for forming such comparisons it would appear that missions relatively unsuccessful are more costly than those which exhibit the best results. Thus we are able to compare the Bombay and Travancore

missions of the Church Missionary Society. Each costs about £6,000, Bombay the most, and each has seven European missionaries on its staff. In Bombay there are less than 2,000 native Christians, while in Travancore there are upward of 20,000. In Bombay there are under 1,000 communicants, in Travancore over 6,000. In Bombay last year there were 128 baptisms, in Travancore 957.

Or compare the Punjab and South Indian missions of the same society. Each costs about £16,000, the Punjab the most, and each has about twenty European missionaries. In the Punjab there are less than 3,000 native Christians, in the other upward of 67,000. In the one there are under 700 communicants, in the other over 14,000. In the Punjab the baptisms are less than 600, in South India more than 3,000. In the small district of Tinnevelly the results are as great as in all the rest of India put together.

It is plain that the expenditure bears little or no relation to the results. cause seems to be twofold. In the successful missions the native pastors are zealous and numerous, a few Europeans being employed to guide and superintend them. In the unsuccessful missions the Church is exotic, and the costly European missionary fails to secure results which are easily attained elsewhere by native laborers of the right sort. The second cause seems to be due to race. The aboriginal Hill tribes and the Dravidian races of Southern India seem to be far more open to Christian teaching than the Hindus and Moslems.

Sir William Hunter, the most competent of experts, does not expect any large accessions from Islam or orthodox Hinduism, but he tells us that there is in India half a million of low-caste or aboriginal tribes who are certain to be ultimately won over to one of the three higher faiths. Here then there is a promising field. Common sense would dictate the wiser course of concentrating our efforts on the Dravidians of the south and the non Aryan Hill tribes of the north, who if once won over to Hinduism or Islam become inaccessible to the appeals of the Christian missionary, and not to waste our resources and the precious fleeting years on the Moslems

and high-caste Brahmans on whom we make no apparent impression.

It was the opinion of Bishop Steere that the success of a missionary depends on his acceptance of the outward features of the native life. The preacher's hut, his goods, his dress, his food, should be the same as those of the natives. European missionaries fail because they attempt to make Asiatics or Africans into middle-class English Philistines, which they never will be. Islam succeeds better than Christianity largely because it leaves the people, Asiatics or Africans, undisturbed in all the outward circumstances of their lives. In the most successful missions, such as those of the Wesleyans to Fiji, where in some circuits 98 per cent. of the natives are enrolled, or the missions of the London Missionary Society in Madagascar or Polynesia, or the missions of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Chota Nagpore, or of the Church Missionary Society in Tinnevelly, the cause of success is obvious. The mission has not been a feeble exotic, but natives have been taught by natives.

It has been well said that the teachers who would appeal successfully to Asiatics or Africans should be as unlike as possible to English rectors or dissenting ministers. Efforts modelled on the pattern of an Islington district are doomed to failure. The man who can best touch the hearts of Indians must be a celibate and an ascetic, abstaining from alcohol, living like the natives on rice, receiving no payment, either a mendicant or working with his own hands, giving up everything that makes life comfortable, converting, not by argument, but by exhibiting in practice that absolute self-renunciation which is the only language the natives can under-

Whether the efforts of the Salvation Army in India will be permanently successful it would be premature to say, but at all events they show a better comprehension of the way in which Indians can be reached than the professional married missionary of the old type. Mr. Tucker, their leader, has given proof of his sincerity by surrendering a lucrative post in the Indian civil service. He, heads a barefooted regiment of two hundred soldiers, who

go for life, who give up everything they have, who receive no payment, but are content with a bare subsistence. They abstain from the flesh of animals, the slaughter of which is an abomination to the Hindu; they touch no alcohol; their food is a handful of rice and curry, which they beg from day to day from those to whom they minister. Like the natives, they oil their bodies with colza oil, they go barefoot, with turbans to protect them from the sun, and their dress is a few yards of calico, costing about five shillings. The whole maintenance of each missionary does not exceed two shillings a week, or five pounds a year. Like the successful Moravian missionaries in South Africa or the West Indies, their object is to become natives, to live among the natives exactly as the natives live, simply exhibiting a nobler life and higher aims. They have only two rules-constant prayer and absolute seclusion from all contact with the English. The English despise the natives, and the natives hate the English for their arrogance. The Salvation Army treats the natives like brethren. They do not scatter their forces, but go in bands of forty or fifty together. never argue, or discuss doctrines, or go into the "evidences" of Christianity. They exhibit the ascetic life which appeals so strongly to the Hindu. They say, "See what our religion does for us, how happy it makes us, and how it enables us to despise poverty and conquer the troubles of the world, how it makes us contented and cheerful and The natives like the free from sin." drums and the tomtoms, the lively singing, and the bright banners and the processions, and follow them in crowds, while they find the Church Missionary Society services on the Islington model dull and slow. It may not be a high ideal of religion, but it appeals to Indians, just as it appeals to the least educated classes at home.

The Salvationists believe that only Asiatics can appeal successfully to Asiatics. They adopt the outward life of Asiatics, and abjure European dress, European food, and European customs. We can see the good sense of this. Would a Chinaman with his pigtail, feeding on snails, birds' nests, and lizards, have any chance of converting English

ploughboys to Buddhism? They would simply laugh at him or detest him. And an English missionary in a black coat, eating pork or beef, which is as much an abomination to a Hindu as a lizard to an Englishman, has about the same chance of converting an Indian peasant. To try and make Asiatics into Europeans as well as Christians, is as though a Chinese missionary strove to make Europeans into Chinamen as a preliminary to making them into Buddhists. The Salvation Army also shows its wisdom in refusing to argue or to discuss the evidences for Christianity. India will not be converted by Paley's Evidences, but by the exhibition in practice of the superiority and beauty of the Christian life. A clever Hindu will beat a half-educated missionary in argument, Mr. Routledge, formerly editor of The Star of India, and one of the Indian correspondents of the Times, tells us that at a dinner he heard a baboo (clerk), standing behind the table, completely defeat a missionary who was one of the party. The baboo, he says, beat the missionary out and out in downright hard reasoning, never losing his temper for a moment.

Mr. Routledge once examined the advanced students in a missionary college in the presence of the principal. He asked, "Does the Christian education given in these colleges tend to make Christians?" "No." "Do you believe in the Christian religion?" "No, no, no!" with one solitary "Yes." "Why?" "We don't believe in the Incarnation or the Atonement." Vast sums are frittered away on such colleges.

Sir William Hunter has explained to us why the controversial method fails with the Hindu. He tells us that an argument between a Brahmin and a missionary seems to the populace to resolve itself into a wrangle as to the compaiative merits of the Hindu triad and the Christian Trinity, and the comparative evidence for the incarnation of Krishna and the incarnation of Christ. The uneducated native, if he is to have a triad and an incarnation, prefers to keep his own. As for the educated natives, the missionary colleges have undermined his belief in the Hindu triad and the Hindu incarnation, and he thinks that all triads and incarnations belong to a state of mental development which he sionary as "a charitable Englishman has passed. who keeps an excellent cheap school,

The principles of the Salvation Army -absolute self-renunciation, voluntary poverty, and conformity to the conditions of native life-have been the distinguishing features of successful missions. In spite of the widest theological differences, success has uniformly attended missions conducted on such methods. To this must be attributed the wonderful triumphs of the Moravians, and of Xavier and the early Jesuits. In spite of the prodigal expenditure of the Protestant societies, three-fourths of the native Christians in India are descendants of the converts of the early Jesuits,

In those districts where Xavier labored, 90 per cent. of the native Christians are Roman Catholics. In Travancore alone there are half a million of them, twice as many as the two Church of England Societies can claim in the whole of Africa and Asia.

The same conception of the fundamental conditions of successful missionary enterprise is shown by the Oxford Brethren at Calcutta, who, like the Jesuit fathers, lead lives of apostolic simplicity and of the greatest austerity and self-denial; but they are few in number, and their work is on a small The true principle of missionary effort is also exhibited in the Universities' Mission to Eastern Africa. None of their missionaries receive any stipend; their passage out and home is paid, and they are allowed to draw £20 a year for clothes. It is their privilege to be allowed to work for the love of God and man. We find men of high endowments, and many of them of fair university attainments, sacrificing a career at home, and giving themselves, with high-minded devotedness, to the work. Hence we get real results.

Sir W. Hunter reminds us that for the last twenty-four centuries every preacher who has appealed to the popular heart has cut himself off from the world by a solemn act, like the Great Renunciation of Buddha. He must be an ascetic, and must come forth from his solitary self-communings with a message to his fellow-men. Our missionaries have not these qualifications. He tells us that the natives regard a missionary as "a charitable Englishman who keeps an excellent cheap school, speaks the language well, preaches a European form of their old incarnations and triads, and drives out his wife and his little ones in a pony-carriage."

The pony-carriage is obviously fatal to the missionaries' influence. If St. Paul, before starting on one of his missionary journeys, had required St. James and a committee at Jerusalem to guarantee him £300 a year, paid quarterly, and had provided himself with a shady bungalow, a punkah, a pony carriage, and a wife, he would not have changed the history of the world.

Another cause of failure which has been pointed out by Bishop Steere is the inferior quality of the material. He complains that we take men of an inferior social class, governed, sent out, and paid by a superior sort of men formed into a committee in London, with a set of examiners to see that the inferior men are not too inferior, and a set of cheap colleges where the inferior men may get an inferior education, and a set of inferior bishops to give them a sort of inferior ordination, and then expect them to achieve results which can only be expected from men of the highest quality.

Half-taught men, Bishop Steere says, such as the so-called mission colleges turn out, are much more likely to be useful in England to preach to those who share their ignorance and their prejudices, than among nations whom the cleverest among us only imperfectly understand.

Naturally these inferior and ill-educated men are narrow and bigoted, of a type who would not be ordained by any English bishop or thought good enough for the curacy of a country village in the Fens, and these inferior men are sent to do the difficult work of preaching in Tamil or Swahili, and coping with the acute intellects of Hindus and Moslems. No wonder they fail miserably. Mr. Aske, of the Buganda Mission, says that considering the material that is sent out, the marvel and miracle is not that so little is done but so much. Send out, he says, some good men instead of half-educated, wholly unfit persons. You set down one or two illiterate, injudicious missionaries among two or three millions of heathen, and then expect results!

Staying in a country house with a munificent supporter of the Church Missionary Society, I was told that a devoted young man, studying at one of the missionary colleges, was coming on a visit to his patron. He arrived. I was surprised not to see him at dinner, and asked if he was ill. My host kindly explained that, being the son of the black-smith in the neighboring village, the butler objected to wait on him, and that he found it more pleasant and congenial to dine in the servants' hall.

Such men get £300 a year and a social position which they could have got in no other way. In India they become sahibs, which cuts them off at once from any real influence.

Mr. Routledge says if the missionaries would succeed they must cease to be sahibs, and become the brothers of the people. He describes the native catechist walking humbly three or four steps behind the missionary, not daring to walk abreast of him. The Roman Catholic missionaries succeed better than the Protestants because they abjure sahibism, and because they cast in their lot with the people, and depend on their offerings for subsistence.

I believe our methods are not only unsuccessful but altogether wrong. We must return to those methods which were crowned with such marvellous triumphs in the centuries which saw the conversion of the Roman Empire and of the Northern nations. The modern method is to hire a class of professional missionaries—a mercenary army, which, like other mercenary armies, may be admirably disciplined and may earn its pay, but will never do the work of the real soldiers of the cross. The hireling may be an excellent hireling, but for all that he is only a hireling.

If the work is to be done we must have men influenced with the apostolic spirit, the spirit of St. Paul, of St. Columba, St. Columbanus, and St. Xavier. These men brought whole nations to Christ, and such men only, if such men can be found, will reap the harvest of the heathen world. They must serve, not for pay, but solely for the love of God. They must give up all European comforts and European society, and

cast in their lot with the natives and live as the natives live, counting their lives for naught, and striving to make converts, not by the help of Paley's Evidences, but by the great renunciation which enabled Gautama to gain so many millions of disciples. As one of the greatest of missionaries has said, the best preachers are not our words, but our lives; and our deaths, if need be, are better preachers still. We must hold up the spectacle of devoted lives to enable the people to understand the first elements of the Christian faith.

General Gordon, in one of his last letters, has told us the same hard truth. Writing from Khartoum, he says in his trenchant style: "There is not the least doubt that there is an immense virgin field for an apostle in these countries among the black tribes. But where will you find an apostle? A man must give up everything, understand-everything, everything! No half or threequarter measure will do. He must be dead to the world, have no ties of any sort, and long for death when it may please God to take him. There are few, very few, such. And yet what a field!" And General Gordon, a zealous Puritan Protestant, if ever there was one, found none but the Roman Catholics who came up to his ideal of the absolute selfdevotion of the apostolic missionary. In China he found the Protestant missionaries with comfortable salaries of £300 a year, preferring to stay on the coast, where English comforts and English society could be had, while the Roman priests left Europe never to return, living in the interior with the natives as the natives lived, without wife, or child, or salary, or comforts, or society. Hence these priests succeed as they deserve to succeed, while the professional Protestant missionary fails. True missionary work is necessarily heroic work, and heroic work can only be done by heroes. Men not cast in the heroic mould are only costly cumbrances.

John Williams, of Eromanga, who converted the Polynesian cannibals, was such a hero. The Moravians who, among the Hottentots lived as Hottentots, who took no salaries, but toiled with their own hands for a livelihood, who in the West Indies sold themselves

for slaves that they might influence the slaves, were heroes, and they have had the reward of Christian heroes in a plenteous harvest of human souls. But the modern professional missionary, with his punkah and his bungalow and his pony carriage, who travels first-class, who marries at twenty-three, and is always clamoring to the society for grants for his wife and children, is not a hero, and fails as he deserves to fail.

Bishop Steere writes: "Let me say that all missionaries owe a debt of gratitude to those who call attention to the mistakes and failures of missions."

To him, more than to any man, they owe a debt of gratitude for showing in his own practice the more perfect way. I also in more humble fashion have been trying to point out what are the causes of the undeniable failure of missionary

work. From individual missionaries. such as Mr. Mackay, of Uganda, one of the most daring and heroic pioneers of missionary enterprise, I have received the warmest thanks. From the shores of the Victoria Nyanza he writes to tell me that missionaries in the actual field of work look on what I have said about missionary work with sincere sympathy, and not with the bitterness and wrath with which I have been met by the paid secretaries of the missionary societies, who, he says, scorn correction, and never look beyond their own narrow groove. He has bidden me to place these his words on record, and it is with pride and pleasure at being honored with the approval of such a true missionary hero that I accomplish his behest. - Fortnightly Review.

LITERARY NOTICES.

FRANKLIN IN FRANCE. From Original Documents, most of which are now published for the first time. By Edward E. Hale and Edward E. Hale, Jr. Part II. The Treaty of Peace and Franklin's Life till his Return. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The first part of this elaborate biography of Franklin, which is, indeed, almost a history of the relations of our country with England and France during the life of Franklin, was issued about nine months since, and was then reviewed in these columns. The section before us illustrates the closing years of his residence in France, and the material, much of which is fresh, and derived from original manuscripts in several large collections not easily accessible, is of great value in throwing light on one of the most remarkable men of his age and on the times in which he lived. The value of any serious attempt in historical writing depends very largely on the fruits of original research, and every historian or biographer who saves the patience and time of his readers by not making a rechauffe of other books, but writes only as he has novel material to offer, is a benefactor to his kind in this day of profuse bookmaking.

After the surrender of Yorktown and the negotiation of peace, the life of Franklin completely changed. Previously he had been the

man of business and diplomacy; now he became the man of letters, science, and society. During the three years and a half longer during which Franklin remained in the French capital he was one of the most noticed, admired, and prominent figures in a court which, with all the terrible political disturbances boiling under the feet of men, was the focus of a most brilliant society in art, literature, and science, as well as of the more decorative characteristics which gather around rank, wealth, and luxurious living.

Americans will be specially interested in the light thrown on the facts of the preliminary proceedings of the treaty of peace. The dissensions between Adams, Franklin, and Jay, if their differences can be called such, caused friction-perhaps irritation. Franklin's case has been presented forcibly by Mr. Bancroft, and now our biographers add still further and fuller testimony on the side of Franklin. The chapters devoted to this are full of value, and we regret that space prevents us speaking of them more at length. The Messrs. Hale have evidently given the most painstaking labor and research to their work, and, we believe, have added a most important contribution to the history of the country. Many letters, now for the first time printed, some from distinguished men and women, some from personal friends hardly known to fame, add liveliness to this entertaining and valuable work. Students of American history will hardly miss the opportunity of deepening and widening their knowledge through so trustworthy a medium. The book is illustrated with vignette portraits of the distinguished men who took part in the events of the time, with many of whom Franklin was on terms of close intimacy.

ON THE SENSES, INSTINCTS, AND INTELLI-GENCE OF ANIMALS. With Special Reference to Insects. By Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P., F.R.S., D.C.L., LL.D., Author of "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," "Prehistoric Times," etc. With Over One Hundred Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

Sir John Lubbock, who knows so happily how to reconcile the business of banking and politics with the interests of science, gives us in this new volume of the International Scientific Series another of his fascinating studies of animal life. The remarkable gifts of observation and insight, in which he is surpassed by no scientist of the age, show as much in this book as in his prior studies of the hymenoptera. He tells us that he has supplemented his own studies and observations by the concurrent testimony of all the distinguished naturalists in other countries. He begins with a patient and exhaustive analysis of the organs of sense in the lower animals, and attempts to define accurately the limits of those powers, so far as these great tasks can be accomplished within the limits of a small book. To this part of the book he devotes the larger portion of a book of two hundred and ninety-two pages, and those who have admired the brilliant method of treatment by which Sir John Lubbock makes science fascinating, will find no falling off in these fascinating pages. In the last five chapters of the book he presents his generalizations from his facts, and shows the workings of instinct among the humble creatures which crawl, or swim, or fly, with a vividness which is almost like a piece of psychological history, so closely do its workings imitate the operations of mentality among men. The book is written in a simple, easy, unaffected style, and the lucidity of treatment divests these scientific studies of everything like dryness or severity. We believe that there is no one with alert natural intelligence, however lacking in training and technical scientific knowledge, who will not be able to follow the observations and conclusions of this book, not only with clearness, but with the keenest interest and

sympathy. Many of Sir John Lubbock's conclusions in this volume have been prefigured, if not fully elucidated in previous volumes, but this does not lessen the value and charm of the book.

THE PENTAMERON. Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare. Minor Prose Pieces. Criticism. By Walter Savage Landor, Author of "Imaginary Conversations," "Pericles and Aspasia," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Landor's name is much more talked about than his books are read. He is pre-eminently the author's author, in the sense that Spenser is the poet's poet. The lofty, austere taste, the studied exclusion of everything that is outre, extravagant, or fanciful, the play of an imagination, great as it is, which is always under the control of the most fastidious intellectualism, a style as chiselled as the outlines of a Greek statue, ideals of thought and expression so purely classical that they mostly seem out of sympathy with the things the modern man thinks and does-all these put Walter Savage Landor outside of the current tracks of human interest. Yet no thinking and cultivated man ever finds anything but keen pleasure and much profit in reading even the lesser things written by this great genius. Beautiful and finished as his poems are, Landor is mostly known to readers by the "Imaginary Conversations," which ranks among the classics of modern literature. The volume before us only contains some of his minor miscellany, but the mark of the author is on them. "The Pentameron" is a conversation between Boccaccio and Petrarch, and is packed full of weighty and vigorous thought expressed in the characteristic Landor style. The acute criticism of men, of life, of books, is varied with veins of reminiscence now pathetic, now cynical. It is not needed that Dante, who furnishes so large a subject for the discussion of the two, should have put into the mouth of Francesca in the " Inferno,"

> "Nessem maggior dolore Che ricordarsi del tempo folice, Nella miseria."

It is the "memory of happier things" that gives this "conversation" its pungent charm. The other papers—"Shakespeare" and the "Minor Criticism"—are vigorous specimens of Landor's style, though not at its best.

THE ADMIRABLE LADY BEDDY FANE. By Frank Barrett. New York: Cassell & Co. One of the more recent apinners of fiction

among our British cousins is Mr. Frank Barrett, who has made his place in the "sensational" gener with considerable éclat. This branch of novel-writing is the most easy and convenient outlet for conscious talent, as certainly it appeals to the largest public, in spite of the lesson of the enormous success of "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Barrett follows closely in this work in the track of Amyas Leigh and his comrades through the wilds of South America, as set forth by Charles Kingsley in "Westward Ho!"-one of the most fascinating novels in our language, be it said. Comparison is invidious, but we are compelled to assert that our ambitious contemporary does not attain the charm of his model. The book, however, is so far from being without interest that the average reader, who likes startling events, extraordinary surroundings, and vivid description of tropical scenes, will find his time agreeably diverted. How Lady Beddy Fane, and her heroic companion, Benet Pengilly, became stranded alone and helpless in the wilds of Venezuela, and how they escaped from its dangers, it behooves us not to tell. Suffice it to say that it is a story of the "black flag," of bewhiskered Spanish pirates, of fierce fighting hand-to-hand, of moving incidents by field and flood, that rival any told by Othello to Desdemona, thickly piled on each other in a way to satisfy the most exacting demands, It is a good ways, however, above the " penny dreadful" in literary ability and artistic design. It is a book that lads just beginning to discover a mustache will take delight in.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. (Famous Women Series.) By John H. Ingram. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The author of this biography is, if we mistake not, the author of the "Life of Poe," and therefore of some skill and experience in the kind of biography which he cares or is fitted to write. Mr. Ingram tells us that the details of Mrs. Browning's life are less known to the public than those of most other literary celebrities who approach her rank. This may be the reason why he has offered us a volume of gossip, much of it trivial, and much of it interesting, yet little but gossip, if we except those chapters which give a résumé of some of Mrs. Browning's longer poems. Those who take up this sketchy volume with a notion of getting any deep insight into the inner life, which constitutes the true life of the poet, especially one so shy, frail, and spiritual as Elizabeth Barrett Browning; of enlarging his knowledge

of that wonderful genius, which grew and expanded as naturally and as quietly as a flower; which under the inspiration of marriage, a noble mate, and her magnificent enthusiasm for liberty burst into trumpet-notes that stirred the world to a quicker heart-beat; such readers will, we say, be grievously disappointed. Such a biography as we have described, written, as it would needs be, by a great sympathetic spirit, would be'a boon. Such a life Mr. Ingram, slave to his limitations, has not, and probably could not give us. It is unfortunate that he should have been detailed for this labor by the editor of the series. We regard it as one of the least admirable of a succession of books which have been, on the whole, good in execution. Mr. Ingram, measured by any of the higher standards of such work, has executed his subject in a sense only associated with a function far different from that of literature. Yet dismissing the higher ideal of the biographer's work, the reader may learn much about the Brownings, their friends, their household, and their daily lives. It is the kind of thing, for the most part, that a lively newspaper correspondent would write. It is a pity that so noble a subject should have been so unworthily treated. The portion of the book devoted to criticism is little more than the 'prentice work of a weakling. The most interesting paragraphs are those excerpts which repeat in their own language the impressions made on distinguished people by this most gifted creature, one of the rarest, grandest, vet gentlest spirits ever encased in the frail sheath of a human body.

FOREIGN LITERARY AND ART NOTES.

ABOUT the remarkable story which opens the present number the Athenaum has the following: "A story in the current number of Blackwood, called 'Aut Diabolus aut Nihil: the Story of a Hallucination,' is exciting a considerable amount of speculation and curiosity, especially in Paris, where doubts are apparently expressed whether the tale is altogether founded upon fiction. It is some years ago now since Parisian society was excited over the report that a very popular preacher, of decidedly free-thinking proclivities, who had preached an eloquent sermon on the personality of Satan, in which he did not believe, had the ideal which he had held up to his congregation corrected by an interview with the Prince of Darkness himself. The Blackwood story professes to tell how this meeting was brought about, and Parisian gossip is now busy seeking to identify the actors in this remarkable drama. The names of the Abbé Hurd, the eloquent preacher of the Madeleine, and of the famous Abbé Bauer are both put forward as likely to have suggested the original of Abbé Girod; opinions seem to be divided as to whether the Duc de Frontignan is to be identified with the Duc de Caderousse or the Duc de Massa; while the names of Prince Paul Demidoff and Ivan Puskievitch are suggested as having supplied the character of Pomerantseff, who acts as usher to his infernal highness. Meanwhile Parislan society is extremely anxious to know who X, L. is-a curiosity which, under the circumstances, is hardly likely to be gratified."

At the Oriental Seminary of Berlin four languages only have been able to maintain something like a respectable attendance—viz., Arabic, Turkish, Chinese, and Japanese. New courses for beginners have just been formed, and the first examination in some of the languages taught will take place next year.

POPE LEO XIII. has just presented to the British Museum Library, the Bodleian, and the University Library at Cambridge a series of costly folios, commemorative of the late sacerdotal jubilee of his Holiness. Conspicuous among these facsimiles-which have been reproduced under the personal supervision of Cardinal Pitra, the Librarian of the Vaticanare the famous Vatican manuscript book of the Gospels on purple parchment, emblazoned in letters of gold and silver; the hardly less notable Ethiopic codex, which was the gift to the Holy See of Menalik, King of Abyssinia; the Abbot Ceolfrid's Bible, which is one of the most ancient codices in the Apostolic library; and, together with an account of some wonderful seals of great antiquity, a number of other most curious Arabic, Syriac, Greek, and Latin manuscripts which have long been among the glories of the Vatican collection. These gifts, in obedience to his instructions, have just been transmitted to England through the hands of Cardinal Rampolla, his Holiness's Secretary of State.

The last volume (xxiv.) of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is expected to be published early next month, and will contain several important articles by well-known authorities—viz., "Value and Wages," by Professor Shield Nicholson; "Van Dyck," by M. Hy-

mans; "Variable and Variations," by Professor Williamson; "Variation and Selection," by Professor Geddes; "Vega," by M. Morel-Fatio; "Vegetable Kingdom," by Professor Vines, "Venice," by M. Yriarte and Profesor Middleton; "Ventilation," by Professor Ewing; "Vertebrata and Zoology," by Professor Ray Lankester; "Veterinary Science," by Principal Fleming, C.B.; "Violin," by Mr. Payne; "Voltaire," by Mr. Saintsbury; "War," by Colonel Maurice, R.A., and Captain Penrose Fitz-Gerald, R.N.; "Water-Supply," by Professor Vernon-Harcourt, C.E.; "Wave Theory," by Lord Rayleigh; "Weights and Measures," by Mr. Petrie; "Wellington," by Mr. Fyffe; "Wine," by Professor Dittmar and Mr. Newman; "Women" (Law relating to)," by Mr. James Williams; "Wool," by Mr. Paton; "Wordsworth," by Professor Minto; "Wycherley," by Mr. Theodore Watts; "Zoroaster," by Professor Geldner. It should be mentioned that a general index to the "Encyclopædia" is now in the press, and will, we believe, be published early next year.

SINCE the death of Victor Hugo his representatives have published several posthumous volumes. There still remain inedited, according to M. Jules Tellier, who has communicated the result of his researches to Annales Politiques et Littéraires, notes of travel in England, Belgium, Holland, and Spain; an "Essai d'Explication," a philosophical work of which the tenor may be conjectured from his "Contemplations;" and some dramas, of which "Les Jumeaux," dealing with Louis XIV. and the "Man in the Iron Mask," is the most important, and which also comprise "Cent Mille Francs de Rente," "Peut-être Frère de Gavroche," " Les Nuées de l'Ame," and "Ami Robsart." But poetry is the most important item in this literary residue, and includes, among other works, " Dieu," a philosophic poem; "Les Années Funestes," satires on the Second Empire; "Les Colères Justes," also satirical pieces; "Les Profondeurs;" and "Océan," a vast collection of sketches in verse and prose.

Mr. Rennell Rodd is writing the life of the Emperor Frederick, to which the Empress Frederick will prefix an introduction. The volume has been designed by her Majesty with a view to aiding the funds of the Hospital for Diseases of the Throat in Golden Square, which the late Emperor visited when in London on the occasion of the Jubilee.

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It is invariably the case:

When a man makes a positive assertion that involves unusual results, he is regarded with suspicion and ot. Some call him visionary, others say he is mad.
But this is at the outset. Afterwards, when success crowns his efforts, it is admitted that "there is doubt.

method in his madness.

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"Myself and daughter were both cured of distressing asthma by the use of your Compound Oxygen." Moss Point, Miss., June 27, 1888. Mrs. W. DENNY.

"I have used Compound Oxygen for catarrh and headache. I consider it a most admirable remedy for catarrh; and for relieving headache it certainly has no equal," Bishopsville, S. C., Sept. 11, 88. J. A. DURANT.

"I think Compound Oxygen the most wonderful reme l ever used." O. H. Downey, Churubusco, Ind., Sept. 11, 1882.

"My general health is much improved since I used yo ompound Oxygen." Mrs. F. E. Dawson, Compound Oxygen."
Saxonville, Mass., Aug. 14, 1888.

"You have my heartfelt gratitude for the good your Compound Oxygen has done me." Mrs. FRANKIE EDWARDS. Weatherford, Texas, April 1, 1882.

You see we have selected experience for our advocate. He argues from a practical basis, and believes in tangible testimony. Here are other witnesses:

"Compound Oxygen has done more for me than I thought was possible to be done," JOSEPHINE ERNURL.

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"I hope Compound Oxygen may do for others what it has done for me. My health is simply perfect."

Gorham, Me., July 7, 1888.

F. H. EMERY.

"Both myself and daughter believe I owe present existence your treatment."

M. A. CUMMINGS. to your treatment,"
Manchester, Me., February 22, 1888.

"I know of my own experience and in my own family of the virtues of Compound Oxygen," Thos. J. Adams, Edgefield, S. C.

"I believe that by the blessing of God your valuable medy will restore me fully." Rev. E. E. BERRY, Mifflinton, Pa., March 29, 1888. "I am of the opinion that your Compound Oxygen saved by life." Mrs. J. T. BAILBY, my life."
Little Rock, Ark., March 30, 1888.

To continue our metaphor-we will say the jury is out; the advocate has proceeded systematically and squarely. Is he not entitled to fair treatment in return?

We will not presume to anticipate the decision of the jury, but while it is pending, consider in conclusion the following:

"I was suffering from a very obstinate case of bronchitis. I am now very greatly improved, and feel fully assured that the same is due to your Compound Oxygen treatment,"

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Pensacola, Fla., July 25, 1888. P. O. Box 43.

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and have been greatly benefited by it. I can safely recommend it for catarrh."

Greenville, S. C., July 19, 1888.

"I speak to you the real sentiment of my heart when I say to you that I sincerely believe that had it not been for Compound Oxygen I would have been in my grave before this time."

W. D. HANNA. Gastonia, Gaston Co., N. C., May 25, 1888.

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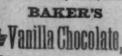


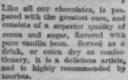
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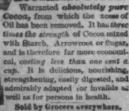




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SCROFULA AND WASTING

A bottle of Sarsaparilla, but blest if I can remember the name the doctor told me.

"Ayer's, I presume; all the

sailors buy it.

"Sure enough! That 's what our Ship's surgeon recommended. He says there 's nothing like

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"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."-E. L. PATER, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"No medicine could be better adapted to cleaning the blood of impurities, which manifest themselves on the skin by pimples and blotches, small ulcers,

etc., than Ayer's Sarsaparilla." - J. B. Roseberry, Wharton, Texas.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my opinion, has no equal as a blood-purifier. It is a standard medicine; as much so as any pharmaceutical preparation in my store. I have sold this remedy for many years, and it always gives perfect satisfaction to my customers. For the cure of scrofula, stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and effective remedy in use. I sell more of it than of all other Sarsaparillas, and very largely to seamen, my store being near the Charlestown Navy Yard."—A. S. Putnam, 37 Park st., Charlestown, Boston, Mass.

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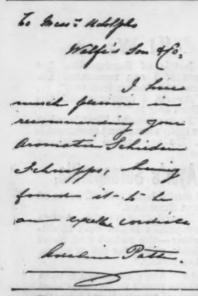
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THE GLASGOW BANK FAILURE .- If the great City of Glasgow Bank failure a few years back, with liabilities of thirty million dollars, marked an epoch in British finance, the manner in which its ruinous effects have largely been overcome is no less noteworthy as an example of that "standing by each other" for which the Scotch people are anciently famous. Under the stern law of unlimited liability, the stockholders of the bank had to make good to the creditors every farthing of their accounts. This they did. But the process brought utter ruin to all, except a very few who could afford to pay an assessment of \$3,000 on each \$100 of stock. Thereupon the Scottish people set to work, quietly and with no appeal to outsiders, to care for the unfortunate stockholders. A fund of \$1,935,000 was raised, and so well has it been administered that not a stockholder nor any one dependent on him has suffered want or privation, while many have been aided by loans to regain a prosperous business standing. Up to date, 83 per cent of such loans have been repaid by the beneficiaries. There now remains of the fund some \$500,000, the bulk of which will be devoted to purchasing annuities for widows and other helpless dependents. The entire transaction forms a notable record at once of generosity and thrift, creditable in the highest degree to the people who have thus turned disaster into honor .- N. Y. Tribune.

Photographing in Colors.—The latest invention in photography is the discovery of a process by which colors as well as objects may be photographed. By the use of several plates instead of one, three negatives are taken on plates specially prepared. These are exposed in a triple camera. In front of them "light filters" are set, carefully adjusted, so as to admit to each plate the amount of light just requisite to impress on the negative the picture of such a color as will, when combined with the other two colored negatives, repro-

duce the desired color and light and shade of the object photographed. In a recent lecture Mr. Ives, the inventor, exhibited the photograph of a landscape, in which the different shades of green in foliage and varied colors of sky, house, and barn, with the rich orange of Autumn leaves, were perfectly portrayed. This will work a revolution even in photo-engraving, while the composite photographic process, producing the fine lines of wood engraving, which the gelatinized zinc plate was not able to furnish, now rivals handwork so accurately that the difference is not discernible except to the expert.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ELECTRIC FIRE ALARMS.—In Chicago alone three instances have occurred within the month, showing the utility of electrical appliances for giving warning in cases of fire. In two cases buildings were saved from destruction, and in the third, the guests in the Saratoga Hotel, which was recently burned, were aroused in time to effect their escape by the bells in their rooms being rung by the fire alarm in the hotel office.

THE QUININE PLANTATIONS OF THE WORLD. -The following interesting particulars with regard to the manufacture of quinine are taken from the current issue of the Lancet:-"There are, it is believed, about eighteen factories of chinchona quinine in different parts of the world, in addition to the Government factories and plantations in India, where the mixed 'bark alkaloids' are prepared to some extent for local use. Altogether the yearly output of quinine may be reckoned at about 4,500,000 ozs. The factories comprise one establishment in Holland, two in England, two in Italy, three in France, four in the United States, and six in Germany. In addition to these are some experimental works in Russia, and these appear to have proved so great a success that the Russian Government is now making preparations for greatly extending the cultivation of chinchona in the vicinity of Tiflis in the Caucasus. Operations are to be conducted on an immense scale.''

THE INEQUALITIES OF TRADE,—It is lamentable that in the rivalry of trade the good and evil are so intermingled that it requires no ordinary degree of discrimination to sift the one from the other.

A manufacturer no sooner puts his invalnable article upon the market, and receives as the reward of his enterprise and original conception, a generous share of public patronage than competitors rush in with their sickly imitations, and by dexterous subterfuges, so developed as to even trick the majesty of the law, strip the genuine article of its merit and support. These jealousies and petty envies are a disgrace to mercantile business and a blur upon the escutcheon of commercial integrity. True, the good ultimately triumphs over the bad, but not before much of the value of the former has been impaired by the opposing spirit of the contest. Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps has retained its supremacy, and the facts must be accepted as incontestable proof of its superiority over as many weak and impotent attempts to counterfeit the preparation as ever assailed an article which, by sheer force of excellency, has captured universal patronage. But as Disraeli once said, "the inferior must go down before the superior race," so all these fraudulent designs and piratical efforts to foist the imitation upon the public must fail before the splendid virtues and conceded properties of the great original article. Especially in this climate, as in all sections is Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps most efficacious, because of its tonic, stimulating, anti-malarial and diuretic tendencies, and in all cases of lassitude and physical debility, it is as potent as its name and fame wherever introduced or used.

A SUN FURNACE.—One of the most interesting and practical methods of utilizing the heat of the sun is that recently invented by Prof. Morse, of Salem, Mass. The arrangement consists of a shallow box, the bottom of which is of corrugated iron, and the top of glass. This is placed outside the building in such a position that the sun shines directly upon it; the heat rays of the sun pass through the glass, and are absorbed by the iron, heating it to a high temperature, and by a system of ventilation a current of air is passed

through the apparatus and into the room to be heated. By this means the air has been heated on sunny days to about 90 deg. Fahr. by passing over the iron,—Iron.

A VALUABLE FRANCHISE.—There are thousands of chairs in Hyde Park, London, which can be hired for a penny each, and their history is an interesting one. It dates back to shortly after the battle of Waterloo, when an English general, who had done good service found himself reduced to extreme poverty. The government of that day acknowledged his past services by granting him and his heirs forever the right of letting on hire chairs at Hyde Park. The general gathered his resources and started with 100 chairs. There are now over 27,000 chairs, the income from them amounting to over \$50,000 a year.

EXTERMINATION OF THE BIRDS,—The birds of the Florida coast are fast disappearing before the guns of the plume hunters. There is an especial scarcity of the great American egret, the snowy heron, the Louisiana hen, the reddish egret, Ward's heron, and the little blue heron. Birds that were common at Fort Ogden a year and a half ago are no more to be met with. The past dry season has enabled the merciless plume-hunter of the border to penetrate dry-shod into the former impenetrable retreat of the birds.

MUMMIES MADE TO ORDER .- A gentleman who has just returned from an extended foreign tour was asked yesterday why he had not brought home from Egypt, among other curios, a mummy. He said there was a great deal of fraud in the mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well preserved and 'naturallooking as possible, and as those found are generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, vendors have engaged in the business of manufacturing bogus mummies. They bargain with tramps, beggars, and such people for their defunct carcasses, paying therefor a sum sufficient to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled and then smoked till they are good imitations of the genuine mummy. Whole rows of these articles can be seen in smokehouses at once. When sufficiently dry they are wrapped in mummy cloth and sold, to Americans chiefly, bringing a high price.

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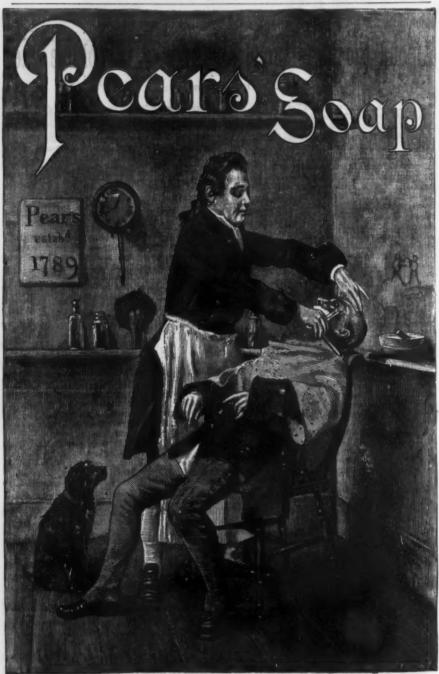
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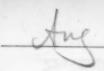
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AMERICAN PROGRESS.—Our population has passed sixty millions, and is increasing as rapidly as our wisest economists desire. Our agricultural and manufacturing interests are as flourishing as they have ever been before, when their prosperity has rested upon a solid and conservative basis. The 134,000 miles of railway in operation in 1887 yielded larger earnings than in 1886. The capital stock of our railways amounts to over 4,000,000,000 dols., and their gross traffic earnings exceed 830,000,-000 dols, per annum. The most gratifying feature of our railway situation at present is the success which has attended the combination or union, through purchase and otherwise, and upon honest conditions, of large numbers of weak and languishing roads into great systems or trunklines, by means of which merging of diverse interests not only these railway properties, which before were worthless, have become valuable, but the country through which these feeble roads extend have been greatly benefited and developed,-Frank Leslie.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIANS. - This denomination has been in existence as such for twenty-seven years. It has 13 synods, 60 presbyteries, 1,116 ministers, 2,236 churches, 6,991 ruling elders, 150,398 communicants, and has contributed for all purposes, during the last five years, 6,755,503 dols. The reports of its home and foreign missions, education and publication committees, are full of encouragement. Its theological seminary at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, has made an encouraging report at the present meeting of the assembly, giving the names and standing of twenty-seven colored theological students. In their report, the faculty of the seminary look forward with expectation to the speedy organization of a colored Southern Presbyterirn Church, with its presbyteries and synods. This expectation may be regarded as a most significant intimation of the impossibility of organic union between Churches so radically diverse in views as to the relations of the colored people to the Presbyterian Church.—Independent.

SOLIDIFYING PETROLEUM.—Experiments are being carried on in Russia with a view of finding a process, at once practicable as well as desirable on the score of economy and cleanliness, of solidifying the petroleum used as fuel. According to the report made to the Russian Government by Dr. Kauffmann, who has had the principal charge of these experiments, a successful method of accomplishing the desired result consists simply in heating the oil and afterwards adding from I to 3 per cent, of soap. The latter dissolves in the oil, and the liquid, on cooling, forms a mass having the appearance of cement and the hardness of compact tallow. The product is hard to light. burns slowly and without smoke, but develops much heat, and leaves about 2 per cent. of a hard black residuum .- Iron.

OILING THE SEA .- An improved method of distributing oil on the waters has been patented in Germany. It consists of a rocket, to which is attached a cylinder filled with oil. It is said that the rocket can be fired with accuracy from the ship, and that when it explodes the oil is scattered just where it is wanted. Several interesting experiments have recently been made between Bremen and New York. In one the rocket was fired to a distance of 1,500 feet and less distances. By the explosion of five rockets at a distance of from 1,200 to 1,500 feet from the ship, a space of 1,500 to 2,000 square feet of water was covered with oil, and the waves were at once smoothed. The rocket was fired 900 feet against a gale. The importance of the invention to deep-water sailors consists in the certainty of explosion of the rocket at a sufficient distance to leave the vessel in calm water during a gale. The invention is said to have been purchased by the North German Lloyd .- Iron.

A GREAT TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.—According to La Nature, an immense terrestrial globe, constructed on the scale of one millionth, will

be shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1889. A place will be set apart for it at the centre of the Champ de Mars. The globe will measure nearly 13 metres in diameter, and will give some idea of real dimensions, since the conception of the meaning of a million is not beyond the powers of the human mind. Visitors to the Exhibition will see for the first time on this globe the place really occupied by certain known spaces, such as those of great towns. Paris, for instance, will barely cover a square centimetre. The globe will turn on its axis, and thus represent the movement of rotation of the earth. The scheme was originated by MM. T. Villard and C. Cotard, and La Nature says that it has been placed under the patronage of several eminent French men of science.

LEAD PENCILS.—The consumption of lead pencils in the United States is placed at 250, 000 a day. If every woman who uses a lead pencil were to sharpen her own, the consumption, it is estimated, would amount to about 250,000,000 a day.

HEAVY POLICY HOLDERS OF LIFE INSURANCE. -John Wanamaker now has his life insured for a million dollars, paying about \$65,000 a year in premiums. If he wished to do so, he could go on the street at any moment and borrow half a million dollars on his risks. John B. Stetson and Hamilton Disston, also of Philadelphia, carry respectively \$750,000 and \$500, 000 life insurance. Dr. Hostetter, of Pittsburg. Penn., carries \$800,000. Among others who carry heavy life insurance may be mentioned the following: George K. Anderson, of Chicago, \$350,000; Pierre Lorrillard, \$310.000, Senator Cameron, \$200,000; George Harding, of Philadelphia, \$200,000; Andrew Carnegie, \$250,000; and George W. Childs and Wharton Barker \$100,000 each.

A Woman's Tenement for the Poor.—
The question has been mooted for years as to why capitalists do not devote their surplusages to the building of small tenements for the poor in localities where land is cheap, and win for themselves a Peabody's fame as benefactors. It is creditable to a noble woman that she has taken the lnitiative in this beneficent work. Mrs. Frederic Cunningham, daughter of the late Amos A. Lawrence, in the spirit of her distinguished father has built an eight-story tenement house of three and four rooms each in Brookline, at rents varying from \$1.60 to

\$2...jo per week, properly ventilated, with sanitary arrangements perfect, which were greedily taken; and she has commenced another in the rear of this, similarly planned, except that a portion of the tenements are to be of two rooms, for the accommodation of single wo men or those requiring but little room. There will be no waiting for tenants for such houses, and hundreds like them would find immediate occupancy. Honor to the lady whose philanthropy has prompted so much.—Letter to the Hartford Post.

What a Short Journey used to Cost.—A gentleman who lives in Bath recently gave the items of a trip to Peoria, Ill., which he and his wife took thirty-five years ago. The same trip can now be taken in two days from Portland at an expense of about \$35.00: Bath to Portland (stage), \$5.00; Portland to Boston (boat), \$7.50; Boston to Pittsburg, via Stonington Railroad and steamboats and canals, \$64.00; Pittsburg to St. Louis, \$50.00; St. Louis to Peoria, \$15.00. Total, \$141.50. The time occupied was fourteen and a-half days, and the distance travelled was 2400 miles, an average of about seven miles an hour.—Lewiston Journal.

SUEZ CANAL SHARES.—It is said that the shares in the Suez Canal which Lord Beaconsfield's Government purchased from the ex-Khedive Ismail for four millions sterling are now stated to have a value of more than nine millions. It is further added that by the sale of these in the open market no less a sum than ten millions would be realized.

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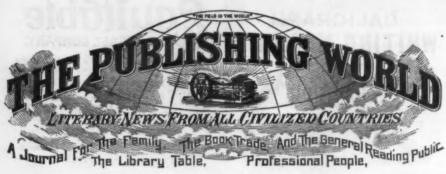


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A COOKING CLOCK.—The latest achievement in portable double-action furniture is the cooking clock, now on exhibition here.

It is made of white wood, stained cherry, and is constructed after the style of the old-fashioned grandfather's clock. Here the resemblance ceases, however, for before one is through inspecting its multiform surprises one wonders whether some bright little automaton will not spring out of a concealed drawer or secret receptacle and offer you a diamond ring and a chromo.

In the first place the lower part of this mighty engine of domestic economy contains a gasoline stove, which, when in use, is pulled out like a drawer from its resting place. Below the stove is a receptacle for kitchenware, while above it is a china closet containing four shelves. Above all this is perched a calendar clock, back of which is attached a gasoline vapor tank, which is connected with the stove by a pipe concealed behind the case.

You might suppose that this collection of conveniences would have satisfied its enterprising inventor—but no. To the left, and fitted securely to one side of the case, is an argand burner, supplied with gas generated by the gasoline vapor tank above mentioned. When cooking is in progress the woodwork of the stove clock is protected by a sheet of asbestos paper, which is placed back of the stove. When the stove, china closet, etc., are not in use they are pushed back into the case, the front of which is decorated with a handsome mirror.

Besides this multiplicity of useful combinations the ingenious inventor has found room within the magical case for a writing desk and a drawer for writing materials.

What more in the way of condensed comfort can one ask for in one article of furniture? With one of these stove clocks and a folding bed in a room, the occupant has a kitchen, bedroom and parlor all in one,—Jewellers' Weekly.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM MR. BROWNING.—A well-known paper published in Boston, which recently offered Mr. Gladstone

£100 for an article not exceeding the length of a leader in a morning newspaper, has just (writes a correspondent of the Liverpool Mercury) offered Mr. Browning £250 for a short poem. Mr. Browning has declined, in a characteristic letter. "If I could write in that way for any one," he says, "I would consider this request from Boston. But I simply can't. An English magazine offered me a large price, which I refused, and then a still larger, which I again refused. Then they sent me a blank cheque and asked me to fill it out to my own satisfaction, but I returned that also. I cannot bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book, and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me, that is to be an uninvited guest! My wife liked it. She liked to be with the others, but I have steadfastly refused that kind of thing from first to last."

APPARATUS FOR COOLING AIR IN THEATRES. -An apparatus has been introduced in the Standard Theatre of New York which in a very simple way solves the problem of securing a cool auditorium in summer. A fan is placed in the basement which draws air from outside the building and delivers it through the furnace pipes and registers to various parts of the auditorium. The air before it reaches the fan is drawn over ice arranged on shelves. This cools it, so that a temperature of 70 degrees is easily attainable. While the fan situated in the basement is delivering cool air, a second fan on the roof exhausts air from the interior, thus maintaining a constant change of atmosphere. The arrangement in utilizing the furnace connections and in general detail is remarkably simple, and could be readily applied to many places, such as hospitals, where coolness is all important. For a single evening's work about two tons of ice are expended .- Scientific American.

MESSRS. PEARS' NEW PREMISES.—Messrs. A & F. Pears have erected a veritable palace of art in Oxford Street, London. The imposing frontage, with its striking architectural features, its spacious windows and noble doorway, is enough in itself to command wonder and attention, but it is the interior view that constitutes the great attraction. Having passed the portals, the scene is a reproduction of a Pompeian court, and although some of the details may not be in strict accordance with Pompeian decoration, nothing has been introduced that would mar the general harmony of the picture. The tedium of waiting is usually an infliction that a business man greatly resents, but in the waiting-room provided by Messrs. Pears there is a danger that, instead of weariness, a luxurious forgetfulness will be experienced, and that when the time comes for the visitor to be ushered forward into Mr. Barratt's sanctum he will be reluciant to leave. If you are fortunate enough to get Mr. Barratt to talk of the firm's operations generally, you will hear much that will astonish you. How could it be otherwise with an annual expenditure in advertising of nearly £100,000? A clerks' room, where the clerks of the establishment are free to spend their leisure moments with a friend or a cigar, is a rather unique provision. The warehouse on the ground floor is another extensive department, and at the point where the loading and unloading of goods takes place-where the soap comes in from Isleworth, and goes out again to all parts of the universe; where the waggons can enter and depart in fours, if need require-the scene is one ot great activity. A peep into the enginehouse, where the gas-engines are hard at work supplying the electric force for the illumination of the building and the working of the lift, is also necessary; and, if one desires to have a proper appreciation of safety and strength, a walk into the strong-room, in which a dozen men might dine easily, will produce the desired effect, and the flashing up of the electric light with the opening of the door will add interest to the proceeding.

A LESSON FOR ADVERTISERS. - Two men were talking on Washington Street, Saturday, on the merits of different newspapers as advertising mediums. One well-known daily was mentioned as a tremendous force for bringing in answers. "O, hang it all!" cried the other man, "but what's the good of the answers? I had seventy out of an ad. I put in it once, and and out of the seventy not one that amounted

to schucks! In some business the class of readers are of more account than the number." - Roston Advertiser.

A MILLION POSTAGE STAMPS. - A Philadelphian has collected, sorted, and filed away enough cancelled postage stamps to reach, if placed side by side, from the Delaware River to Cobb's Creek, the extreme western boundary of the city. In this extraordinary collection there are 1,000,000 stamps. These stamps, if used as wall paper, would be sufficient to cover the walls of a medium-sized city house, and if spread over a space one yard wide would reach nearly 800 yards. The patient collector of this million of little bits of engraved paper is Paul Des Granges, a retired merchant, who began the task Feb. 6th, 1882. Mr. Des Granges says of his work : The plan adopted for the preservation and actual counting of the stamps was to remove them from any adhering paper by soaking in water, and after drying, to lie in packages of 100; these were then made into bundles of 1,000, then into 5,000, and 10 of these into parcels of 50,000 stamps each, weighing 5 lbs. and 5 ozs. Having much unoccupied time, and the assistance of numerous friends and acquaintances, the first "brick" or package of 50,000 was completed on Oct. 12, 1882. Others followed at irregular intervals, varying from 9 months and 20 days to 14 months, until finally 1,000,000 was completed on Oct. 8th, 1887, in a period of 5 years, 8 months and 2 days. Of 1-cent United States stamps there are 118,000; of 2-cent stamps, 665,900; of 3-cent stamps, 99,000; of miscellaneous stamps, 85,400; of foreign stamps, 30,800; total, 1,000,000.

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GREAT CHANCES FOR THREE INVENTORS .-Professor R. H. Thurston states that the world is awaiting the appearance of three inventors, greater than any who have gone before, and to whom it will accord honors and emoluments far exceeding all ever yet received by any of their predecessors. The first is he who will show us how, by the combustion of fuel, directly to produce the electric current; the second is the man who will teach us to reproduce the beautiful light of the glowworm and the firefly, a light without heat, the production of which means the utilization of energy without that still more serious waste the thermodynamic now met with in the attempt to produce light; while the third is the inventor who is to give us the first practically successful air ship. The first two of these problems are set for the electrical engineer, and we may be pardoned excess of faith, should it prove to be such, when, contemplating the enormous gain to humanity which must come of such inventions, we look confidently for the genius who is to multiply the wealth of the world to an extent beside which even the boon conferred by the creators of the steamengine and the telegraph will not appear overshadowing. When this inventor comes forward, and most probably not till then, it is very likely that we shall see steam superseded by a rival .- New York Forum.

HEIGHTS OF CLOUDS.—The cloud illumination caused by the electric lights of Detroit and Ypsilanti is occasionally so well defined in outline, as seen from the observatory, that it occurred to the director to inaugurate a series of altitude measurements for the purpose of determining the heights of all forms of clouds visible at Ann Arbor after twilight. The central portion of Detroit is about 35 miles from the observatory, while Ypsilanti is only 5.8 miles distant. The azimuths of the two cities differ about 30 degrees, so that the conditions for determining the heights of the upper and lower clouds can always be made favorable when the atmosphere is sufficiently transparent. When the clouds are very high, the Detroit illumination is so well defined that the probable error of a single measurement of an altitude is only a few minutes of arc. When the clouds are low, the nearer illumination is well defined, and the farther one either invisible or coincident with the apparent horizon. The greatest and least heights recorded up to the present time are respectively 17,530 and 770 feet.—American Meteorological Journal.

OLD BOOKS.-Every one who has any old books, papers, or pamphlets which he doesn't want, should give them to a library instead of the paper mill or the fire, and every library should have a top drawer, as that institution is known to all mothers of families, in which to deposit miscellanies of too little apparent value to catalogue. Seventy-five dollars have been paid for an almanac badly wanted for some purpose. And the prices paid for many old books of perhaps not very much greater intrinsic value are-well, Bradford's Almanac of half a dozen vacant pages, fetches over \$500. It was the first issue of the press in Pennsylvania, The Bay Psalm Book printed in 1640, in Cambridge, fetches over \$1,000, by virtue of being the first book printed in the now United States. The late Henry Stevens once bought a ten-thousand-dollar library to get a copy of this. While if we go back a little further we may find Mr. Quaritch, the London bookseller, giving \$20,000 for a book printed by Schæffer, the second printer, because it is a fine and rare specimen of early typography. That is about a thousand a year for the privilege of owning a book! be the things of which enthusiastic librarians And Mr. Perkins, one of the guild, dream. has written a novel, in which the virtuous hero is rewarded by finding a box of books, all of which are "unique" or next to it, excepting a first folio of Shakespeare of ideal tallness and condition. For the sake of warning, it should be mentioned that the evil character, who is punished by a stroke of apoplexy, is a book publisher.—Philadelphia Times.

A Duchess's Pet Panther.—Some months since (writes a Paris correspondent) Madame Sarah Bernhardt created a "sensation" with her celebrated tiger-cat. Now a Duchess,

who resides in the most gorgeous part of the Champs-Elysées, and is noted for her horses, dogs, hounds, carriages, and general train de maison, has a real panther as her chief domestic fancy in the way of a pet. Luckily for the Duchess's friends, visitors, servants, and neighbors, the panther is not allowed to prowl about the salons or other parts of the ducal tenement. The animal is kept in a long cage, and may be seen taking the sun on a fine day under the verandah outside the noble owner's dwelling. The Duchess feeds her pet herself, and affectionately strokes the fierce creature with her taper fingers through the bars of its cage. It is piously to be hoped that chic people will not follow the deplorable example set by the Duchess, and insist on keeping their own panthers on their premises.

THAT WHICH MADE WOLFE FAMOUS,-The city of Schiedam, of the Netherlands, is in the province of South Holland, and is noted for its distilleries and its fine liquors. In this place, nearly fifty years ago, Udolpho Wolfe manufactured a pure medicinal beverage, which he named Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps. Once introduced it became a general favorite, and as it proved to be a superlative tonic and invigorating cordial, it grew in favor with dyspeptics. Since that time its use has extended over the world, and noted physicians prescribe it in cases of gout, gravel, chronic rheumatism, and all derangements of the liver and kidneys. In cases of general debility, inadequate assimilation of food, and exhausted vital energy, its effect is wonderful. It is warranted to be not only pure and free from any injurious property and ingredient, but those of the best possible quality. Travellers find it invaluable for preventing the unpleasant consequence of the change of water, and visits to malarial districts. Invalids find the Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps an agreeable beverage which does not stupefy and dull the brain like those compounds of inferior merit based on alcoholic mixtures. Nearly fifty years of constant use testify to its remarkable merits. and its yearly sales increase as this country extend its area. Like every article of merit, Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps has been counterfeited by unscrupulous villains, who force upon our unsuspecting public base imitations. The attention of purchasers is invited to the address of the sole dealers, and to the trade mark "W. A. S." Be not imposed upon, but deal only with respectable druggists and grocers.

PATENTS IN HOLLAND .- Patents for new inventions are not issued in Holland, having been abolished some years ago. It was argued that they are useless without a special police to enforce them, which would in course of time become intolerable; and it was also thought that they are no real protection to the inventor, as one invention is scarcely patented than another is brought out, only slightly different, and yet claimed as a distinctly new invention. Patents were also declared to be contrary to the public interest, as creating monopolies, and consequently raising prices. A powerful movement is, however, now on foot to re-establish patents in Holland, and petitions have been sent to the Government in favor of the introduction of a bill to that effect. It is believed that the Ministry is now preparing such a measure. - Industries.

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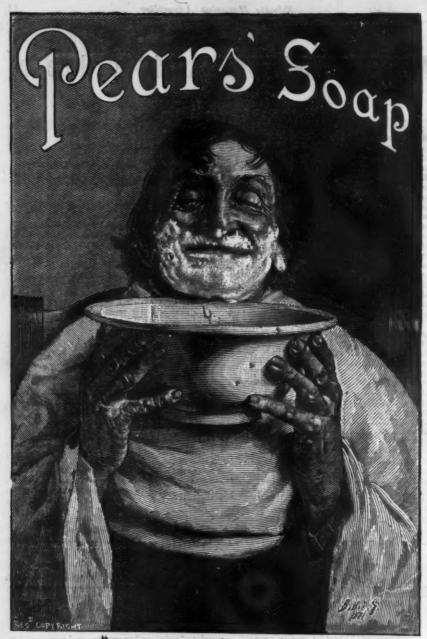
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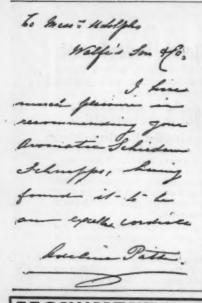
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LIFE IN GREENLAND. - The Governor of the Danish colony of Greenland receives, by the ship which brings him his annual supplies, copies of the daily papers of Copenhagen for the year preceding. He arranges these papers in the order of their dates, and then quietly and calmly reads a paper each day, just as though it was fresh from the press. He is sometimes strongly tempted to peer into futurity by reading some papers ahead when he comes across interesting news; but he resists the temptation, no matter how anxious he is to know the fate of some measure. One day's paper for each day is his rule; and so at the end of the year he is thoroughly familiar with the news of the preceding year. He says he is just as happy as though he pulled each day's paper off the press.

VALUE OF THE PEARL FISHERIES .- Never have pearls been more popular or commanded such high prices as during the past ten years. At present nothing is considered in better taste than the pearl, on account of its purity and subdued beauty. This unusual demand has had the effect of greatly stimulating the search for them, especially on the west coast of Australia, at Thursday Island, the Sooloo Archipelago, in Ceylon and the Persian Gulf. and also along the coast of lower California. The demand included pearls of all colors except the inferior yellow. The fine black pearls of lower California have been in great request, single ones bringing as much as \$8,000. With these black pearls are found many beautiful gray and grayish-brown pearls. The different fisheries of the world produce fully \$1,000,000 worth annually, of which lower California fisheries produce probably one-sixth. Kentucky, Tennessee and Texas have given us over \$10,000 worth of pearls per annum; their remarkable fresh-water pearls, especially the pink ones, which are unrivalled for delicacy of tint. The finding of two bushels of these in the Turner group of mounds in the Little Miami Valley, Ohio, by Professor F. W. Putnan, gives us a faint idea of how plentiful they were before the arrival of the Europeans. But within the last five years many of the fancy-colored pearls have received their variety of color not from nature, but by artificial means.

THE AUTHOR OF "ROBERT ELSMERE."-"She is a wonderfully charming person," says Louise Chandler Moulton, "slight, and most graceful in figure and movement, and with such a suggestion in her brilliant face of her uncle, Mr. Matthew Arnold, that I could easily have believed her his daughter. Her conversation is most suggestive and interesting, as one might well expect from the author of 'Robert Elsmere' and the able translator of Amiel's 'Journal Intime.' She lives in Russell Square, not far from the British Museum, in a house full of books and flowers and pictures, and she has the good fortune to be the wife of a man whose scholarly tastes and literary achievements must insure the closest sympathy between them of thought and of aim."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.—The truth of the following story is vouched for by the Sydney Bulletin:-" The other day a leading Sydney solicitor received instructions from London to hunt up a young man who had quitted England ten years previously, and a draft of £300 was enclosed to pay his passage home. After a course of advertising, a member of a charitable society called in and directed the solicitor to a certain hovel in Lower Alexandria, Sydney, The solicitor, knowing the 'lay' of the country, judiciously sent his clerk down to catch the fever, instead of doing it in person. That well-dressed young man explored the barbarous region, dodging through back lanes and over mud pies and among broken fences that hung wearily and lopsidedly amid abysses of mud, and at last he arrived at a hut which boasted a box and a pile of rags and straw for its sole furniture. A weary woman who had once been handsome, and who, under happier auspices, would be handsome again, begged that they should not be turned out of their dismal abode until her husband was better, and a hollow-eyed invalid stretched on the pile of rags in the corner, echoed the petition. And these two were the heirs to a fortune of £30,000!"

THE WONDROUS WEATHER PLANT .- That remarkable specimen of the vegetable world, the "weather plant," continues to excite considerable interest here. Men of science, who on its first discovery were unwilling to express an opinion on its prognosticating virtues, now agree, after extensive experiments, that the shrub is in truth prophetic. Thirtytwo thousand trials made during the last three years tend to prove its infallibility. plant itself is a legume, commonly called the "Paternoster-pea," but known in botany as the Abrus Pereginus. It is a native of Corsica and Tunis. Its leaf and twig strongly resemble those of the acacia. The more delicate leaves of its upper branches foretell the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, while its lower and hardier leaves indicate all atmospheric changes three days beforehand. The indications consist in a change in the position of the leaves and in the rise and fall of the twigs and branchlets,

HOWARD SEELY'S INKSTAND. - " Howard Seely, author of 'A Ranchman's Stories' and 'A Nymph of the West," according to the Epoch, "uses a human skull for an inkstand. It is a woman's-that of a Mexican señorita of great beauty. Messrs. Tiffany & Co. recently fitted it with silver eyelids, which open by a spring concealed in the jaw, thereby disclosing two ink-wells fitted in the orbits of the eyes. The top of the skull opens on a hinge and reveals a box for pens. Voltaire is said to have had a skull made into a jewel casket. Byron had a huge one turned into a drinking cup, and Paul du Chaillu possessed one which he rubbed with phosphorus to frighten the blacks of Central Africa. But Mr. Seely applies his skull to literary purposes."

New Edition of Robert Elsmere.—Many of our readers will be glad to hear that Macmillan & Co, will issue immediately a handsome edition of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "Robert Elsmere," in two volumes, Globe 8vo, uniform in size with their attractive edition of Mr. Mauhew Arnold's writings. By kind permission of the author it has been made expressly for the American market.

AN ANECDOTE OF BISMARCK BY GENERAL SHERIDAN.—In the article entitled "From Gravelotte to Sedan." by General Philip H. Sheridan, which will appear in Scribner's Magazine for November, the following incident

of a ride which Sheridan took with Bismarck, after the battle of Gravelotte, is related: "Our route led through the village of Gorze, and here we found the streets so obstructed with wagons that I feared it would take us the rest of the day to get through, for the teamsters would not pay the slightest heed to the cries of our postilions. The Count was equal to the emergency, however, for, taking a pistol from behind his cushion and bidding me keep my seat, he jumped out and quickly began to clear the street effectively, ordering the wagons to the right and left. Marching in front of the carriage and making way for us till we were well through the blockade, he then resumed his seat, remarking, 'This is not la very dignified business for the Chancellor of the German Confederations, but it's the only way to get through.""

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Lander's The Pentameron. By WALTER SAV-AGE LANDOR. 12mo, cloth, 419 pages. Boston: Roberts Bres. Price, \$2.00.

Chambers's Encyclopadia. New edition. Vol. II. Large 8vo, 828 pages. Philadelphia: F. B. Lippincott Company. Price, cloth, \$3.00; sheep, \$4.00; half morocco, \$4.50.

Cassell's Sunshine Series, No. 16—Autrefois. By JAS. A. HARRISON. 16mo, paper, 295 pages. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 50 cents.

History of Charles the Great. By J. I. Mom-BERT, D.D. 8vo, cloth, 564 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$5.00.

The Advance Guard of Western Civilisation. By JAMES R. GILMORE. 12mo, cloth, 343 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Franklin in France. Part II. By E. E. HALE and E. E. HALE, Jr. 8vo, cloth, 470 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$3.00.

Discovery of the Origin of the Name America. 8vo. paper, 140 pages. New York. Price, 50 cents.

Diana of the Crossways. By George Meredith's Popular edition of George Meredith's Works. 12mo, cloth, 398 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.50.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning. By JOHN H. INGRAM. Famous Women Series. 16mo, cloth, 264 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.00.

Modern Shot Guns. By W. W. GRUNER. Cloth, 192 pages. New York: Cassell & Co.

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[SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.]

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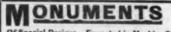
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THE BIGGEST PASSENGER ENGINE YET .-There is a locomotive now nearly completed by the Hinckley Locomotive Works on Albany Street, which is intended to far surpass anything and everything in the railroad line in the United States, if not in the world. This wonderful engine was designed by G. S. Strong, of the Strong Locomotive Co., of New York, and is expected to make the lightning speed of eighty miles an hour with ten passenger cars on an ordinary road. It is the largest passenger engine ever built, and will run on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé road, between Chicago and Fort Madison. . . The first thing that would strike the observer is the singular position of the engineer's cab. It is perched on top of the boiler about the centre, and is occupied by the engineer alone, as another cab is built behind the boiler for the fireman. The engine alone will weigh fifty-five tons, and with the tender, which is built to ride like a passenger coach, will weigh eighty-five tons.

ITALY'S NEW WAR SHIP .- The Italians have just launched their great armor-clad the Re Umberto. Her displacement will be 13,298 tons, or 1,358 more than the Trafalgar and the Nile, which are our largest ships. The Re Umberto is 400 feet long, with 76 feet 9 inches beam, and she will draw nearly 29 feet of water. Her barbettes have 19 inches of armor, she has an armored deck of 31/4 inches, and her sides and bottom have three steel skins. Her speed is to be 18 knots per hour. Her principal armament will be four 104-ton guns and twelve 41/2-tons. Two sister ships to the Re Umberto are building at Spezzia and at Venice.

Coincidences .- Prof. Edward Payson Thwing, M.D., Ph.D., for four years President of the Academy of Anthropology, New York, reports the four following: "The wife of Dr. W., a physician near Boston, had a dream or vision one night in which she distinctly saw her aunt. This lady resided several hundred miles away in a distant city. She appeared to be walking in the street, descending a hill toward a railway track. The dreamer saw the movement of her aunt as she approached the rails, and also that of a passing train, by which she was killed. A few days after a letter was received which narrated the death of the lady at the very place and under the very circumstances described.

"This same person, at another time, woke in the morning with the conviction that a certain neighbor was dead, and so remarked to her husband, the physician. Neither of them had had any personal acquaintance with the individual. As they dressed and looked out of the window, the first object seen was a crape on their neighbor's door. The lady had just passed away.

"The night that President Lincoln was murdered a neighbor of mine, writes a physician, declared that the President was killed, and by an assassin. It was several hours before the news reached the town.

"The wife of a New York clergyman made a similar statement just before the news arrived of the murder of President Garfield, and said that she saw him in a railway station surrounded by ladies and others."-Religio-Philosophical Journal.

PHOTOGRAPHY OF PROJECTILES .- The wellknown photographer, Anschuetz, of Lissa, has for some years been experimenting with photographs of the flight of cannon balls from the moment of their projection to their striking the target or object aimed at. Last month, on the trying-grounds of the Gruson Works, near Buckau, he has demonstrated the perfection of his studies. He succeeded in obtaining remarkable and highly interesting results. His plates were submitted to the expert, Professor Dr. Koenig, of the Berlin University, who was perfectly able to make therefrom the desired practical calculations. He established the fact that the projectile thus photographed had a velocity of 400 metres a second, and that the duration of the light thrown on the photographic plate did not exceed the ten thousandth part of a second. Court Journal.

HOLIDAY GIFTS AND HOLIDAY BAUBLES .-It is impossible to calculate the vast amount

of money expended in the bestowal of holiday gifts, the inutility of which is as apparent as the injudiciousness of those who confer them. Of what value is a present that can have only an ephemeral existence? Toys, at best, are fragile, and despite their scientific mechanism, soon out of repair; and even jewels, although of intrinsic worth, are but for superficial or external adornment. The ancient Romans thought it the culmination of ethics to blend the "utile et decus" (the useful with the beautiful), and when the combination could be effected it simply intensified the useful. It is folly and extravagance to make presents that are not appreciable, and nothing, therefore, so commends itself to the judgment as Udolpho Wolfe's Schiedam Aromatic Schnapps. A ingle case is an absolute benefit to a family, for it is, without exception, the finest tonic and adjurant, the best anti-malarial and anti-dyspeptic cordial known to the market. Its fame is uncircumscribed, and for nervousness, debility, indigestion, kidney disorders and stomach derangements it is in the spirit of essence of its virtues a panacea without a rival and of acknowledged world-wide supremacy. As an evidence of its superiority it may be mentioned that all the imitations have failed even to approximate it in quality and effectiveness, that the results of the original are in themselves so striking as to establish at once the test between the genuine and the counterfeit article.

A YEAR'S SUICIDES IN FRANCE.—The total number of suicides committed in France during the year 1887 was 7,572, of which 2,168 are attributed to mental affliction of different kinds, 1,228 to physical suffering, 975 to domestic troubles, 800 to drunkenness, 483 to poverty, 305 to pecuniary difficulties, 202 to the desire to avoid imprisonment, 100 to the loss of employment, 89 to the fear of exposure, 56 to the loss of relatives, and 25 to the dread of military service. Among the other causes specified in the returns, 227 suicides are put down to jealousy and crossing in love.

FISHING BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A writer in the Fishing Gazette says:—"Experiments have been tried on the Welsh coast with the electric light in connection with fishing with nets in the sea. I am told that two nets were let down at night, one being furnished with an Edison-Swan glow lamp. That net, when raised, was full of fish; but the other, to

which no lamp was attached, was almost empty. The light was then shifted to the other net, both nets were tried without lamps, and both nets with lamps. The results in all these cases went to show that the electric light attracted the fish in a most wonderful manner."

WATCH STATISTICS.—The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upwards of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,960,080 in thirty days, 157,680,000 in one year; it travels 1 43-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9½ miles in twenty-four hours, 292½ miles in thirty days or 3,558¾ miles in one year.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publishers will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

Bolany. By Anne Chambers Ketchum. Science Series. 12mo, 200 pages. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincolt Co. Price, \$1.00.

Modern Shot Gun. By W. W. GREENER. 12mo, cloth, 190 pages. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, \$1.00.

With Sa'di in the Garden. By EDWARD ARNOLD. 12mo, cloth, 211 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.00.

On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals. By Sir John Lubbock. 12mo, cloth, 290 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Diana of the Crossways. By GEO. MERE-DITH. 12mo, cloth, 398 pages. Boston: Roberts Bros. Price, \$1.50.

Glimpses of the Animate World. By JAMES JOHONNOT. 12mo, cloth, 414 pages. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Eating for Strength. By M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D. 12mo, cloth, 236 pages. New York: M. L. Holbrook. Price, \$1.00.

Casimir Maremma. By ARTHUR HELPS. 12mo, cloth, 300 pages. Baston: Roberts Bros. Price, 75 cents.

Flowers and Fruit from the Writings of Harriet Beecher Stowe. By ABBIR H. FAIRFIELD.

12mo, cloth, 198 pages. New York: Houghton Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.

The Astonishing History of Troy Town. By Q. 12mo, paper, 308 pages. New York: Cassell & Co. Price, 25 cents.

Leisure Moments Series. From Moor Isles. By JESSIE FOTHERGILL. 16mo, paper, 418 pages. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Price, 35 cents.



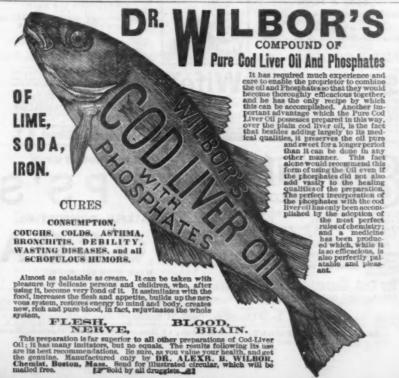


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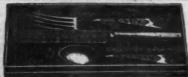
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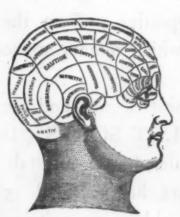
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